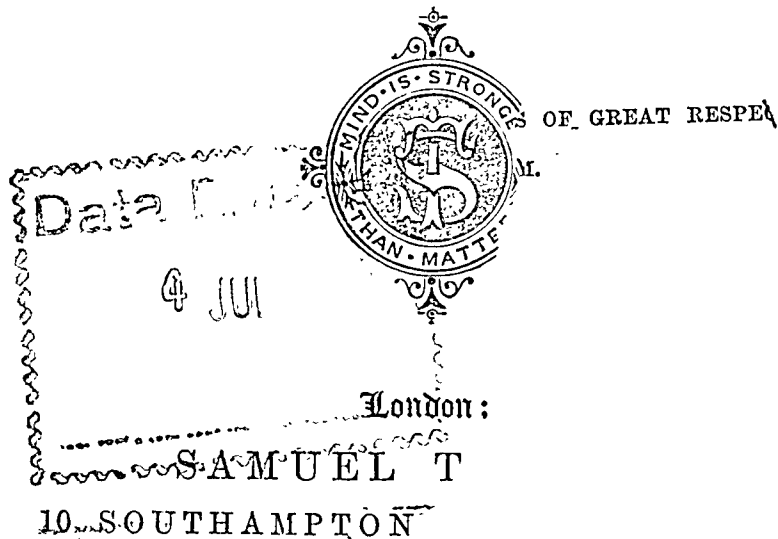


OUR INDIAN EMPIRE:

THE HISTORY OF THE WONDERFUL RISE
OF
BRITISH SUPREMACY
IN
HINDUSTAN.

BY THE
REV. SAMUEL NORWOOD, B.A.
HEAD MASTER OF THE ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WHALLEY.



P R E F A C E.

THE possessions of England in Hindustan are so dear to her, and the history of their acquisition is so romantic, that it is desirable for Englishmen to know somewhat more than they do on the subject. That is the object the author has in view. He feels convinced that his countrymen will read with pride and enthusiasm about those noble characters who have done so much to extend the borders of the British Empire, and those heroic exploits which will be related with satisfaction so long as any remnant of admiration exists in the minds of Englishmen.

A series of articles, now embodied in this volume, appeared originally in the columns of a provincial newspaper. They were begun in consequence of the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, and of the interest awakened in the history of our Empire in the East.



OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

CHAPTER I.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF INDIA.

THE visit of the Heir Apparent of the English throne to the vast and important States of Hindustan is one which will be productive of great good, and will tend to cement into one the various peoples and tribes that inhabit that large peninsula. Little is known of its history, and still less of the marvellous manner in which our country became possessed of it.

That history, however, is one of great interest; is more romantic than many a sensational novel; and will amply repay the student who honestly sets about the investigation of its annals. Whatever can be told of the wonderful as regards ancient colonization, whatever can be conceived marvellous in the history of nations, is far outstripped in the history of

British India by greater wonders than the Ancient World can show, and by greater marvels than the simple mind can conceive.

That a small island like ours, fourteen thousand miles from Hindustan, should conquer and rule and give laws to a country which stretches from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas; a distance of 1,800 miles, and from the Indus to the Brahma-Pootra in a breadth of 1,500 miles; that two hundred millions of human beings, who possessed a civilization and a jurisprudence when Julius Cæsar terrified our wild and painted forefathers, differing in religion, in moral and social habits, skilled in architecture and the fine arts when the Ancient Britons lodged in the hollow trees, should acknowledge our rule, is indeed one of the most wonderful events in the whole history of the world, and presents a spectacle which neither Greece nor Rome in all their glory can either equal or approach unto.

Two hundred and seventy-five years have glided away since Queen Elizabeth, of famous memory, granted a charter to a body of merchants, who engaged to trade with the native princes of the East, and asked to have, by royal licence, the right of doing so secured to them. It was in the year 1600 that Queen

Bess gave her hand and seal to that document which called into being the East India Company.

For many years before this date, adventurous mariners had braved the winds and storms of ocean to round the Cape of Good Hope to reach the East Indies. Vast as her wealth and resources were, they were greatly exaggerated, and it was the love of gain that prompted European seamen to encounter those dangers which Horace of old declared required the oak and triple steel to face.

To Portugal is due the honour of first reaching India round the southern portion of Africa. Bartholomew Dias was the first who sailed round it, and called it with great truth "The Cape of Storms." Vasco de Gama was the first who reached Hindustan itself, and brought back to the court at Lisbon cloths of exquisite manufacture, the work of Eastern looms. This was in the fifteenth century. The Portuguese set up "factories," and began to trade with the native princes. The other nations of Europe looked with jealous and eager eyes upon the riches of Portugal, which, in their view, seemed greater than they really were.

To their honour be it said, as Portugal had found the way by the Cape of Storms, they

recognized it as the pathway of that country; but they at once tried to see if another way could not be found to this land of treasures.

Now, before Vasco de Gama had reached the shores of Hindustan, a man, whose name will last to the end of time, was going from court to court to obtain the means to enable him to find a new route to the East. That man was Christopher Columbus. They who think that he went to discover America are greatly mistaken. What he wanted to do was this, respecting the way that Portugal had found to the East, he wished to find another by a different track. He landed, after incredible trials, upon an island, the group of which is called the West Indies, as it was the great navigator's opinion that he had hit upon India from the opposite side.

The desire of wealth, however, broke down every obstacle, and French, and Spanish, and Portuguese, and English traded with India direct by the Cape, round which Bartholomew Dias first sailed. As yet, the thought had occurred to none of setting up a great empire of the East. Ledgers, and invoices, and day-books were the first weapons that Europe sent out, and it is not for many years after that Dupleix, an able and sagacious Frenchman, first

conceived the notion of raising a colossal kingdom on the ruins of Eastern princes and Eastern thrones.

The East India Company was, at first, simply a trading company, and it was not, till events produced the necessity, thought of giving to her power to erect forts, enlist troops, and officer them by men holding the Company's commission.

In physical aspect we can scarcely overrate the magnificence and variety of the scenery of Hindustan. As Alison remarks,—

“From the snowy summits of the Himalaya to the green slopes of Cape Comorin, from the steep ghauts of Malabar to the sandy shores of Coromandel, it exhibits a succession of the most noble or beautiful features; at times stupendous mountain ranges, their sides clothed with lofty forests, their peaks reposing in icy stillness; at others, vast plains rivalling the Delta of Egypt in richness, and, like it, submerged yearly by the fertilizing waters of the Ganges: here lofty ghauts, running parallel, at a short distance from the shores of the ocean, to the edge of its waters, and marking the line of demarcation between the low, rich, or sandy plains on the seaside and the elevated table-land, several thousand feet above the sea level

in the interior; there, rugged hills or thick forests teeming with the rich productions of a southern sun.

“The natural boundaries of India are the Himalaya range and mountains of Cabul and Candahar, on the north; the splendid and rapid stream of the Indus, seventeen hundred miles in length, of which seven hundred and sixty are navigable, flowing impetuously from their perennial snows, on the north-west; the deep and stagnant Irrawaddy, fourteen hundred miles in length, fed by the eastern extremity of the chain, and winding its way to the Bay of Bengal through the rank luxuriance of tropical vegetation, on the north-east; and the encircling ocean on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, on the south.

“Nature everywhere appears in this highly favoured region in her most imposing array; the Himalaya mountains, surmounting even the Andes in elevation; the Indus, all but rivalling the river of the Amazons in magnitude; the plain of Bengal, surpassing Mesopotamia itself in fertility,—form some of the features of a country which, from the earliest times, has been the seat of civilization and the fabled abode of opulence and magnificence.” Or, to give the fine description of Macaulay, when speaking of

the noble expanse of Bengal, the “Lombardy of Asia,”—

“No part of India possessed such natural advantages, both for agriculture and commerce. The Ganges, rushing through a hundred channels to the sea, has formed a vast plain of rich mould, which, even under the tropical sky, rivals the verdure of an English April. The rice-fields yield an increase which is unknown elsewhere. Spices, sugar, vegetable oils, are produced with marvellous exuberance.

“The rivers afford an inexhaustible supply of fish. The desolate islands along the sea-coast, overgrown by noxious vegetation and swarming with deer and tigers, supply the cultivated districts with abundance of salt. The great stream which fertilises its soil is, at the same time, the chief highway of Eastern commerce. On its banks, and on those of its tributary waters, are the wealthiest marts, the most splendid capitals, and the most sacred shrines of India. The tyranny of man has, for ages, struggled against the overflowing bounty of nature. In spite of the Mussulman despot and of the Mahratta freebooter, Bengal was known through the East as the garden of Eden, as the rich kingdom. Its population multiplied exceedingly. Distant provinces were nourished

from the overflowing of its granaries; and the noble ladies of London and Paris were clothed in the delicate produce of its worm. The race by whom this rich tract was peopled, enervated by a soft climate, and accustomed to peaceful avocations, bore the same relation to other Asiatics which the Asiatics generally bear to the bold and energetic children of Europe.

“The Castilians have a proverb that in Valencia the earth is water, and the men women; and the description is at least equally applicable to the vast plain of the lower Ganges. Whatever the Bengallee does he does languidly. His favourite pursuits are sedentary. He shrinks from bold exertion; and though voluble in dispute, and singularly pertinacious in the war of chicane, he seldom engages in a personal conflict, and scarcely ever enlists as a soldier. There never, perhaps, existed a people so thoroughly fitted by nature and habit for a foreign yoke.”

Such are the two grand descriptions by the master hands of Alison and Macaulay, and from them we are greatly assisted in forming a true estimate of the Indian character. The common notion of a heathen is very erroneous indeed. Busy multitudes crowded beautiful bazaars; rich stuffs, and brocades, and silks

were exposed for sale; marvels of mechanical ingenuity were produced by Hindoo workmen long ere the docks at Liverpool were dreamt of, long before Manchester consisted of a single street, and years and years before the factories of Leeds and Birmingham teemed with their busy labour.

In the earlier stages of the world's history civilization flowed from east to west; and now the tide has turned, and the current of progress is flowing from west to east. But civilization was scarcely out of its infancy in Europe—the very rudiments of architecture were not mastered—when in those distant and fertile lands the Brahmin and the Buddhist erected temples to their gods, so perfect and chaste in their design that they cannot now be seen without striking the mind with wonder and awe.

India possesses historical records so far back as fourteen centuries before the Christian era. As might be expected, very little is known of the history of its original inhabitants. It is believed that they are, to some extent, represented by various tribes that are still to be found in the woods and forests. Gradually, and at successive intervals, the Hindoo has poured into the country, and gradually dis-

lodged the possessor of the soil. From Mongolia, from the depths of Scythia, from the wild banks of the famous Caspian, from the district of Mesopotamia, and from the fertile region of the Nile, they were tempted to come, induced by the report of a fertility and abundance greater by far than that of the rich meadows around Alexandria. As years rolled on, the various discordant tribes began to assume a more harmonious aspect. The new-comers, no doubt, brought with them the elements of civilization, and exercised a beneficial influence upon the country.

In this early and, so to speak, mythical period, Brahminical Hindooism must have originated. Its rise is shrouded in thick and black obscurity. In that early age of the world's history, and in the almost infancy of the human race, our ancestors had mastered a principle of deep and momentous importance, which we, in the conceit of these later days, are sadly in danger of losing; and that was that no society could be secure, and no real knowledge exist, except there lay at the bottom the solid and blessed foundation of religion. As Mr. Martin says,—“They set forth their own scheme as the direct ordination of the ‘Self-Existent One,’ the ‘Great First Cause,’ whose attributes they

described in a tone of solemn grandeur not unbefitting their high theme; and to enforce their precepts, and heighten their influence, made much use of the rude lyrics extant among the people, to which they added others. These were compiled under the name of the Vedas (a word derived from a Sanscrit root, signifying *to know*), by one Vyasa, who lived in the fourteenth century before the Christian era."

The Hindoos declare that Vyasa lived at the least three thousand years before Christ, and that the Vedas are more ancient than the Mosaic account of the creation, some of our own earlier writers declaring that they are no less than five thousand years old. Tod makes Vyasa contemporary with Job.

A system of laws, called Menu, and which came into existence in the ninth century before the advent of the Saviour, is still in existence. It is of course impossible to say whether such a person as Menu ever lived or not. The early history of India is very like the early history of all other countries. There is a deal of fable and mythology and uncertainty. The non-existence of writing and printing goes far to explain this; but there is no doubt that the traditions handed down from one generation to another are very valuable,

and, in the main, trustworthy. We may depend upon this, that they are the records of some great events. By the system of Menu, the Hindoos are divided in four castes, which still exist; and which form one of the most striking characteristics of the race. They remind one forcibly of the classifications of the ancient Spartans.

The Hindoo castes are,—the Brahmins, or priests; the Cashatriya, or military; the Vaisyas, or industrial; and the Soodras, or servile. This last order appears to have ever occupied an inferior position in all respects, and correspond in many ways to the ancient Helots. In all probability they were the conquered race, reduced to a state of serfdom by the victors, just as the Britons were reduced by the Romans, and the Saxons, for the time being, by the Normans. It is likewise very peculiar that the ancient Hindoo mythology does not wander beyond the boundaries of Hindustan.

The snow-capped Himalayas are, to the Hindoo gods, what Olympus and Parnassus are to Bacchus and Minerva. They form their abode. If the early history of this country could be discovered and made known, there is no doubt it would present many features analogous to that of ancient Greece. Elphin-

stone, in his 'History of India,' says that he doubts "whether the conquerors were a foreign people or a local tribe, like the Dorians in Greece; or whether, indeed, they were not merely a portion of one of the native states (a religious sect, for instance) which had outstripped their fellow-citizens in knowledge, and appropriated all the advantages of the society to themselves."

Much that is interesting, but very doubtful, can safely be passed over, including even the sacred writings called the Puranas, and the carrying off of Sita, the queen of Rama, by Ravana, the king of the island of Lanka—the mythological, if not the ancient, name of Ceylon. We can dismiss the army of monkeys, who followed Hooniman, to the region that contains the heroes of Homer and the celebrities of the Trojan war.

We come down, almost at a bound, to classic times and to classic history, and we find there that the East was originally the aggressor against the West, as exemplified in the celebrated invasion of Greece by the Persians, and the mammoth army of Xerxes, composed of tribes gathered together from every district of Asia. Persia owes its rise to the conquests of Cyrus the Great. Before his time, it was

scarcely more than a single province, rejoicing in the name of Fars. By the exploits of Cyrus the thrones of Persia and Media were united, and the Persian empire came into existence nearly six centuries before the shepherds of Bethlehem heard the heavenly anthem that announced the coming of Him whose mission was to extend peace and good will to men.

The eastern frontier of Persia extended to that of India, though it is a matter of grave doubt where India did itself end. Arrian, in his '*Indica*,' denies altogether the reported invasions of Semiramis, Sesostris, and Cyrus.

Darius, the son of Hystaspes, was about the first to make an attempt upon the country, of whose doings we have reliable and historical records. He wanted to know something about the course and termination of the Indus, and the nature of the country through which it ran. At Caspatyrus he built a fleet to carry out his design.

A Greek sailor, Scylax, of considerable renown, was placed at its head. He sailed all down the Indus, and then to the Straits of Babelmandeb, and traversed the Gulf of Arabia. On his return to Darius, he gave so glowing an account of the fertility of the countries through which he had passed, that that monarch deter-

mined to take steps to acquire such valuable possessions. The Tyrians helped him so far as the difficulties of navigation were concerned, and the king himself led the land attack. The districts watered by the Indus were subjugated by him, according to the authority of Dr. Robertson. He displayed, after his conquest, those powers of consolidation and administration by which he will be ever remembered in history. He divided his newly acquired territory into satrapies; and that of India, according to Herodotus, was the twentieth. Xerxes, his son, had a corps of Indian troops in his service.

The last ruler of the Persian empire was Darius Codomanus, who emulated the efforts of his great namesake in his exertions to cement together the heterogeneous elements of which that empire was composed. But one of its tributary states was, under the administration of a great man, rapidly developing both in influence and power. The state of Macedonia had the advantage of the services of the great Philip, whom the greatest of orators, Demosthenes, has rendered immortal.

It is needless to enter into his achievements here. He was celebrated as a warrior and a statesman. After passing with safety through the perils of the deep sea and stormy ocean, it

was his fate to be wrecked in the shallow waters. Whilst celebrating the marriage festivities of his daughter Cleopatra, he was stabbed by Pausanias, a Macedonian youth; and Alexander his son, who will always be known as Alexander the Great, succeeded to the empire at the age of twenty, and was destined, in the hand of Providence, to roll back the tide of Eastern conquest, and carry the victorious arms of the West into the midst of India.

With marvellous tact and sagacity, he reconciled the conflicting interests and parties in the Macedonian state, brought the Illyrian war to a speedy and brilliant issue, captured Thebes, and made ready for a great struggle to cast off the Persian yoke, and lead his victorious legions to the East. In B.C. 334 he crossed the Hellespont, and, after a fierce battle, forced the passage of the river Granicus, in Bithynia, in the teeth of a Persian army of more than one hundred thousand strong. With rare judgment, the youthful conqueror treated the inhabitants of the subdued territory with great moderation and justice.

Darius strained every nerve to check the victorious advance of Alexander, and to save the tottering supremacy of Persia. But, like an irresistible wave, the Macedonian phalanx

moved resolutely and triumphantly on. Every student of ancient history is acquainted with the marvellous success of that advance of Alexander. The mother, wife, and children of the Persian king fell into his hands, and were treated with great personal kindness and consideration. The seven months' siege of Tyre is well worthy of notice. The Tyrians defended themselves with unexampled bravery and devotion. Just before the siege terminated, they foolishly and wickedly murdered their Macedonian prisoners, and cast their bodies into the sea. They paid dearly for their wanton and meaningless brutality. When the city fell, the enraged Macedonians slew eight thousand, crucified two thousand more, by the express order of Alexander, and sold upwards of thirty thousand into slavery. Gaza and Jerusalem likewise fell before his conquering hosts, and Egypt was also subdued.

The battle of Arbela, so disastrous to Persian supremacy, and the miserable death of Darius, speedily followed, and in the year 320 B.C. the Greeks crossed the Paropamisus, and secured the province of Bactria. Led on from conquest to conquest—just as the English were led on only a century ago, and as Russia is being now in Northern and Middle Asia—the Macedonians

victor conceived the project of crossing the Indus, and subjugating the territory that lay beyond it. A successful campaign in Afghanistan marks the year 327 B.C., and from the famous Indus the conquering army advanced to the Hydaspes or Jhelum.

Soon, however, the steps of Alexander were to be stayed. The ancients were particularly ignorant of the science of geography. The Macedonian army had followed its unscrupulous but beloved chief through unknown provinces and desert wastes. They had bravely seconded the desires of his most ambitious mind, but there was a limit even to the bravery and heroism of the Macedonian phalanx, and that limit was the bank of the Hyphasis.

Arrian tells us that, with passionate eloquence, Alexander reminded the Macedonians that the Hydraotes had already become the limit of their empire, which extended westward to the Ægean sea, and northward to the river Jaxartes; and he urged them to cross the Hyphasis, and then, having added the rest of Asia to their empire, to descend the Ganges, and sail round Africa to the Pillars of Hercules. Nothing could induce those hardy and veteran warriors to move a foot further. The Punjaub had been partly subjugated—the waters of the Hyphasis were

rolling before them—the boundary of this north-western state had been reached; the ambition of Alexander urged him to cross that flowing stream, and seek new conquests in lands that were utterly unknown: he urged and expostulated, but all in vain. Angrily he said he would proceed alone. It was all to no purpose; the Greeks had had quite enough of dangers, and obstinately declined to start for the Ganges.

Deep gloom and stubborn silence settled over the camp, which formerly had been so enthusiastic and so loyal. Brave and daring as Alexander was, he now perceived that he had proceeded as far as he could, and that even *he* must give in. Making some kind of excuse about unsatisfactory auspices, he gave the order to retrace their steps. Joyfully the Macedonian troops turned their backs on the Hyphasis, and eagerly advanced homewards.

Their great leader was not destined to see his native land again. In 323 B.C. he caught a fever in the marshes of Mesopotamia, whose virulence he augmented by excess at a drinking-bout, and died at the age of thirty-two, after a most marvellous career.

The wonderful products of Indian industry found their way to Europe by a slow and

tedious route. Caravans through the provinces of Asia and Asia Minor brought them to the coast, and ships traded thence to the Grecian Archipelago. From this part of the earth, rich silks and carved ivories began to be distributed over the Western world. The great conqueror, whose death has been just recorded, hoped that he would lay the foundations of peace and commercial greatness and activity by means of his warlike achievements. One favourite object, continually present to his mind, was to found several new cities both in Asia and Europe, peopling the former with Europeans and the latter with Asiatics, so that, as Diodorus says, "by intermarriages and exchange of good offices, the inhabitants of those two great continents might be gradually moulded into a similarity of sentiments, and become attached to each other with mutual affection."

That happy result, which Alexander expected to attain upwards of two thousand years ago, seems now likely to come to pass; but, such is the destiny of nations, Macedonia is almost now forgotten—Greece has retrograded from her ancient glory, and the bringing about of that result is due to the legislative wisdom of a nation which was probably unknown to the restless mind of the Macedonian subjugator.

We pass over a large period of time and come down at once to the seventh century of the Christian dispensation. The Church was torn by dissensions and heresies as great as those which now cause such grave scandal to the rulers of Christendom. On the shores of the Red Sea there sprang up a power as much military as religious, which developed most rapidly, and exercises a signal influence upon many millions of the human family. Mahomedanism then sprang into being. Arabia was its home.

The propagation of the new creed was accomplished by singular skill and judgment. Mahommed was born in the 571st year after the birth of the Saviour, at a city which was even then celebrated, but which will be known so long as time shall endure, in connexion with the life and sayings of the false prophet. He was connected with the chief family of the tribe of Korcish, and their especial duty and privilege was to guard and protect the great temple of Caaba, which was asserted to be built round that well which was providentially and miraculously pointed out to Hagar when driven into the desert with Ishmael.

In early youth, the "prophet of God" had shown signs of that courage and ability that,

in later life, so signally characterized his manhood. Long periods were spent by him in the cave of Hara, apart from all society. His imagination indulged itself without check; his meditations were frequent and deep. More than once he was on the verge of insanity. At forty years of age, he declared himself as "the last and greatest of the prophets." The belief he originally taught was simply this,—“There is no God but God, and Mahommed is His prophet.”

For ten years after the commencement of his mission he suffered great persecution, with the result that usually attends all persecution of opinion. He became more and more popular. Those tenets of his which, had they been left alone, and treated with the contempt they deserved, would speedily have died, found many supporters and sympathizers. Though expelled from his native city in 622, he was not only warmly received at Medina, but actually made its governor. He at once threw off the mask of a suffering and persecuted zealot, and assumed the offensive.

The principles of that extraordinary book, the Koran, were widely disseminated and widely received. It is a most astonishing work, and stamps its author as a man far in

advance of the literary standard of his time. Mahommed died in A.D. 632. He had lived to see the whole of Arabia converted to his faith. The monarchs of Persia and Ethiopia and the Emperor of Rome had been summoned to receive the Koran, and Syria had been actually invaded by Mahommedan forces. Brave and vigorous leaders succeeded him, and, under the rule of Omar, the Arabs invaded Persia—utterly shattered the second empire, and, after the disastrous battle of Yermuh, in which forty thousand Greeks were completely defeated, Syria fell entirely into the hands of the believers in the faith of the prophet of the cave of Hara.

The city of Jerusalem likewise fell into their hands, and their power was thus consolidated and enlarged. Quickly and strangely those new doctrines spread; their influence reached India itself, of whose population, at this present moment, a large proportion professes to believe in the creed of “There is one God, and Mahommed is His prophet.”

The celebrated invasion of India by Ameer Timur, or Timur Beg, took place in A.D. 1398, and that of Baber some century and a half later. But, by this time, the whole of Hindustan was convulsed by the struggles and con-

tests of rival princes for independence and for supremacy.

Baber, who founded the great empire of Mogul, died in the year 1530, and directly afterwards we find the Portuguese, as the first Europeans, taking a part in those intrigues and contests whose issue has been to tame down Mahratta, Mussulman, and Mahomedan, and to place our country as supreme director of the destinies of Hindustan.

Indeed, the Portuguese, who were at that time the most skilful and most adventurous seamen of Europe, are found engaged in warm conflict with native princes so early as the year 1501, when they were involved on the coast of Malabar. Even at that time it had been made evident that a small and well-disciplined force from the west was well qualified to hold its own against the unwieldy and ill-trained hosts that Eastern despots were accustomed to bring into the field.

At the beginning of European intercourse and European interference in Indian matters, Portugal was supreme. Vasco de Gama, whose name bears a relation to the art of navigation somewhat analogous to that which the honoured name of Newton does to science, died Viceroy of India in 1524. The wealth acquired

in India; and displayed so ostentatiously in Europe—the fine cambrics and embroidered tapestries, the splendour of the diamond and the ruby—excited the curiosity and avarice of other European nations.

In the year 1579, the Dutch sent out their first expedition to those distant and eastern lands; and in the reigns of the two last of the Henrys, and of the last of the Edwards, England likewise began to take an interest in the doings in Hindustan. In 1586, Captain Cavendish commenced that famous voyage round the globe, which has rendered his name both illustrious and immortal; but, after the fashion of those times, he was as much a privateer and freebooter as a navigator; and through his plundering habits the Spanish government addressed a strong remonstrance to that of England, which called forth from “that imperial lioness,” Queen Elizabeth, the remark, in reply to the Spanish assertion of exclusive right to navigate the Indian seas, “It is as lawful for my subjects to do this as the Spaniards, since the sea and air are common to all men.”

The disaster to the “Invincible Armada,” in 1588, gave this country a more decided advantage than ever over the pretensions of Spain, and increased information and intercourse only

whetted the appetite and desires of Englishmen to share more completely than they had hitherto done in the spoils and riches of the East.

In the year 1640, forty years after the granting of the charter to the East India Company, the first English settlement was formed at Madras, and from that date to the present time, in spite of many disasters and reverses, the English power has continually increased and developed, until now it has reached its zenith by the proclamation of Victoria as "Empress of India."

That so great a nation as this should so easily succumb to a handful of English adventurers, most of them picked out of the flash houses of Drury Lane and Seven Dials, is at first sight "passing strange." That it was due to a peculiar combination of circumstances is true enough—to the degeneracy of the Asiatic, so far as personal courage and endurance are concerned—to the dissensions and jealousies of native princes, but above all to the great acuteness, the untiring devotion, the unparalleled personal bravery and courage, the great administrative gifts, and the fearless conduct, of two men, whose names, in spite of all their faults, which were, indeed, neither few nor small, will be cherished with love and

gratitude whilst one English heart is left beating in the world—Robert Clive and Warren Hastings.

It is often disputed as to whether England is a military nation or not. If to be a military nation is to have forced conscription, to enrol every able-bodied male for a certain time in the army, to possess large and bloated *corps d'armée*, then England is not a military nation. But if it be to possess a huge colonial empire, scattered in every corner of the world—to win victories with a scanty number of troops—to march into every clime, and confront not only the rifle and the sabre, but pestilence and disease and famine—to consolidate her acquisitions, and to maintain discipline and order—then we say that England is not only a military nation, but she is emphatically the most military nation that has ever existed.

To compare the military armaments of England with those of ancient Rome would be absurd; to compare the Roman Empire, when at its zenith, with the British Empire of to-day would be absurder still. The Roman Empire never contained above one hundred and twenty millions of people, and they were gathered together round the shores of the

Mediterranean, with a great inland sea to form their interior line of communication, and an army of four hundred thousand men to secure the submission of the various nations. Hindustan, on the other hand, contains upwards of two hundred millions of people, many of whom are quite ignorant of the spot whence their conquerors "the children of the sea" come.

An immense and heterogeneous country has been subdued and moulded into a regular province by a body of merchants, to whom the privilege of trading was originally granted in the year 1600. After this the East India Company began by degrees to effect settlements and to build forts at various points along the coast for the protection of their "factories."

The Emperor of the whole of India was called the Mogul, and this historical sketch really commences with the death of the last Mogul, who was *indeed* Emperor of India, and not a puppet in the hands of European traders. This was Arungzebe, who died in 1707, and the decadence of Hindoo political liberty and power may be dated from that year. His three sons at once fell out, each wanting the full sway. The lesser rulers urged them on

respectively, and took advantage of the opportunity.

The three Soubhadars were not alone in grasping at sovereignty; many of the Nabobs and Rajahs set up for themselves, and the whole country was plunged into confusion. The Europeans were not slow to avail themselves of the chance. Dutch and Portuguese and French and English plotted and counter-plotted; intrigue was met by intrigue; they played off Nabob against Rajah, and Rajah against Nabob, and Soubhadar against both. At first matters looked bad for English interests, for Englishmen had not yet observed how easy it would be to build up an empire in the East; they were far more intent upon bills of lading.

At this time, when affairs were in a state of chaos in Hindustan, Market Drayton, in Shropshire, was plagued by the tricks of an idle, turbulent, insubordinate lad, whose freaks were the terror of the whole town. That lad was destined to lay the foundation-stone of the British Empire in India, and to cover himself with fame. He was called by his companions "Bob Clive," and Robert Clive is altogether so important and distinguished and interesting a character, that he deserves the two next chapters all to himself.

CHAPTER II.

ROBERT CLIVE.

IN the former chapter, the year 1707 was mentioned as the year in which occurred the death of Arungzebe, the last Great Mogul of Hindustan, who was, indeed, the ruler of the country. It is desirable that the main geographical divisions of the country be now pointed out to the reader, as this knowledge is most essential to understand aright the different events in the history of British India. There are three grand divisions of India. That portion to the north of the river Narbrada, and between it and the Indus, is Hindustan proper. The central portion, having the Narbrada on the north and the Krishna on the south, is called "the Deccan." The part to the south of the Krishna is called Southern India. In other words, the three divisions to which we have referred may be called Northern, Middle, and Southern India. At the time of which we are writing, they were divided into more pro-

vinces, and the whole formed what we should call three States, the rulers of which derived all their power equally from the Great Mogul. His capital was at Delhi, and he gave laws to the rulers of Hindustan, and exacted tribute from them; and the rulers of the Deccan and Southern India levied taxes and enforced obedience from the Governors of Bengal, Bahar, Orissa, the Carnatic, Arcot and many places besides.

Generally speaking, a Soubhadar or Subadar was the governor of a grand province, and a Nabob or a Rajah the chief of a smaller district. Many European nations had tried to effect a settlement in India, and East India Companies were formed by Austria, Denmark, Portugal, and France. but the competition soon resolved itself into one between ourselves and the Gaul. At first everything went in favour of our neighbours. At the very outset they had the advantage of the services of two very eminent and able men, Labourdonnais, a native of St. Malo, and with him Dupleix. The first was a man of high character. He was appointed Governor-General of the Mauritius and Mascarenhas in 1734, and arrived at his post in 1735. His versatility was great. The functions of governor, judge, surveyor, en-

gineer, architect, and agriculturist were alternately performed by this one man, who could build a ship from the keel, construct vehicles, and make roads; break in bulls to the yoke, or teach the way of cultivating wheat, rice, cassava, indigo, and the sugar-cane. To his credit be it recorded, he established a hospital for the sick, and, notwithstanding the duties he had to perform, he visited it every morning for an entire year. Dupleix was a man of great ability, but was inferior to his colleague in character. He was fond of glory, and loved intrigue, and Madame Dupleix was as skilled in the arts of diplomacy as her husband.

About the year 1720 both nations—England and France—were suffering from the effects of a commercial crisis, and in 1744 we find them exchanging declarations of war, which lasted with some intermissions until the decisive battle of Waterloo in 1815. Into the particulars of that gigantic contest we need not enter; suffice it to say, that it was waged in almost every part of the globe. At Quebec, Louisburg, and on the mighty waters of the Mississippi: at Martinique, Guadaloupe, and the Caribee Islands: at Goree and Senegal; at Minorca and Belleisle: on the continent of Europe English and French troops met in

hostile array. In India the contest began, which lasted for sixty years, the prize being the mighty empire which stretches from Cape Comorin to the eternal snows of the giant Himalayas.

In 1664, the first French East India Company was formed by a man of great ability, Colbert, who, in spite of his high position and manifold advantages, could not pass outside the trammels of the unsound commercial system that was then in vogue. Louis XIV. sat upon the throne of his ancestors. He readily gave his royal assent to the schemes of his minister, and patronized anew that system of exclusive grants, exorbitant privileges, and removal of competition, that had marked nearly every one of the plans that had been formed for the development of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures during his reign.

The original capital was about £625,000. A charter was granted for fifty years. The Company was to pay no taxes, and the French Government entered into the unwise and strange agreement, that any losses sustained during the first ten years should be made good out of the funds of the State.

The French, much as some English philosophers boast of them, have never shone as

colonizers. They have generally made serious mistakes at the most critical times. Instead of journeying to India direct, they tried to set up a colony in Madagascar. A large number of people were sent there, and the great majority quickly succumbed to the various dangers by which they were surrounded. The Madagascar notion was abandoned, and the unfortunate survivors were sent to occupy the islands of Cerne and Mascarenhas, better known to the ordinary reader under their newer names of Mauritius and Bourbon.

In 1668 our neighbours founded a factory at Surat. At first, however, nothing seemed to prosper. The Surat trade did not develope into the rich and productive one they anticipated; on the contrary, it proved quite unremunerative.

The French traders were disappointed and in difficulties. All at once they were compelled to leave the factory, and they left their debts behind them unattended to. With varying success, and little fortune, they tried Trincomalee, in Ceylon, and St. Thomas, on the Coromandel coast. In both instances their hopes were extinguished by the jealous activity of the Dutch. Had it not been for the wisdom and abilities of M. Martin, they would in all

probability have been forced to give up the game, and withdraw from the country altogether. That officer collected the various Gallic fragments into one, and established them at Pondicherry, a place which has ever since remained in the power of the French.

Ill 'as French fortunes turned out, those of England fared at this time even worse. When the great war was declared in 1744, Labourdonnais chanced to be in France. He made proposals, both to the French Government and Company, to make an attack upon our slender establishments in India. The Company, trembling for their dividends, were thoroughly opposed to the scheme; but the French Government, anxious to crush English power, and actuated by bitter and unworthy feelings of malice and spite, were only too ready to fall in with the proposition. Indeed, if weakness was ever an invitation for attack, no stronger invitation had ever been offered than that presented by us in Hindustan. Uncared for in England, our power in the East had sunk as low as it was possible without being actually extinguished.

It was indeed time, if England wished to maintain even the very slender possessions she held, for some master-mind to appear upon the scene—a mind that could rise above the mere

avocations of trade and commerce, and develope some of the characteristics of a statesman. France had already done so ; and, unfavourable as matters looked for the interests of both countries, those of France were far more promising than our own.

Robert Clive was born on 29th September, 1725. His father, who had married a Miss Gaskell, of Manchester, was a plain, ordinary man, of no great capacity. Of his family, which was large, Robert was the first-born. Wordsworth says—

“The child is father of the man.”

So it was with Clive. The strong passions, the turbulent temper, the fiery and unconquerable will of Lord Clive were already seen before he was liberated from the discipline of the nursery.

When he was but seven years of age his fiery passion and uncontrollable will, sustained as it was by a constitutional intrepidity and contempt of every kind of danger, gave great uneasiness to his parents, and caused him to be at times regarded as insane. His relatives looked on with awe at the vehemence of his outbursts. One of his uncles writes of him, “Fighting, to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness

and imperiousness that he flies out on every trifling occasion."

He was always in mischief, and always doing something reckless. To this day it is told in Market Drayton how Bob Clive, to get possession of a smooth stone out of a water-spout with which to make ducks and drakes, climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of the parish church, and sat quietly and composedly on a stone spout near to the summit. He was the captain of all the idle lads in the town, and banded them into a kind of plundering army. He demanded a tribute of apples and half-pence from the shopkeepers, and, if agreed to, generously guaranteed that their windows should not be broken.

One unpopular shopkeeper, who declined to submit to this organized plunder, Clive determined to punish in a peculiar way. It was to turn a dirty watercourse into his shop. He had his young rascals busy at work constructing a mound of turf for the purpose of diverting the stream. The task was nearly completed, when the mound toppled. Without the hesitation of a second, he threw himself into the brook, and with his own body dammed the breach until his companions made it good again. This was precisely an example of that

same resolution, firmness, and daring that enabled him, at the immortal siege of Arcot, to work an artillery piece with his own hand.

For books he cared not a straw, and lessons he conscientiously refused to learn. He was moved from school to school, perpetually in disgrace from his turbulence and insubordination, and earning the character, from all his masters save one, of being a very bad boy. He was a pupil in the London seminary of the Merchant Taylors' Company. But it was all of no use. One schoolmaster with whom he was placed, and who tried all he could to improve the madcap, had wisdom enough to prophesy that the idle rascal whom everybody was running down would make a noise some day in the world. His father was sore distressed, and quite at his wits' end. Robert was in his eighteenth year, and the question was what to do with him. A writership in the East India Company's service was offered, and accepted eagerly, and the father, glad to be rid of such an unmanageable first-born, shipped him off "either to make his fortune or die of fever at Madras" in the spring of 1743.

His voyage was tedious, even for that time. He made use of a long stay at the Brazils in spending his pocket-money, and in learning a

bit of Portuguese. More than twelve months had passed away from his leaving England when he landed at Madras, without a penny and without a friend. At first he had to encounter great hardships, and the scapegrace's heart was touched. He pined for home.

"I have not," he says, "enjoyed one happy day since I left my native country. I must confess, at intervals when I think of my dear native England, it affects me in a very particular manner. If I should be so far blest as to revisit again my own country, but more especially Manchester, the centre of all my wishes, all that I could hope or desire for would be presented before me in one view."

But this depression did not last long. Neither poverty, nor sickness, nor exile could tame his audacious spirit. He behaved to his official superiors just as he had done to his schoolmasters, and was near being dismissed, more than once, for insubordination.

Upon one occasion he quarrelled with the secretary, and displayed such a thorough contempt for the rules of the service, that the matter was referred to the Governor. By him the hot youth was ordered to apologize. He did so with the very worst grace. But he never afterwards would make it up with the secretary ;

and when that officer, much to his credit, in order to heal up old sores, asked him to dine with him, he was met with the haughty and characteristic reply, "No, sir; the Governor desired me to apologize, and I have done so; but he did not command me to dine with you."

At another time, in one of his periodical fits of despondency, he tried to destroy himself. A fellow-clerk entered his room, in Writers' buildings, immediately after he had made the attempt. Clive requested him to take up a pistol which was lying there, and fire it out of the window. He did so, and on hearing the report Clive sprang forward and exclaimed, "I have snapped that pistol twice at my own head: I must be reserved for something great." For two years he mended quill pens, examined bales, and wrote invoices.

The Governor possessed a capital library, and generously allowed Clive the greatest freedom in using it. Strange as it appears from his earlier career, he made assiduous use of the privilege afforded him. Very much of his leisure time was now devoted to reading, and in the library of the Governor of Madras he may be said to have picked up almost all the knowledge and acquaintance of books he ever possessed.

In 1746, when he was twenty-one years of age, the French, under Dupleix and Labourdonnais, captured Madras.

This city was the capital of the English possessions in India, and was, indeed, one of the most important settlements ever made by any European Power. In the city and its adjacent district were congregated no less than a quarter of a million of souls, of which large total only three hundred were from England, and that three hundred included two hundred soldiers. These had their quarters in Fort St. George, which was surrounded by a weak wall, having four paltry bastions to further strengthen it. They did not display much heroism in its defence against the French attack. For five days the bombardment continued, and on the 10th September Madras capitulated.

The French used their victory with great harshness. Many of the chief Englishmen were carried off in triumph to Pondicherry, and every indignity was inflicted. Clive, disguised as a Mussulman, effected his escape, and took refuge in Fort St. David, a small English settlement near Madras. But the circumstances by which he was surrounded were exactly to his mind. When it seemed impossible to keep the English name and English influence from

being utterly extinguished, he was sanguine and cheerful. He obtained an ensign's commission.

In the midst of dangers and difficulties, he began to show signs of prudence, judgment, and deference to lawful authority. Major Lawrence soon noticed him, and saw that the ensign's head would be far more servicable than his arm. Peace was shortly declared, but the bickerings continued, and affrays took place. The whole of Hindustan was in a state of utter confusion, and no one could see the issue of it. "In what," says Macaulay, "was this confusion to end? Was the strife to continue during centuries? Was it to terminate in the rise of another great monarchy? Was the Mussulman or the Mahratta to be the lord of India? Was another Baber to descend from the mountains and to lead the hardy tribes of Cabul and Chorasán against a wealthier and less warlike race? None of these events seemed improbable. But scarcely any man, however sagacious, would have thought it possible that a trading company, separated from India by 15,000 miles of sea, and possessing in India only a few acres for purposes of commerce, would, in less than a hundred years, spread its empire from Cape Comorin to the

Himalayas; would compel Mahratta and Mahommedan to forget their mutual feuds in common subjection; would tame down even those wild races which had resisted the most powerful of the Moguls; and, having united under its laws a hundred millions of subjects, would carry its victorious arms far to the east of the Burampooter, and far to the west of the Hydaspes, dictate terms of peace at the gates of Ava, and seat its vassal on the throne of Candahar."

Whilst the French fame was at its height, owing to the policy of Dupleix, the defeat of the English at Madras, and the siege of Pondicherry, Nizam al Mulk, Viceroy of the Deccan, died in 1748, and gave to the crafty Gaul an opportunity he had long desired. Two rivals, of course, instantly appeared on the scene for the vice-royalty, and, to complicate matters still further, two more for the Carnatic, a province of the Deccan.

After a little disputing, the two viceregal claimants joined their forces, invaded the Carnatic, and appealed to the French for help. 400 French soldiers and 2,000 Sepoys, trained by French officers, were speedily on the scene. In the battle which ensued, the army of the son of the Nizam melted away before Western disci-

plined. The Nabob himself was shot through the heart by a Caffre soldier; Mahommed Ali, the Nabob of Arcot, and son of the fallen potentate, fled with a shattered and ruined army to Trichinopoly, and the whole of the grand, rich, and fertile province of the Carnatic lay at the mercy of Dupleix.

At Pondicherry, the rejoicings were great. *Te Deums* were sung in the churches. Cannon were fired from the forts. By the new Nizam, Dupleix was appointed governor of a district as large as France itself, and populated by upwards of thirty millions of human beings. With true French vain-gloriousness, Dupleix determined to erect, on the spot where Nazir Jung fell, a column, on whose four sides his glory should be blazoned forth to the world by means of four pompous inscriptions, in four different languages. Round this column a town began to rise. It was called Dupleix Fatihabad, which is, being interpreted, the City of the Victory of Dupleix.

It now appeared that nothing could stop the French supremacy in India. The English, it is true, recognized Mahommed Ali, but he had fled with a few soldiers to Trichinopoly, and that was closely besieged by Chunda Sahib, the French puppet. Trichinopoly must fall, and

with it all hopes of English power in India. Everywhere the scheme of Dupleix had been successful ; everywhere the English were paralysed. They had lost Madras ; the colours of France had been planted defiantly on Fort St. George ; the chiefs of the English had been led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry.

The last spark of British power was on the point of being extinguished when ROBERT CLIVE, then in his four-and-twentieth year, suddenly and wonderfully altered the whole state of things. He pointed out that Trichinopoly must be relieved. Captain Gingen started from Fort St. David with a small force. Chunda Sahib started from Trichinopoly to intercept him. They met. The English behaved shamefully, and were thoroughly beaten.

Clive's whole soul boiled over with indignation. He complained with fiery vehemence of the cowardice of Captain Gingen. He earnestly implored that to him should be entrusted the desperate honour of retrieving the tarnished reputation of his native land, for an insult to England was an insult to himself. With characteristic boldness, he proposed that Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, should be attacked, and that by this means the siege of Trichinopoly

would be raised. It was agreed to, and, being promoted to the rank of captain, he left Madras, on his apparently reckless errand; with an army of two hundred English soldiers, three hundred Sepoys, three light field-pieces, and eight officers, six of whom had never been in action before. Four of them were taken from their desks, and presented with commissions. They were, indeed, "special constables" sworn in for the occasion.

The issue of the enterprise was awaited by the handful of English people at Madras, with the most painful and intense anxiety. Small as the number was that had followed the daring Clive, it was not a detachment, but an army; and if things went ill with them, Fort St. David would be left with 100 defenders, and Madras with fifty, to cope with the great resources of Dupleix and his followers. The weather assisted our gallant countrymen, as it had done before on two critical occasions. The fleet collected by Labourdonnais to descend upon the Coromandel coast was shattered and dispersed by a storm; and the crafty midnight assault of Dupleix on Cuddalore was stopped by the rising surf.

When Clive and his brave followers arrived within ten miles from Arcot, a violent thunder-

storm came on. The natives are particularly superstitious, and regard the turmoil of the elements with great and inexplicable awe. But no matter how the lightning flashed and thunder rolled, in utter contempt of the drenching tropical rain—in spite of the war in the heavens and the deluge on the land—Clive pushed straight on for Arcot. He and his were regarded as possessed with supernatural courage, and looked at with alarm, respect, and terror. Through the streets, crowded with 100,000 spectators, the fearless captain passed, took possession of the citadel, and thus Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, passed into English hands without striking a single blow!

Such was the first fortunate step in the daring enterprise of Captain Clive. Great was the indignation of Chunda Sahib when he heard the news whilst besieging Ali in the town of Trichinopoly. The capital of the Carnatic had most strangely slipped from his grasp. But he was none the less determined to recover it. Clive made the best use of his time. He collected provisions, threw up works, and made preparations for sustaining a siege, which he knew was inevitable. The walls of the fort were in decay; the ditches dry; the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns; the battlements

too low to protect the soldiers. The garrison, in some degree ashamed of the manner in which they had abandoned the place, assembled together, and encamped close to the town.

At once the gallant Englishman made up his mind to persevere in the same bold policy that he had inaugurated. At dead of night he sallied forth with nearly all his men. His marvellous good fortune accompanied him. He attacked the camp, slew great numbers, and returned to the citadel of Arcot *without having lost a single man!*

Clive was the heart and soul of all these movements, and endeared himself to every soldier, English and native, who had marched through the thunder-storm to Arcot. One single anecdote will prove this. In a subsequent sally against Reza Sahib, son of Chunda Sahib, who had made his appearance before Arcot with 10,000 men, including 150 French from Pondicherry, Lieutenant Trentwith perceived a Sepoy deliberately taking aim at the brave English commander. At the critical moment he pulled his beloved commander aside, received the shot through his own body, and fell to rise no more. In face of great difficulties and drawbacks the garrison held its own.

They were now reduced to 324, but every man was animated by the heroic spirit of his leader. For fifty days the siege went on; for fifty days every attack was triumphantly repulsed. The breach grew wider and wider, and at last reached the formidable width of fifty feet. The walls and defences were battered almost to fragments. Clive constructed a trench, parapet, and row of palisading behind the trench, and thus deterred the enemy from effecting an entry. Provisions ran scarce; the Sepoys came to the English captain, not to complain of their stinted fare, but of their own accord to propose that the rice should be given to the Europeans, and that they could live upon the water strained away, as they did not require so much.

The natives now began to see that the English could fight, and fight better than those Frenchmen who had done all they could to bring the British name into disrepute and disdain. Clive found in the citadel an old Indian gun of enormous size, and mounted it so as to command the Nabob's palace. He fired a shot right through it, literally knocking the palace about Reza's ears. After four rounds the gun burst.

The enemy then imitated his example, by

mounting a large gun upon a heap of earth; but Clive plied an 18-pounder against it so skilfully, that gun, mound, men, all toppled to the ground. Three hundred men, sent from Madras under Lieutenant Innis, failed to reach Arcot, being driven back by a strong detachment of 2,000. But hope came, and help too, from a quarter that was quite unexpected.

Thirty miles from Arcot, 6,000 Mahrattas were encamped under the command of an unscrupulous chief, Morari Rao. Hired in the first instance to help Ali, they had, dazzled by French successes, held back. They were amazed at the wonderful defence of Arcot. They were enchanted by the master spirit of Clive. Just at the right moment he made overtures to them. Reza was desperate. Morari Rao, who seemed to guess how affairs would turn out, and who, with true Eastern instinct, wished to be on the winning side, was already in motion to help the fearless Briton, who had, with a miniature detachment, held out so bravely and so long against such overwhelming odds.

The son of Chunda Sahib offered large bribes to Clive, who rejected them with contemptuous scorn. The Nabob then vowed that, if they

were not accepted, he would storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. With haughty pride, and provoking contempt, and characteristic haughtiness, Clive replied, "that his father was a usurper, his army a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers."

The Rajah, desperate and maddened, determined to storm the fort and carry out his brutal threat. Clive had only eighty Europeans (officers included) and 120 Sepoys to oppose to the assault of sixty times as many assailants. Everything was arranged most advantageously for the attack. The day chosen was a great Mahomedan festival. Intoxicating drinks were lavishly bestowed to complement the fervour of religious enthusiasm. Besides the well-known dictum of the Koran—that all who fall fighting against unbelievers offer thereby a sacrifice (accepted, because completed) for the sins of a whole life, and are at once received into the highest heaven, escaping all intermediate purgatories—a peculiar blessing is supposed to rest on those who perish in "holy" warfare during the period consecrated to the memory of the venerated imaums. The plan of attack was

known to the indefatigable defender of Arcot. Wearied and exhausted with constant exercise and sustained vigils, he withdrew to rest, and flung himself on his bed. His eyes had scarcely closed, when the booming of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the yelling of semi-intoxicated combatants roused him from his slumbers.

The attack on the devoted garrison came from two sides. Elephants, with large plates of iron fixed on their foreheads, were driven up to the place, followed by large masses of troops; but the huge animals, badly wounded as they approached, rushed madly round, trampled on the men, and retreated. A dense body of men, maddened by drink, tried to force the northern breach. Two 18-pounders, skilfully placed, carried death and defeat with every discharge. The other breach was then tried. A broad ditch barred the way. A raft was launched, and seventy men embarked on it. Clive's soldiers at that point were too unskilful to handle the cannon.

With marvellous coolness and intrepidity the heroic captain, with his own hand, worked an 18-pounder with such skill and dexterity, that he speedily destroyed both raft and assailants. Thus it lasted for an hour, when the besiegers, thoroughly disheartened, withdrew, leaving

400 corpses in the trenches alone to bear witness to the desperate valour that had truly resolved either to conquer or die. An anxious night was passed; but when the day broke; not an enemy was in sight, and the siege of Arcot was raised.

Meanwhile news of Clive's proceedings had reached England, but the most sceptical was Mr. Richard Clive, the father of our hero. "No, it can't be Bobby," he used to say. But when the heart-stirring news of Arcot caused every English breast to throb with honest pride, the proud father, with tears in his eyes, was obliged to confess that "the rascal, Bobby, had something in him after all." After the raising of the siege of Arcot, Clive was reinforced with 200 English and 700 Sepoys, and set out at once to pursue the enemy. At Arnee he captured 400 horses, and the military chest of Chunda Sahib. The French were driven from Conjeveram.

In February, 1752, a large hostile force took the field. Clive instantly advanced to the attack. The natives were totally dispersed, and the French were very glad to creep into Pondicherry. At this juncture Major Lawrence assumed the command, but he had sense enough to keep Clive as his right hand. Everywhere

the natives were declaring for the bold Englishman, whom Mahommed Ali, after the defence of Arcot, had called "Sabut Jung" — the Daring in War. The French at Trichinopoly surrendered prisoners of war, and the French Nabob, Chunda Sahib, lost his throne first, and his head afterwards. The French charm was dispelled. In Clive's march to Fort St. David from the battle-field, he passed through the "City of Victory of Dupleix," and the stately monument which was designed to commemorate the supremacy of France in Europe and her triumphs in the East. Clive ordered both monument and city to be levelled to the ground.

French writers are very bitter upon us for this; but if ever there was a man who had less of malevolence and of personal spite in his nature than another, it was Robert Clive. When, in proud and lofty scorn, he hurled the boasting monument of the fame of France and Dupleix into the dust, he did as wise and politic a thing as the Conservative Government has done in the matter of the Suez Canal. As Macaulay so finely observes, "The town and its pompous name, the pillar and its vaunting inscription, were among the devices by which Dupleix had laid the public mind of India under a spell. That spell Clive determined to

break. The natives had been taught that France was confessedly the first Power in Europe, and that the English did not presume to dispute her supremacy. No measure could be more effectual for the removing of this delusion than the public and solemn demolition of the French trophies."

After the death of Chunda Sahib, new complications arose. In spite of what had passed Dupleix had not given up all hope of getting hold of the Carnatic. He was again defeated by Lawrence. With 200 recruits and 500 Sepoys, Clive captured Covelong, a station twenty miles from Madras, and drove the French out of it. Chingleput fell to him directly after. But his troops were of the very worst description. A shot fired from a fort killed one of his soldiers, whereupon all the rest turned round and fled. A sentinel was frightened by the report of a gun, and hid himself in a dry well. Clive returned to Madras, and married Miss Maskelyne, sister of the Astronomer Royal, and returned to England for the first time when he was twenty-seven years of age, in 1752.

The next chapter will be occupied with Clive's second and third visits to India, and his second and third administrations therein.

CHAPTER III.

THE SECOND AND THIRD ADMINISTRATIONS OF
ROBERT, AFTERWARDS LORD CLIVE.

THE celebrated man who formed the subject of our last chapter arrived in England from the country upon whose destinies he was intended to exercise a magical influence, with a young bride, an independent fortune, and a brilliant military reputation. Nine years earlier he had been shipped away as an unmanageable youth; eight years ago, unknown and almost penniless, he had attempted to blow out his brains in Madras. Now he returned to Market Drayton, in early manhood, in a position to extricate his father from pecuniary difficulties, and to show how circumstances had developed the scapegrace lad into a kind, brave, noble, and affectionate son. In the greatest obscurity he left his native land. Only his own family and a few personal friends knew that Bob Clive had gone off to be a book-keeper in the East India Company's service. He returned to find him-

self famous—his name known throughout the land—his bravery and pluck the theme of constant conversation. The East India Directors toasted him at all their meetings as “General Clive.” News of the gallant defence of Arcot had preceded him, and, from one end of the country to the other, nothing but praises were spoken concerning the bravery and skill of the youthful commander.

But with the recklessness of youth—for a youth he was only now—he lavished his prize-money in extravagant living. He appears at this time to have had only one object in view, and that was to get rid of all his resources as quickly as he possibly could. His fortune was certainly great, but it was not an extravagant one, and his attempt to emulate the doings of the fashionable world was not a successful one. The members of aristocratical circles are very jealous of their privileges, and look with great suspicion upon any one who tries to force his way within them. There is an aristocracy of merit and genius, as well as an aristocracy of birth and position. Clive’s family was obscure, but it was respectable; and although he could not lay any special claim to the last two qualifications necessary to move in “high life,” he had given abundant evidence of the

possession of merit and genius. He was one of Nature's aristocrats, and many a duke and baron might have considered himself honoured by admitting among his guests the most brilliant commander of his day. Contempt and envy—for envy can live in palaces as well as in humbler abodes—were the results of his efforts to move higher in the social scale. He succeeded in scattering his funds as well, if not better than he did in his heroic defence of the capital of the Carnatic. He had a London house; he kept expensive carriages and splendid saddle-horses. He revelled in the luxuries of dress, and ordered shirts, “the best that could be got for love or money,” by scores at a time.

To complete his embarrassment, he contested the borough of St. Michael, in Cornwall—a wretched place, swept away from parliamentary privileges in 1832. The Tories were without a leader, and at that time well nigh without a policy. The invasion of Charles Edward had failed, and ruined the hopes of the Jacobites. The political world was convulsed by the rivalries of the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Sandwich, over whom Henry Fox—one of the ablest and one of the most unscrupulous ministers of that unscrupulous time—exercised a tremendous influence. Party feeling ran

terribly high. The bitter hatred that marked Grecian politics in early times, and which Theognis, who lost his property in the Megarian revolution, so well illustrates in the following lines, translated by Mr. Frere in 1842,—

“Yet my full wish to drink their very blood,
Some power divine, that watches for my good,
May yet accomplish. Soon may He fulfil
My righteous hope—my just and hearty will!”—

could well be illustrated by many incidents that occurred about this time in the course of English party politics.

Clive threw himself into the faction of Lord Sandwich, and contested the borough in the extreme Whig interest. The election took place in 1754, and at that time Clive would have been in a far better place had he been fighting the battles of his country in Hindustan. Bribery was unblushingly practised by both sides. Indeed, members of Parliament were not ashamed to receive bribes from their respective parties, and generously gave their votes to the highest bidder. Clive was more than a match for his opponents at their own work. He bribed magnificently. He was returned, and a petition was presented against him. The case was tried before a jury, or committee

which included a majority of the friends of Lord Sandwich. Therefore Clive was voted "duly elected." This decision was obliged to be confirmed by the whole House, and there the Duke of Newcastle was master of the situation. Accordingly, when put to the vote, the seat was lost, and the short parliamentary career of Clive was brought to an abrupt and decisive termination.

Ever and anon he showed striking signs of a great and magnanimous spirit. The East India Company thanked him for his rare services, and bestowed on him a sword decked with diamonds. The young captain at once declined the gift, without a similar one were made to his old comrade-in-arms, Major Lawrence. His means, however, were now practically gone, and once more he turned his eyes towards Hindustan.

It was quite time to do so, for since his departure things had gone rapidly to the bad again. The absence of that daring spirit and master mind was conspicuous in every department of the English administration. The hopes of the French revived when the anchor was weighed of the vessel that carried the brave Englishman from the sunny plains of India.

In the year after Clive left India, the different armies, native, French, and European, resumed hostilities, which led to no decisive result; and a conference was at length arranged between Dupleix and Mr. Saunders, who directed English interests at Madras. The meeting was held at the neutral Dutch settlement of Socdras, and, after continuing for eleven days, ended without accomplishing any other end than that of adding to the bitterness of feeling already existing. In August, 1754, the year when Clive was engaged most actively in his contest for the representation of St. Michael, M. Godehen arrived at Pondicherry, with instructions and authority to conclude a peace with the English. That peace was concluded upon terms which neither side believed or expected to be observed for a year. At this critical moment, Dupleix, the crafty Gaul, was recalled to Paris.

Whatever may have been his faults, his great abilities and devotion to the interests of his country entitled him to an enthusiastic and generous welcome. France has behaved wretchedly ill to all her Eastern servants. She behaved with the rankest and most hateful cruelty to Dupleix. When he presented his accounts to the Directors of the French Company,

he clearly showed that he had paid four hundred thousand pounds more than he had received. Upon the pretext, at once unjust and contemptible, that he had incurred expenses that had not been authorized, he was left unpaid. The lawsuit which he started to enforce the payment of his claims was arbitrarily stopped by an exercise of the royal authority, and the only redress he got was letters of protection from his creditors. That career, which at one time promised to be so great and glorious, terminated sadly, and furnishes another striking sermon on the instability of human things. The man who had played so prominent a part in Eastern history, and for whose smile princes were eager to bid, was now to be seen hanging about in antechambers, soliciting for audiences with the great. He died of vexation, as Voltaire says, in his 'Précis du Siècle de Louis XIV.,' "*Il en mourut bientôt de chagrin.*"

Clive was made a lieutenant-colonel by the King, and in 1755, when in his thirtieth year, he again sailed for India. His restlessness and daring were again conspicuous. On the coast of Malabar was a nest of pirates, and, to have something to do, he proposed to Admiral Watson that they should "root them out."

They were accordingly rooted out, and the prize-money, which amounted to 150,000*l.*; was divided amongst the conquerors. He had been but a very short time in Hindustan when all the energies and resources even of a mind like his were taxed to the very utmost.

But this time it was in the province of Bengal, the Eden of the East, that the struggle took place. Ali Verdi Khan, Subahdar of the provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, died in 1756. His grandson, Mirza Mahmood, better known as Surajah Dowlah, ascended the throne. Bad as Oriental despots were, he was one of the worst. Unrestrained indulgence took the place of careful training, and deepened the defects of a feeble intellect and a capricious disposition.

To the vices incident to the enervating atmosphere of a seraglio, he is said to have added a tendency for society of the most degraded character; and as few of the countries chose to risk the displeasure of their future lord, Surajah Dowlah was suffered to carry on a career of which even the annals of Eastern despotism afford few examples. A Mahomedan writer emphatically declares that "he carried defilement wherever he went," and became so generally detested that people, on meeting

him by chance, used to say, "God save us from him."

With weak, and feeble, and disordered mind, he succeeded to absolute power, with an intense and loathing hatred of the English name. Early debauchery had weakened his body. Abuse of intoxicating liquor had made a mind, feeble to begin with, feebler still. He amused himself in his youth by tormenting and killing beasts, flies, and birds, and it was only natural that he should wile away the hours of his feeble manhood by tormenting and killing men.

He imagined that the English had amassed enormous wealth at Calcutta, and a crafty Hindoo, named Omichund, whom the despot wished to plunder, had taken refuge in the English factories. Surajah moved against the capital of Bengal. The servants of the East India Company were panic-stricken. Unlike their countrymen at Madras, whom the policy and intriguing of Dupleix had turned into soldiers and statesmen, they were only occupied behind their desks, and heard of the approach of the enemy with the greatest consternation. Surajah Dowlah appeared. He ordered Mr. Drake, the Governor of Calcutta, to destroy the fortifications. The order was disregarded.

Thereupon the Nabob marched against the city.

The garrison of *forty* Englishmen held out as only Englishmen can, and proved themselves worthy brothers of the defenders of Arcot. In a word; Calcutta fell, and the English passed into the hands of the conqueror. Seated in regal pomp in the principal room of the factory, he ordered Mr. Holwell, the chief of the prisoners, to be brought before him. He broke out into passionate fury about the insolence of the English and the small amount of treasure he had found. Considerably under the influence of "bang," he retired to sleep. Then was committed that dreadful atrocity which now, after more than hundred years have rolled away, is nevertheless without exciting the worst feelings of our nature.

There was a prison in the garrison known as the "Black Hole." It was not *twenty feet* square. It was scarcely enough for one European, for at that time it was the summer solstice, and the heat of Bengal was at its very highest pitch. The English prisoners amounted to 146, and they were ordered into this dreadful place. At first they thought the guards joking, but they were soon undeceived. In spite of expostulations, and prayers and en-

treaties; they were driven into the chamber of death at the point of the sword, and the door, *which opened inwards*, was shut and locked upon them.

"Nothing," says Macaulay, "in history or fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told of everlasting ice after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer, approaches the horrors which were recounted by the survivors of that frightful night." Nothing that is recorded by the ancients in the punishments of the lower world—the hunger and thirst of Tantalus—the Sisyphus—the perpetual motion of Ixion on the wheel—none of these approached the sufferings of the unfortunate creatures who had fallen into the hands of *Sun Dowlah*. Nothing that Virgil describes in that book of horrors, the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, can give any adequate notion of the terrible sufferings of the "Black Hole." Through a small grated window a little of the heat and air from the outside could pass. The miserable victims cried for mercy. They tried to dash open the door; they endeavoured, by offering large bribes to their inhuman gaolers, to obtain two rooms instead of one. In their agony they mocked and insulted the guards to induce them to fire

upon them and end their sufferings at once. Shrieks and groans that would have touched almost any human breast were heard with savage delight by the fiends who kept guard around the dungeon. They fought one with the other to get a place at the window to obtain just one mouthful of the purer air. They trampled one another to death. They were afflicted with dreadful thirst; and one Hindoo, more merciful than the rest, passed a skin of water to the mad and raging men. Many hands clasped it at the same time; the skin was torn, and the water spilled upon the floor. Only fifty were alive at two o'clock in the morning. At last Surajah Dowlah awoke from his drunken sleep, and at eight o'clock the door was opened and the prisoners ordered to be brought before the villain. The removal of the dead bodies occupied some little time, and, at last, from the farther end of the chamber of torment there staggered out twenty-three ghastly and tottering forms, one of them, who the night before was the wife of one of the prisoners, and who, with true womanly devotion, had resolved to stand by her husband's side, and who now came forth a widow. A pit was dug, and the one hundred and twenty-three corpses were unceremoniously thrown into it and covered up.

It need not be related that the Subahdar showed no sign of regret for the committal of this dreadful act. Indeed, the very day following it, he sent for Mr. Holwell, who had managed to survive the horrors of that frightful night. He was unable to walk; his limbs were swollen, and his whole frame unstrung. He was carried into the presence of the murderer. Surajah questioned him closely as to the whereabouts of the Company's treasure. Dissatisfied with the answers he received, his weak and cruel mind became overpowered with passion and revenge. He ordered the survivors to be lodged in miserable huts, and only grain and water to be given them. The sufferings they had undergone, joined to those they were now called upon to undergo, brought on a fever, by which several more perished. At last, thinking, no doubt, that he had really reached the bottom of their coffers, he yielded to the intercessions of his grandmother, the widow of Ali Verdi Khan, and of a native, Omichund, whose name is intimately connected with the after-history of Clive, and released the few survivors.

I wish to call the particular attention of my readers to the circumstance just narrated. The conduct of Clive from this time presents

marks of great contrast to his former behaviour in dealing with Indian affairs. Mr. Mill says of him that he was a man "to whom deception when it suited his purpose never cost a pang." This is grossly unjust, and is, moreover, untrue. Up to this time Clive had been scrupulously upright in all his dealings. When he seized Arcot, he found goods to the value of 50,000*l.*, deposited by native merchants for security. He caused all, though himself in great need, to be restored to their proper owners. "This judicious abstemiousness," says Orme, "conciliated many of the principal inhabitants to the English interest."

Clive's whole soul was now on fire to avenge his murdered countrymen. He boldly maintained that Surajah Dowlah was a scoundrel—that he had placed himself entirely without the pale of mercy and consideration, and he cared not what means he employed to destroy so cruel; so blood-thirsty, and so despicable a despot.

Not two days had elapsed after the news had reached Madras before preparations were made for an expedition to the Hoogley. Every heart was beating for the struggle; every tongue could utter but one word—Revenge. Clive was the heart and soul of every movement. At

the head of 900 splendid English troops and 1,500 Sepoys, the fleet sailed from Madras under the command of Admiral Watson, to punish the ruler of a province considerably greater than England, and containing six times the inhabitants of Scotland.

The fugitives from Calcutta were picked up at Fulta, and in December the troops landed in Bengal. Meanwhile the cruel tyrant was comforting in himself a fools' paradise at Moorshedabad, and was perpetually imparting the authentic information that England would never presume to attack his dominion, and that he knew there were not ten thousand men in the whole of Europe together! He was speedily undeceived on the first point by the quick, bold, and decisive measures of the avenger of the Black Hole. Rapid as lightning almost, Clive took Budgebudge, routed the garrison of Fort William, recovered Calcutta, and stormed and sacked Hoogley. The Nabob, as cowardly as only cruel men can be, passed at once to the extreme of terror, made overtures to the desperate Englishman—the "Sabut Jung"—and offered to compensate those of the Englishmen whom he had pillaged and robbed.

Though Clive's successes had been splendid and complete, he was in a position of great

difficulty. At Chandernagore there was a French settlement, and war had just broken out between England and France. To gain time he signed a treaty with Surajah on the 9th February, 1757. Immediately the Nabob opened communication with the French settlement. Omichund, as crafty a Hindoo as ever lived, and whose time was passed in plotting, lying, intriguing, and scheming, who revelled in double dealing, and who, having first betrayed the English to Surajah, now thought it right to return the compliment by betraying Surajah to the English.

The Nabob's letters, instead of being carried to the French at Chandernagore, were placed in the hands of Clive. He saw the whole question in an instant, and in an instant he had made up his mind what to do. He resolved to drive the French out of Chandernagore. An attack was made both by land and sea; it was perfectly successful, and the daring and fearless scheme was rewarded by the surrender of the French as prisoners of war.

The miscreant Surajah Dowlah was agitated beyond measure, and vacillated between insolence and submission. At one moment he abused the English, and ordered Watts, one of Clive's officers, out of his presence. The next

moment he sent for him back, and begged his pardon. But he little knew the man with whom he had to deal. A formidable conspiracy was formed against him, to seat his son-in-law, Meer Jaffier, on the throne of Bengal. The plot was made known to the English, and Clive, who had determined to punish with merciless severity the massacre of Calcutta, at once gave in his adherence to the scheme.

From this time he seem to care nothing about the sort of weapon he employed. In craft and dissimulation he now outdid even the Bengalee himself. To Surajah Dowlah he wrote a "soothing" letter, as he called it, and the very same messenger who took it also delivered another to Mr. Watts, in which the English colonel said, "Tell Meer Jaffier to fear nothing. I will join him with 5,000 men who never turned their backs, and that, if he fails seizing him, we shall be strong enough to drive him out of the country. Assure him I will march night and day to his assistance, and stand by him as long as I have a man left."

But, by other means, the mind of the deluded tyrant was soothed into a fatal confidence. The great cause of the subjection of the East was not so much the bravery of the English as it was jealousy and hostility amongst the

princes themselves. Surajah Dowlah's tyranny, unpopularity, and inefficiency to rule were now widely known, and the Mahrattas thought this an opportune time to attempt the conquest of the whole of Bengal. They therefore coquetted with Clive, and offered to co-operate with him in the forthcoming struggle. They proposed to vest the exclusive right of the commerce of the Ganges in the hands of the English East Indian Company. Clive declined the offer, and forwarded the correspondence to Surajah. This he did, not from any feeling of honour, but simply to deceive the Nabob, by making him believe in the sincerity of English declarations. He saw that he could do without the Mahrattas, and so hesitated not a moment to throw them over altogether.

The plot went slowly on, and was more than once in danger of exploding prematurely. A fierce quarrel between Surajah and Meer Jaffier almost brought this about, and that difficulty was overcome by the latter's swearing upon the Koran that he was faithful to his master. This circumstance derives additional significance and force from the fact that, only a few days before, he had most obligingly and considerately been kind enough to do the same thing for the English.

The plot was nearly ripe for execution, the "Black Hole" was just on the point of being terribly avenged, when the alarming intelligence reached Clive that Omichund, who was, of course, deeply in the conspiracy, was likely to betray him. First of all he had betrayed the English, then he betrayed the Nabob, and now he intended to betray the English again. He had been one of those robbed and plundered during the short time that Surajah Dowlah had been in possession of Calcutta. A most liberal compensation had been promised him when the revolution was completed and the Nabob dethroned. He held the thread of the whole intrigue. The lives of the friends of Clive who were at Surajah's court were at his mercy, for with one word he could consign them to a cruel death. He now demanded 350,000*l.* in addition to the compensation already promised.

The Council were at their wits' end. Clive was equal to the emergency. He said he would promise the villain what he asked. He would soon be in their power, and then they would give him nothing at all. It was, however, no easy task to deceive the crafty Bengalee. He would not be contented without an article was inserted in the treaty between the English and

Meer Jaffier. But here again Clive was a match for him in his own domain of deceit. Two treaties were drawn out, one on white paper—a real one; one on red paper—a false one. In the former Omichund was nowhere mentioned; in the latter was the clause for which he stipulated. All at once a new difficulty arose. Admiral Watson refused to sign the false treaty. Clive took it away, and, acting on the principle “in for a penny in for a pound,” deliberately sat down and forged Admiral Watson’s name!

Omichund was thus quieted, and the time having come, Mr. Watts and others quietly fled from Moorshedabad. Clive now threw off his mask, wrote to Surajah, and, after reciting the injuries he had done to the English, and upbraiding him upon his French proclivities, he says,—“For these reasons I have determined, with the approbation of all who are charged with the Company’s affairs, to proceed immediately to Cossimbuzar, and to submit there our disputes to the arbitration of Meer Jaffier, Roydullub Jugget Seit, and others of your Highness’s great men. If these decide that I have deviated from the treaty, I swear to give up all further claims upon your Highness; but if it should appear that your High-

ness has broken faith, then I shall demand satisfaction for all the losses sustained by the English, and all the charges of the army and navy." At the end of his letter he sarcastically says that,—“As the rains were now at hand, and it required many days to receive an answer, the writer would not linger where he was, but would wait upon his Highness immediately in his capital.”

Meer Jaffier was at the head of one of the Nabob's divisions, and had agreed to separate from his master, and carry over his troops to the English. They arrived at Cossimbuzar. To the earnest messages of the English commander, Meer Jaffier returned the most unsatisfactory replies. A letter is extant, dated June 19th, 1757, in which Clive graphically describes the gravity of the crisis, and the danger that pressed so heavily upon him. It is written to the Committee of Government at Calcutta. The writer says that he has sent word to Meer Jaffier that, if he will not give satisfactory proofs of the sincerity of his professions, he will not pass the river. He will not risk his forces, because with them they can always bring about a revolution. He looks forward to being able to collect eight or ten thousand

maunds* of grain, and thus being in a position either to weather through the rainy season or to bring in the Beer-Boom Rajah, the Mahrattas or Ghazee-u-Deen, native princes and powers, equally willing to crush into the dust the proud Nabob of Bengal.

The large army of the Nabob lay encamped on the ever-memorable plains of Plassey. Uncertain as to the manner in which Jaffier would act, for the first and last time the heart of Clive sank within him. He called a council of war, the only one that he ever summoned, and whose decision, as he afterwards used to say, would, if it had been acted upon, have prevented the English from obtaining possession of India.

He pointed out to the council that their army was small, that only 700 were English, that they were in the midst of a hostile country, that they were attacking a territory vaster than Great Britain, that the army of the tyrant was more than twenty times as numerous as their own. Robert Clive, James Kirkpatrick, Archibald Grant, Geo. Fred. Goupp, Andrew Armstrong, Thomas Rumbold, Christian Firkan, John Corneille, Henry Popham, voted for

* A maund is a hundred pounds.

delay; Eyre Coote, G. Alexander Grant, G. Muir, Charles Palmer, Robert Campbell, Peter Carstairs, W. Jennings, voted for an immediate attack.

Passing away from the meeting, gloomy and dissatisfied, he paced about for an hour beneath the shade of some trees, and convinced, on reflection, that the hesitation of Meer Jaffier would give place to re-awakened ambition, he resolved to reverse the decision in which he had so lately concurred, and, returning to the camp, gave orders to make ready for the passage of the river. The army crossed on the following morning, and, at a little past midnight, took up its position in a grove of mango trees, near Plassey, within a mile of the widespread camp of the enemy.

Weary as he was, Clive was unable to sleep. He lay in his tent, hearing the beating of drums and the clanging of cymbals in the Nabob's army—calculating the tremendous odds against him, and realizing that, if matters went wrong, not a single man would ever recross that river over which in early morn they had passed. Surajah sat gloomily alone in his tent, afraid to be by himself, and afraid of every one that came near him, “cursed and haunted by the furies of those who had, with

their latest breath, cursed him and his in the Black Hole of Calcutta."

The dawn came at length, the tropical sun glared out in eastern brilliancy upon the strange scene below it. On the one side, 40,000 infantry and 16,000 cavalry, supported by fifty heavy cannon and several light field-pieces, served by French artillerymen: numerous elephants in gay trappings stood in imposing array. On the other side, a small band of some 3,000 foot, 700 of whom were clad in the scarlet uniform of the English soldier. These were the 39th Regiment, which carries on its colours the proud motto, "*Primus in Indis*."

The battle lasted just one hour, and then the vast forces of Surajah Dowlah were scattered for ever. On a fleet camel he fled with precipitous haste to Moorshedabad. His army of 60,000 men had melted away, and the famous battle of Plassey had been won by the heroic Clive, whose loss on that eventful and glorious day amounted only to twenty-two killed and fifty wounded. The terrified Nabob fled in disguise to Patna, where he fell into the hands of Meer Jaffier. The villain of the Black Hole pleaded hard for that mercy and consideration he had never himself known, and was put to a violent death by native hands.

A meeting was held at the house of Jugget Seit, a great and rich banker. Omichund, in great spirits, attended. He was mortified at the coolness of his reception. At last Clive said to Mr. Sraffton, "It is now time to undeceive Omichund." "Omichund," said Mr. Sraffton, "the red treaty is a trick; you are to have nothing." The outwitted Hindoo sank back insensible. When he rallied, his mind was gone, and after a few months of idiocy he sank and died.

Great is the discussion on this action of Clive's. Sir John Malcolm justifies it; Macaulay, after preaching a sermon half an hour long about justice and morality, condemns it. He ought to have remembered that Clive's position was this: he was called upon all at once either to deceive Omichund, or give him the exorbitant sum he had demanded, or sacrifice his friends at Moorshedabad. He did what any man would do in such circumstances; he saved his friends, and let Omichund go to the wall. No native, after the meeting at Jugget Seit's, attempted to play falsely or take undue advantage of Clive.

The foundation of our empire in India was laid on the day made glorious by the victory at Plassey. The effect of it was marvellous,

The renown of the English general was unbounded. The battle of Plassey revolutionized the state of the East India Company. Previous to this they had been traders, and traders only; by the result of that battle they were turned into legislators and administrators. Money poured in upon the Company. 800,000*l.* in coined silver came down the Ganges in a multitude of boats to Calcutta.

Everywhere banks and treasuries were thrown open to Clive. He literally walked amid heaps of money—gold and silver in masses over which scattered diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones were exposed to his view. Rich bankers were by his side, begging him, as a great favour, to help himself, and take what he liked. He took more than 200,000*l.* The amount paid for the damage upon Calcutta was 2,750,000*l.*, and this did not include private donations. It is amusing to read Clive's remarks about the generosity of Meer Jaffier! Each member of the Secret Committee received 24,000*l.*; the General Council, 60,000*l.* Mr. Drake, the former Governor of Calcutta, was handsomely rewarded, and Clive said in later years, before Parliament, that Lushington, who had forged the seal of Admiral Watson, received something "very trifling"—about 50,000 rupees.

Clive was regarded with awe and amazement by the native mind. Meer Jaffier held him in particular reverence. The followers of a native chief had been mixed up in a brawl with some Sepoys of the Company. "Have you yet to learn," said the newly made Nabob, "who that Colonel Clive is, and in what station God has placed him?" The chief replied, "I affront the Colonel! I, who never get up in the morning without making three low bows to his jack-ass!" So dreaded was he that native troops could not be induced to meet him. Shah Alum marched against Meer Jaffier with 60,000 men. He invested Patna. Clive sent word to the Governor to come to no terms, but to defend the city to the last. With 450 Englishmen he advanced to its relief, but the terror excited by his approach was so great that the myriads of Mahrattas, Rohillas, Jauts, and Afghans melted away without firing a single shot.

The surreption of Bussy by the French, and the expedition of Lally against the Carnatic, in 1757 and 1758, can be passed over with the remark that Lally was of Irish extraction, whose family had shared the destinies of James II. He was noted for personal bravery and hatred of the English, and his

career closed in the midst of persecution and ingratitude, similar to that which terminated the life services of Dupleix. The attempts of Lally were, in the end, defeated by the valour and wisdom of Clive, whose bravery became more and more conspicuous.

With contemptuous daring he defeated the Dutch both by land and sea, on account of their intriguing with Meer Jaffier. A most noteworthy incident occurred in connexion with this matter, and one that most remarkably illustrat^x the extraordinary character of Clive. He had sent a force of 350 Europeans and 800 Sepoys under Captain Forde to cut off the communication between Chinchura, the Dutch settlement, and the Dutch ships that lay at anchor in the Ganges.

Forde performed his somewhat difficult task with great skill. The Dutch movements were not cleverly conducted, and Forde saw that, if allowed, he could entirely defeat them. He wrote to Clive, and said "that if he had only an order of Council, he would attack the Dutch, and had a fair prospect of destroying them." The note was handed to Clive whilst taking part in a game of whist. Important as the news was, Clive did not rise, but, putting down his cards, he wrote with a pencil on a slip

of paper, "Dear Forde, fight them immediately, and I will send you the order of Council to-morrow." Forde did so, and obtained a most signal victory, and the Dutch only escaped total annihilation by a prayer for pardon, and an ample apology for having disturbed affairs about Calcutta.

The Dutch were forced to sign a treaty whose terms were dictated by Clive, who, with characteristic haughtiness, plainly told them that if they transgressed any of its provisions he would sweep the whole lot out ^{sh} Bengal. In 1759 he returned the second timth to England. He was in his thirty-fourth year, and had made a fortune worth more than 50,000*l*. a year. He was most enthusiastically received. George III. was very cordial, and an Irish peerage was conferred upon him.

It is scarcely saying too much when it is asserted that Clive, on the occasion of his second return to England, was one of the wealthiest men in the Empire. Fortunes of 50,000*l*. a year are, so to speak, frequent now, but a century ago they were like angels' visits, few and far between. It certainly appears that, besides having received in gifts from native princes, and from prize-money, no less a sum than 300,000*l*., he enjoyed an income of

from 50,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* a year. The use he made of his enormous means would have been creditable to any one; it was especially so in his case, who started in the world unknown and friendless, and who landed in Madras, not only penniless, but in debt.

Upon his old commander Lawrence, whose circumstances were far from the best, he settled 500*l.* a year. His father's liabilities, amounting to the sum of 9,000*l.*, he paid, and allowed him an ample income afterwards, expressly stipulating that he should keep a coach. He had five sisters, whose hearts he gladdened by the gift of 2,000*l.* to each. In his private habits he was luxurious. Captain Latham, of the Royal Navy, to whom he had entrusted some commissions amongst the tailors, writes to him that he had procured for him a Court suit, a fine scarlet cloth coat, with handsome gold lace, "which he preferred to the common wear of velvet." The captain goes on to say: "It is my design to line the coat with parchment, that it may not wrinkle." A box full of wigs was sent to Clive, that he might suit himself in this department; and he was not one whit behind the times in betting and frequenting the cockpit. Captain Maskelyne, who was not only his friend but brother-in-law as well,

was very handsomely treated by him. He had few abilities, and Clive, most honourably, refused to promote him to offices whose duties he could not fill. He had every opportunity so to do, but, instead of taking such a course, he added 10,000*l.* to his relative's savings, and sent him home to live upon it.

The news from Bengal by every ship was very alarming, and after a fierce struggle with the Directors, he obtained the removal of Mr. Sullivan, a personal enemy, from the chairmanship.

His third visit to India and his third administration were concerned with internal reforms in connexion with the affairs of the Company. He had to fight against abuses and monopolies—to rebuke and put down that spirit which ground and oppressed the natives. He displayed the same indomitable determination as he did when defending Arcot, overthrowing Surajah Dowlah at Plassey, and relieving Patna. In 1767, he returned to his native land for the last time.

The stern, resolute, and uncompromising manner in which he curbed the greed of avaricious servants had made him many enemies. In 1772 Clive's conduct came before

Parliament. He showed the same fearless spirit against his Parliamentary enemies that he had exhibited scores of times in Hindustan. He defended himself in a speech of such great ability as to draw from no less a person than Lord Chatham the remark "that he had never heard a finer speech." He admitted at once that he had deceived Omichund, and vowed boldly that he would do it again to-morrow in similar circumstances. He owned to having received presents and taken money. He drew a vivid picture of the vaults piled with gold, and wealthy bankers bidding for his favour. Stopping all at once and pausing, he exclaimed, "By God! Mr. Chairman, I stand astonished at my own moderation."

The verdict of Parliament was that he had committed faults, but had at the same time rendered splendid services to his country. He withdrew to his country seat, but he never recovered the blow. He bitterly complained that he, the conqueror of Plassey, had been treated worse than a sheep-stealer. The hardships to which he had been exposed in India had undermined his frame. He sank into gloom and melancholy, and called in the aid of opium. His youthful brilliancy would now and then burst forth, but he would sit silent

for hours. He suffered much on the 21st of November, 1774, and drank more than his ordinary allowance of laudanum. The same state of things continued on the following day. His mind and reason appeared, however, unclouded. A lady, who was staying at the house, went into his room, about noon, and addressed him: "Lord Clive, I cannot make a good pen; will you be so good as to make me one?" "To be sure," replied the former soldier and statesman, taking out a penknife, and going to the window for more light. After mending the pen, he handed it to its fair possessor, who at once left the apartment. Very shortly afterwards Lord Clive was found dead; he had cut his throat with the penknife he had just before used to mend the pen. He had reached his forty-ninth year.

Such was the character of the man whose career we have tried to sketch. In spite of many failings, his name will stand high in the list of those who have rendered great services, not only to their country, but to mankind at large. His military genius was simply wonderful. Macaulay says that the only two men who can be compared with him are Julius Cæsar and Napoleon. This is great praise, but we should even place him higher. He had

no "Fifth Legion" nor "Imperial Guard." His troops were most scanty in number, and, at the commencement of his life, more scanty in courage. He had to win his greatest victories with raw and undisciplined troops. He was indeed what the first Pitt said of him, a "Heaven-born General," and deserves well to be ranked with two other illustrious Englishmen, whom we, dreadful as it may be to say it, would place even before Macaulay's favourites—Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, and Horatio Nelson, the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar. To Clive belongs the great praise, that not only did he lay the foundation-stone of English rule in India, but that, in his third administration, he inaugurated that wise policy of honesty and integrity which has done far more than the sword to consolidate and perfect the British Empire in Hindustan. He is famous amongst conquerors; but he is besides, with all his faults, illustrious amongst philanthropists and benefactors to the sons of men.

CHAPTER IV

THE INTERVAL BETWEEN LORD CLIVÉ AND WARREN
HASTINGS.

It will not be uninteresting briefly to revert to the state of British power in India at the close of the third administration of Robert Clive, and contrast it with its condition when, as a poor and friendless lad, he landed unknown at Madras.

Then, England possessed but a few acres of ground—a factory there, and another at Calcutta—and our countrymen were simply engaged in the peaceful avocations of trade. No thought of conquest had entered into their minds—no one had dreamed of establishing a gigantic and prosperous empire. At the close of the career of the Shropshire lord, the English flag was revered in every corner of Hindustan. It floated proudly on Fort St. David; from the banks of the Hooghly it could be seen fluttering in the breeze on Fort William. Large, fertile, and rich provinces

had been conquered by English arms—provinces far greater in every respect than fell to the most successful of Roman proconsuls. The English name was mentioned with awe and respect in the magnificent palace of Delhi, where they who claimed to be descendants of the Great Mogul held their court. European traders and soldiers had tried to stem the overwhelming flow of English success, but everywhere had they met with humiliation and defeat.

The massacre of the Black Hole by Surajah Dowlah laid firm and surely the foundation-stone of that mighty and wonderful rule that we now exercise over upwards of 200 millions of our fellow-creatures. The boundaries of the English Empire have steadily enlarged, and now the whole of that vast peninsula, with one or two very insignificant exceptions, recognizes the British sway. Strange as it may seem, Parliament took no part in the discussion of Indian affairs till 1766. We must remember the vast distance between Calcutta and Westminster, the difficulty of transport, and the slowness of communication.

We stated in our last chapter that the third administration of Robert Clive was taken up in the reformation of abuses and extinction of

that rapacious spirit which had seized upon the Company's servants. History, to be valuable, ought to be cruelly impartial; and, this being so, it must be admitted that a century ago the officers of the Company oppressed the natives with a harshness and injustice that remind us of those which Verres, the Roman prætor, practised in the province of Sicily, and for which he was impeached in a speech of great ability and energy, abounding in fire and invective, by the greatest of Latin orators—Cicero.

India was looked upon as a place where needy adventurers could, in a few years, grind out of the natives a great fortune, which would enable the extortioners to return to their country again, and live in courtly greatness in Leicester, Berkeley, or Soho Square.

Monopolies in salt, betel-nut, tobacco, bamboos, and dried fish were largely indulged in by the Company's servants. Bengalee traders were accustomed to buy the name of some member of the Presidency, and the permission thus obtained was called a "dustuck." By means of these they could compel the ordinary native to purchase goods at more, and sell them at less, than the ordinary market rate. Before the last return of Clive to India, the East India

Company tried hard to restrain that spirit of extortion and greediness that had now become the distinguishing characteristic of their servants. In 1764, they prohibited the monopolies of salt and tobacco, and in the year following they insisted that all their officials, civil and military, should sign agreements to "pay over to their employers all presents received from the natives, which should exceed 4,000 rupees in value."

It is impossible now to enter upon the difficult question of the proceedings of the East India Company at that time; but we are disposed to think, though it is so very easy to be wise after the event, that having once taken a decided course by the deposition of Surajah Dowlah, it would have been better to have assumed at once all power, in name as in reality, over Bengal, and to have given to the Hindoos the benefits they were entitled to expect from a government professing the Christian name. Instead of that, for a long time we tried in vain to blind the native mind to the real motives which actuated us, by setting up Mussulman usurpers one after the other. We say in vain, because the native population knew, to their bitter cost, that all real authority was vested in the English Presidency.

They knew, too, that the members of that government were too intent upon their own personal aggrandizement to hear the cries of the impoverished Bengalese. They were aware that no alteration would be made in the carrying out of that policy which had deposed princes and exiled kings; made the rich poor, and the poor poorer.

The Company at home, whose Directors met periodically at the Old India House, made some few faint attempts to stop the abuses which were practised in their name. The government in India, knowing well how great is the fondness of the English investor for a good dividend, laughed in their sleeves at these humane directions, disregarded the sermons, and by increased extortion augmented the already high per-centage of the East India Stock, very much, after all, to the gratification of the Directors at home. At last this policy brought forth its natural fruit. The "middlemen" reaped an abundant harvest, heedless of the ruinous effects of their negligence and venality alike on those they served and on those they governed.

Anarchy began to prevail. The English spirit which had braved the dangers of Arcot, which had sustained itself gloriously in great

hardships, which had endured forced marches under a tropical sun, which had shone forth with dazzling brilliancy on the immortal plains of Plassey,—now was occupied in the pursuit of wealth, and in the dangerous domain of speculation. The revenues diminished—the dividends fell—the additional expenses of every department of government, on account of the abuses that had crept in, threatened to utterly swallow up the decaying income. Clive himself says, “Every man now who is permitted to make a bill makes a fortune.” He found out scores of cases of soldiers who were retained on the hospital list long after their funeral expenses had been paid!

Every ship from Bengal brought home alarming accounts of the poverty and distress of the country, and every ship likewise brought to England visible reasons of the decay, in the person of some fortunate individual who had amassed enormous wealth as if by magic, and who proceeded to scatter it with Eastern lavishness.

Heavy bills continued to be drawn upon the Company. The bullion sent for the China trade was wholly, or partly, appropriated. The investments continued to diminish both in quantity and quality. The House of Commons

had before this time claimed the right to control both the revenues and territorial arrangements of India. The question was a very peculiar one, and was warmly discussed and contested in St. Stephen's. The Company, called into being by Royal Charter, was originally intended only for the purpose of trade. Our readers have seen how the English were compelled to enter the contest against native and European, and how officers bearing the King's commission and that of the Company fought side by side at the head of troops who had accepted his Majesty's shilling, and Sepoys whom the Company itself had enlisted in its service.

In 1767, however, a Bill was passed, by which the Company were compelled to pay the sum of 400,000*l.* every year into the public treasury, for the five years for which their exclusive privileges were formally extended. In 1769, a new lease of five years was granted on the same terms, with the additional obligation of annually exporting British manufactures to the value of at least 300,000*l.*

In the midst of all the muddle matters were assuming a hostile aspect once more in the Carnatic. The English had promised to co-operate with the Nizam, and this brought the

Madras Presidency into collision with an able and brilliant native soldier, Hyder Ali. In Bengal, affairs went from bad to worse, and worse than that, "until the necessity of a change of policy became evident, to save the country from ruin and the Company from bankruptcy." In 1769, three Commissioners, Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Scrafton, and Colonel Forde, were sent out from England to investigate and arrange the business of the Presidencies of Bombay, Madras, and Bengal. They sailed in the *Aurora*, and all went well to the Cape of Good Hope, which they safely doubled. To add to the measure of the disaster, the frigate was never again heard of, and must have foundered in mid-ocean.

But more serious calamities still were to follow. Oppression and misrule had done their work effectually and well—the horrors of a bad harvest and continued drought brought these miseries to their climax. The rice crops of 1768 and 1769 were scanty, and the usual heavy rains that fall in October did not occur in this latter year. The December harvest was nearly a total failure. The inferior kinds of grain usually reaped from February to April were dried to a thorough powder by the intense burning heat; and the rich and fertile province

of Bengal—through which the noble Ganges pours by fifty channels to the sea—noted for its extreme richness, and as being the granary of that immense territory which stretches from the lofty Himalayas on the north to Cape Comorin on the south, and from the Arabian Sea on the west to the Bay of Bengal on the east—became the scene of one of the most fearful famines that history, whether ancient or modern, has ever recorded. Not merely whole families, but even the inhabitants of entire villages, were swept away. Thousands of poor starving wretches eagerly devoured the bark and leaves of trees. The horrors that attended the siege of Jerusalem—the Holy City—again occurred. The child, driven by piercing hunger, tried to satisfy its cravings by eating part of its dead parent, and the mother devoured her own offspring. The towns were crowded by perishing multitudes, who thronged the streets in the hope of obtaining relief; the highways were strewn with the corpses of those who had perished by the way; and the streets of Moorshedabad and Calcutta were literally blocked with the dying and the dead. Day after day numberless corpses floated down the Hoogly—loathsome heaps of putrefying humanity were deposited by the currents near to the porticoes

and gardens of the English residents. Men were engaged to remove these frightful masses—the occupation proved fatal to those employed in it, and the bodies were left as they fell, or as they were deposited, to the mercy of dogs, vultures, and jackals. A pestilential miasma filled the burning, fever-laden atmosphere—shrieks and lamentations were heard on every side—tender and delicate women came forth unveiled from the harems in which the jealousy of the East had confined them, and with weak and ghastly voices, bending upon their knees, begged earnestly for one, only one, handful of rice, to save the lives of their children.

The English, on the whole, seem to have done their utmost to alleviate the frightful misery round them on every side. They contributed largely to a fund that was raised for the relief of the sufferers. In Moorshedabad alone, 7,000 persons were fed daily for several months, and fearful scenes, involving the destruction of a large number of the weak and aged, took place at these distributions, from the fierce struggles of the famished multitudes. It is impossible to give any accurate account of the number that perished during this dreadful time. Mr. Hastings—no doubt the best authority—supposes “Bengal and Bahar to have

lost no less than half their inhabitants"; others assert the depopulation to have been one-third; and the lowest calculation of all puts down the loss at 3,000,000 of human beings, or one-fifth the inhabitants of the three provinces of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar.

Some of our countrymen behaved most cruelly. They guessed, early in the year, probably from the defective rice harvest of 1768 and 1769, that a time of dearth and famine would come upon the land. They accordingly speculated in rice. They did so in direct opposition to an Order of Council which was issued by the Company, in September, 1769. One needy English official at the court of the Nabob cleared the enormous sum of 60,000*l.* in a few months.

Great was the excitement, and warm the discussion in England, on the calamity. Some went so far as to accuse the Bengal authorities of having themselves caused the famine by their system of monopolies. Some absurd philanthropists tried to make Clive, who had been for some time building and planting in Shropshire, responsible for the occurrence that no rain had fallen in Bengal in October. It seems now, looking back quietly and dispassionately upon the event, that the Bengal

authorities were to blame for not having previously made some provision, in case of famine for the wants of a dense population mainly dependent for subsistence on so precarious a staple as rice. Though individual cases occurred of monopoly and speculation, yet it appears that the Order of Council above referred to was generally obeyed, and that the famine was one of those dispensations of that mysterious Being who is the common father both of Hindoo and Christian. Like many great calamities, it was productive of great good, and drew the attention and sympathy of the English people towards India more than any other event that had ever happened.

As an illustration that "misfortunes never come singly," the difficulties of the situation, which were already great enough, were increased by a great difficulty concerning the currency. In the space of fourteen years—from 1757 to 1771—thirty millions of money had been received by servants of the Company from native princes, irrespective of the gain, and that was enormous, arising from the practice of "monopolies." This money had, as a rule, been remitted by its owners to England, and the amount of hard coin in the country was insufficient for its trading purposes. In addition to

this, the cost of rice rose to six, eight, and ten times its ordinary rate, and the natives at last came to look callously and with despair upon the advance in prices, since they knew that, tax their resources to the utmost, they could not obtain one single meal.

Matters became so serious, that the administration of affairs threatened to come to a perfect "dead-lock." Sir John Lindsay and Sir Robert Harland were sent out to Arcot, to investigate the question, and report thereon. That report occupied the attention of Parliament so much that, in 1773, the famous "REGULATING ACT" was passed. This measure marks an epoch in the history of British India, and is the commencement of a milder and juster rule. A large loan in Exchequer Bills was granted to the Company, and many provisions were made to amend the state of the native population that had so strangely come under British power. The changes wrought by the "Regulating Act" were both numerous and important. A Governor-General was appointed, whose jurisdiction extended even to Bencoolen in Sumatra. The number of Counsellors was to be but four, and they, together with the Governor-General, held office for five years only. The Mayor's Court at

Calcutta was extinguished. A Supreme Court was established. The Governor-General received 25,000*l.* per annum; each of the four Counselors, 10,000*l.*; the Chief Justice, 8,000*l.*; and each of the Puisné Judges, 6,000*l.* The taking of presents, or, to speak plainly, bribes, was strictly forbidden.

We turn away reluctantly from the province of Bengal to the Residency of Madras, where again a fierce contest was destined to take place between the English and a redoubtable native, Hyder Ali. On the table-land of Mysore, some 3,000 feet above the level of Madras, a race of men exists, very different from the inhabitants of the lower plains of India, breathing a purer air, hardened by a cooler temperature, inured to more manly occupations. The historian says of him, "Hyder Ali was originally a private soldier in the army of the Rajah of this district, and he received the command of 300 men in consequence of his gallantry at the siege of one of the hill forts of a neighbouring rajah.

"He was one of those domineering characters whom Nature appears to have formed to command, and who, in troubled times, so often make their way, despite every obstacle, to the head of affairs. So illiterate as to be unable

either to read or write, he was yet possessed of the ambition to desire, the daring to seize, and the capacity to wield, supreme power ; and the natural sagacity of his mind more than supplied what, in others, is the fruit of lengthened study, or the dear-bought result of experience in the world."

On the authority of Mill, we are told that he was entirely ignorant of the processes of arithmetic ; but that such was the power he possessed of mental calculation, that he could outstrip, in arriving at a result even of complicated figures, the most skilful arithmeticians. None of his followers could deceive him in his estimate of the amount of the plunder which should be brought into his treasury. He was active, energetic, and brave, lavish of money and affable in manner. He was faithless, regardless of oaths, unscrupulous in all his actions, and indifferent to human suffering.

One story will be sufficient to show this. When a boy of only seven years, his father, Hyder Naik, had the misfortune to fall into the hands of his victors, in a struggle connected with the sovereignty of one of the minor states in the Deccan. A sum of money was extorted from him by tortures and indignities, which were also visited upon his two sons. Thirty-

two years afterwards he was in a position to revenge this action, which he did as eagerly and as mercilessly as if he were revenging an indignity inflicted yesterday.

At one time he would absent himself from home and indulge in all kinds of licentiousness and riot; at another he would retire to the woods, and practice the rigour and self-discipline of a hermit. His military powers were first displayed against the Mahrattas in 1760; the fatal battle of Paniput crushed the Mahrattas, and Mysore became the principal, and that of his enemies the subordinate, state. His utter want of feeling, and his frightful cruelty, he illustrated at this time. Kundee Rao, a brave and faithful general of the Rajah, was delivered up to Hyder. His master supplicated that he should be kindly and humanely treated. Hyder's response was to the effect that he would not only spare his life, but cherish him and treat him like a parroquet; and the wretched man was accordingly placed in an iron cage, and fed on rice and milk, until death freed him from his despicable oppressor, who was brute enough to leave his bones to whiten where he fell.

He attracted adventurers to his standard by his apparently open and cheerful demeanour, and after experiencing many reverses, he

gradually laid his grasp upon the province, until at last he seized upon the great and prosperous commercial city of Bednore, with its treasures estimated at 12,000,000*l.* sterling, placèd himself upon the throne of Seringapatam, and attempted to rule over almost the whole of the southern portion of Hindustan.

He now assumed the style of an independent sovereign, and struck coins in his own name. The neighbouring territories of Soonda and Savanoor soon fell to him, and he rapidly extended his northern frontier almost to the banks of the Krishna. Here his encroachments were arrested by Mahdoo Rao, the young and energetic Mahratta Poishwa, who crossed the Krishna in 1764 with a large army, which entirely defeated the troops of Hyder in the battle which ensued. Having got rid of Mahdoo, by giving up part of his territory, and paying thirty-two lacs of rupees, he turned against Malabar. Conanore, Cochin, Karical, all fell quickly into his power. Maan Veeram Raj, the Zamorin, or Tamuri Rajah of Calicut, disgusted by the faithlessness of his unprincipled and unscrupulous opponent, Hyder, and terrified by the cruel and humiliating tortures inflicted on his ministers to extort money, set fire to the house

in which he was confined, and perished in the flames.

But by this time the progress of Hyder Ali was exciting considerable alarm and uneasiness amongst the English of the Madras presidency. Almost in a day a new and formidable power seemed to be established by the Mysorean chief. Town after town, and province after province had fallen before him. The conflict between them was inevitable, and would have taken place long ere it did, had not the French supremacy been shattered by the génius and bravery of Clive.

The French played into the hands of Hyder Ali all through. The English and Mahommed Ali and the Nizam all agreed to join for the reduction of the dangerous ascendancy established in the Carnatic by the freebooter of Mysore. Our countrymen did not know that they had to deal with a man as brave and as daring as any of them, and as skilled in all the arts of diplomacy and intrigue. His motto seemed really to be "*Divide et impera.*" By dint of bribery, he prevailed upon Nizam Ali to withdraw from the alliance into which the English had very unwisely entered. The very corps which accompanied the Nizam into the territory of Hyder had to sustain in its retreat

an attack from the united forces of the English and Mahommed Ali.

To increase the danger and difficulty of the British position, the Nizam deserted to the Mysore chief with all his forces, and at the very same time the anxiety was augmented by the report that the former had healed up his differences with the Mahrattas in the north. And thus the English were called upon to face the confederacy they had intended for Hyder—to confront with their thin and scattered ranks the numberless forces of Hyder Ali, Nizam Ali, and the restless and warlike Mahrattas too.

The English displayed all their wonted valour and firmness, and defeated, with the loss of sixty pieces of cannon, the allied army of 40,000 men, who swept the whole country of the Carnatic to the very gates of the fortress of Madras. Hyder intrigued with the French at Pondicherry, and prophesied the speedy reduction of English supremacy. It is not surprising to find that, whilst holding communications with the French, he was making offers to the English at Madras—which were rejected with pride and contempt. He burnt the houses and laid waste the fields; bleached skeletons and smoking ruins marked his track.

At last, he struck a most decisive blow. Driven to desperation, he put forth all his powers, ravaged the Carnatic, reached Trichinopoly, laid waste the provinces of Madura and Tinnevelly, and, by a series of clever and artful movements, drew the English to a considerable distance from Madras. Then, with 6,000 picked cavalry, he made the astounding march of 120 miles in three days, at the end of which time he appeared on the Mount of St. Thomas, in the immediate vicinity of the English capital. All was confusion and despair. A treaty was concluded with him in April, 1769, so unsatisfactory in its provisions that East India stock sank sixty per cent.

He afterwards became involved with the Mahrattas, and more than once applied to the English at Madras for soldiers, in accordance with the treaty of 1769. Upon some ingenious pretext, the Council evaded compliance with the request, and augmented the English forces in the Presidency to no less than 30,000 men.

The Mahrattas, under Madoo Rao, invaded the territory of Mysore. Hyder resorted to his old tactics, the principal of which was the devastation of his territory; but this time in vain. Every difficulty was overcome, and

every conquest was disgraced by the most wanton barbarities and cruelties. At one fortress the garrison held out bravely and long, and gave great trouble to the invaders. At last it fell, and the Mahratta general ordered the noses and ears of the soldiers to be cut off. This shocking deed accomplished, he sent for the governor of the fortress, and asked him if he did not think that he was deserving to be thus treated and mutilated. The governor firmly answered, "The mutilation will be mine, the disgrace yours." It is said that even in the most abandoned minds there is some vulnerable place, if you can but find it, and this remark so struck the victorious Mahratta, that he allowed his vanquished enemy to depart unharmed.

Hyder was indeed sore pressed at this time by his foes, so much so that he resolved to fall back upon his capital. He had, however, contracted one great vice, that of intemperance. Every night he drank himself into a state of intoxication, and upon this particular occasion, the state of affairs was such as to require the greatest sagacity and coolness. It was arranged to march in the night, so as to gain time and deceive the foe. A gun, rashly discharged by one of the officers, revealed the whole scheme,

and at once hosts of Mahratta horse thundered in pursuit.

Hyder was not only, according to his custom, that night, drunk, but too drunk to command the movements of his army. He was conscious that something was very much amiss, and whilst intoxicated he met his son Tippoo, who, in some way or other, he foolishly fancied, was the cause of the disaster. With the madness that excessive drinking only can give, he belaboured his son's back with a thick cane, so heavily that the marks were visible for a week afterwards. Instead of mending matters, this of course made them worse. Tippoo returned to his division burning with rage and shame. He dashed his sword, and turban, and magnificent robe to the ground, and burst forth with the passionate exclamation, "My father may fight his own battle, for I swear, by Allah and his prophet, that I draw no sword to-day."

In this condition of things, the army of Hyder soon became a host of fugitives, and would have been destroyed completely if the Mahrattas had persisted in the pursuit, instead of turning aside to plunder. A great quantity of the troops of Mysore reached Seringapatam in safety, whither Hyder arrived almost alone, and almost the first. Tippoo, disguised as a

mendicant, arrived on foot, late and weary, in the streets of his father's capital. For a year and a half the war was continued, and it was at last concluded by the cession, on the part of Hyder, of the greater part of his northern frontier, and the immediate payment of fifteen lacs of rupees, and the promise to pay another fifteen *hereafter*.

His affairs had, indeed, been desperate to an extreme, and he was now angry beyond measure with the English. The Company at home sent out frequent instructions to their servants not to meddle with the wars in the Carnatic, and strongly condemning them for so doing. But it was not to be expected that they, sitting in the India House in London, knew what was the best policy to pursue, and it is worthy of note that some of the very men they sent out to enforce the policy of non-intervention and non-interference, soon lost sight of the object of their mission, and entered eagerly into the labyrinth of Indian politics. Sir John Lindsay was sent to enforce adherence to this line of operation, and very quickly formed a close alliance with Mahommed Ali. For this he was superseded by Admiral Harland, who outstripped his predecessor in making treaties and waging war. The attempt was given up. Our countrymen,

save those face to face with the dangers and difficulties, had not realized the fact that we must go on, or else be driven out from Hindustan.

Before the late war between Hyder and the Mahrattas he had made proposals to the English for an alliance, which were treated with scorn. Now the English made overtures to Hyder, to bring about a similar result. But, instead of soothing the tyrant, it made him furious. He spoke in no measured terms about the masters of Madras. The loss of his northern provinces, and the loss of his fifteen lacs of rupees had made him anxious for but one thing, and that was revenge upon our countrymen. To their refusal to help him in the Mahratta war, according to the terms of the treaty dictated by him at Madras, he attributed the whole of the disasters of the struggle. The English would not help him when he needed help, and now proposed it when he could hold his own.

The authorities at Madras sent a Danish missionary, Swartz, to him, who was courteously received. But the Dane could do nothing with him. When parting, Hyder muttered, "I have not yet taken revenge: it's no matter." Disappointed with the result, the English sent

one of their own countrymen to the Rajah of Mysore, Mr. Gray. He was very rudely treated. His presents, a saddle and a gun, were disdainfully refused. He was kept almost a prisoner in a miserable hut, and subjected to the impudence of servants. Hyder had only one subject upon which to converse, and that was the wrongs he had suffered from English hands. He burst forth, "Of what avail were treaties? Of the treaty of 1769 the English had broken every article; his affairs had been reduced to the brink of ruin by their refusal to aid him against the Mahrattas; after such an example, it was unnecessary to enumerate minor offences." All attempts to soothe his anger were in vain, and Mr. Gray considered himself very lucky in getting back to Madras safe and sound.

A strange fatality seemed, at this time, to hang over the consultations of the English at Madras. All the time from the conclusion of the Mahratta war to the sudden outburst in the summer of 1780, Hyder was preparing a great force and expedition by which to exterminate the English and English power. For some reason, our countrymen were just now very anxious to make friends with the Mysorean chief, and were inclined to treat with coolness

any overtures from Mahommed Ali, the leader of the Mahrattas. By him they were informed of the impending storm, and of the hostile and implacable feeling entertained by Hyder against the English. Our redoubtable enemy had laid his plans well.

Hyder, chafed and irritated, both at the refusal of assistance and the quiet increase of military strength, resolved to sweep the British power from out of that portion of Hindustan at least. In June, 1780, he descended from his higher ground into the Carnatic at the head of a splendid army, which consisted of 20,000 regular infantry and 70,000 cavalry, half of which had been disciplined in the European method. His progress was triumphant, sanguinary, and rapid, and in a very few days after the commencement of hostilities, huge black columns of smoke, tipped with fire, could easily be seen from the walls of Madras.

The irruption in the Carnatic by Hyder Ali was so magnificently described afterwards in an Indian oration by Edmund Burke, that we append the passage. "Hyder resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him

and those against whom the faith which holds the mortal elements of the world together was no protection. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation of the European invader, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains.

“ While the objects of these calamities were idly and stupidly gazing thunderstruck on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function,

fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land.

“Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine. For months together these creatures of suffering, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austere fasts, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras, while every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets or on the glacis of Tangore, and expired of famine in the granary of India.”

The success of Hyder was complete, and resembles that of Surajah Dowlah at Calcutta. With consummate skill he posted himself between the two English armies, one commanded by Colonel Baillie and the other by Sir Hector Munro, when they were only separated by a distance of six miles. He overwhelmed the former, caught in ambuscade by the multitude of his cavalry—literally trampling

down the English infantry by the vehemence of his horse and elephants, and compelled Sir Hector Munro to retreat. The military operations of these two unfortunate English generals were marked by great incapacity. If they had acted well, the forces of Hyder would have been defeated. This is the opinion of Colonel Wilks, a great Indian writer, and he pronounces that opinion very decidedly. The prisoners were carried to Seringapatam, and treated most shamefully. Sixpence a day was allowed for food, and no medicine of any kind was permitted to be given to the fever-stricken wretches, who died by scores, uncared and uncared for.

The whole of the Carnatic, with the exception of Madras, speedily fell to Hyder. Arcot, Wandewash, Vellore, Chingleput, were all reduced, and matters looked so deperate that the English in Madras made preparations for crossing the surf and giving up this beautiful province for ever. In this dire calamity the Council applied to Calcutta for help. At the head of affairs there was one of the greatest politicians and statesmen England has ever produced, who instantly saw the extreme danger and how to meet it. That man was WARREN HASTINGS.

CHAPTER V.

WARREN HASTINGS.

WE have now reached one of the most interesting periods in the history of British India, and we have before us to consider the life of one of the most extraordinary and remarkable Englishmen that have ever taken part in the political doings of our country. The last chapter closed with the wonderful success of Hyder Ali in the Carnatic. In the short space of three weeks, such is the instability of human things, the English power, which appeared so firm and secure, was brought to the very verge of ruin by the daring horsemen of Mysore.

The French, ever alive to England's distress, and truly acting up to the selfish policy that England's necessity was France's opportunity, were now meditating a descent upon the Coromandel coast, and to root out from the Carnatic the small body of Englishmen who, for safety, were crowding behind the cannon of Fort St. George. This disaster took place in 1780, and

just thirty years before a youth of seventeen had sailed from his English home to accept a writership in the service of the Honourable East India Company. That youth was Warren Hastings, and we must, therefore, turn away from the difficulty in the Carnatic for a time to learn something of the previous history and character of a man who exercised a marvellous and romantic influence upon the destinies of that empire which is now justly regarded as one of the most brilliant jewels of the English Crown.

It is somewhat singular that Shropshire should have given us Robert Clive, and the bordering county of Worcestershire Warren Hastings. The former was just seven years old, fighting like a Trojan in the nursery, terrifying his parents and relatives by his terrible outbursts of passion, when Warren first saw the day. Strange and chequered as was the career of Clive, that of Hastings was romantic from beginning to end. We know of no life that so fully proves the wisdom of the familiar adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction." The ancestors of our illustrious statesman were of considerable importance, and Warren never self used to maintain that he could trace ^{ARR} descent from the ancient Danish sea-kings.

Daylestord was the name of the family seat, and, in the civil war between Charles I. and Parliament, the Hastings of that time was a staunch and active royalist. He gave up one-half of his estate to support the King, and after his murder, was obliged to give up almost all the other half to make peace with the disinterested patriots! The means of the family were so crippled that it was impossible to maintain the old establishment. Daylesford was sold, and the ancient inheritance passed away from the Hastings.

The last of the line who held the estate had two sons, Howard and Pynaston. The latter was an idle lad—married when he was sixteen, at eighteen was a widower, and died himself, shortly after, in the West Indies. One son was the issue of this strange union,—left to the care of his grand-parents, who had quite enough to do to care for themselves,—and that son was Warren Hastings. Early was he sent to the village school. Traditions are common enough to this day amongst the rustics and ploughmen how fond the young student was of his book; and the good wives even now gossip about that strangely calm and placid look which frequently stole over his features.

That he was a remarkable child is evident

from the following fact. In very early childhood he delighted to hear his grand-parents talk of the departed greatness of the Hastings of Daylesford. He loved to hear of their splendour and of their loyalty. Seated at school, his eye wandered over the broad acres, and fruitful meadows, and rich pastures that formerly had belonged to his loyal and unfortunate line. When seven years of age, he reclined by the side of a brook—his child's head full of the most romantic notions—he made a resolution that he would try and make a figure in the world, would buy back the alienated estate, and bring it once more into the possession of his house. In the midst of political struggles and civil administration—in the midst of danger from hostile armies and from bands of political enemies, he never lost sight of that resolve.

After an eventful and wonderful career, with grey-turning locks, when he had reached those threescore years and ten which make up the span of human life, he again reclined by the side of that rustling rivulet, the Lord of the Manor, *the Hastings of Daylesford*.

He was sent to school at Newington, at the age of eight, and after two years, was removed to Westminster. Here he made the acquaintance of Churchill, Colman, and Cowper,

with whom he contracted a close friendship. Over another schoolmate he acquired an ascendancy which he never lost, and which we shall see exercised hereafter in a most marked manner—that boy was Elijah Impey. Unlike Clive, who was being boxed about from school to school, tormenting his masters, learning nothing, and breaking heads and windows, Hastings was a diligent student, and at the age of fourteen, came out first in the examination. His name is still to be seen inscribed in gilt letters upon the walls of the dormitory of Westminster School.

Just at this time, when he had endeared himself to his masters by his attention to his studies, and his proficiency in learning, and to his companions by his skill in boating and swimming, his uncle Howard, who was bearing the expense of his education, died. He left him to the care of a friend and distant relation, who was anxious to be freed from his charge as quickly as possible. In spite of expostulations, he procured for his ward a writership in the Company's service, and in January, 1750, shipped him off to the East.

He stepped ashore in Calcutta in October of the same year. In the Presidency of Madras, Clive, now in his twenty-fifth year, had already

shown signs of that daring and invincible valour by which, in the year 1751, the whole of the Carnatic passed into the hands of the British. Hastings devoted himself to his new work with the same earnestness and steadiness that he had given to hexameters at Westminster. After two years' bookkeeping in the capital of Bengal, he was sent to Cossimbuzar, a town which is not far distant from Moorshedabab. Here he remained for some time, attending to the ordinary duties of trade, when Surajah Dowlah declared against the English.

Cossimbuzar was instantly seized. Hastings was taken prisoner, and the cruel tyrant marched upon Calcutta, and perpetrated the massacre of the "Black Hole." It is a most singular and interesting fact that that hideous and cruel act laid the foundation-stone of England's greatness in Hindustan, and turned a couple of clerks, the one into the finest general of his day, the other into one of the most astute and wary diplomatists that have ever taken their seats at a council board. For now it was that Hastings began to show signs of his future greatness. The Governor and a few companions had fled to Fulda. Hastings kept them informed of the movements of the Nabob. He discharged his dangerous functions with consummate skill and

address, and was not only privy to the conspiracy against Surajah, but actually admitted to the councils of the plotters. But conspiracy was then, as it always has been, a dangerous game—there were many ramifications in the plot, and at last Hastings was forced unceremoniously to bolt to Fulda. Here, in wretched plight, they remained until they beheld the welcome sight of the fleet, which, under the command of Admiral Watson, carried the gallant Clive and his brave troops and Sepoys, who were destined to avenge the Black Hole, and hurl Surajah from his throne. There was no resisting the enthusiasm kindled by the burning energy of Clive, and Warren Hastings, eager only to serve under such a leader and in such a cause, shouldered a musket, and marched in the ranks. He could not escape the eagle eye of the Shropshire lad, and when matters were settled, Hastings was left to reside at the Court of Meer Jaffier as the recognized agent of the East India Company.

At the age of twenty-four he married the widow of a military officer, and one son was the issue of the marriage. His wife soon succumbed to the influence of the Indian climate, and the boy was sent to England. There he died soon after his arrival. Hastings was

greatly attached to this child, and the news of his death grievously troubled him. He had risen, by the sheer force of talent, ability, and industry, from the lowest post to a seat in the East India Council—his knowledge of books had greatly helped him, and his acquaintance with the language of Persia had proved to him invaluable. All through his career he studiously refrained from accepting bribes from native princes. He was superior to the love of money himself, and exhibited, on all occasions, according to the remarks of Bishop Heber, of saintly memory, the indications of a “sultan-like and splendid character.”

He was like the other Europeans in India—carried away by his zeal for the interests of the Company. But at the first he appears to have had a strong sense of justice, and was sent to the court of Cosseim Ali to settle some disputes that had arisen between us and our ally. Hastings was away three months, and accomplished nothing, though he did try all he could. The majority of the Council were quite willing to come to terms as to the mode in which trade should be conducted, but they were to be their own terms. English boats were not allowed to be stopped by the officers of the Nabob, nor was any person claiming the protection of the

British flag to be punished by any of the Nabob's magistrates.

Hastings returned, and brought with him the rough draft of an agreement in seven articles, which were conceived in a spirit of great impartiality, and did honour to Hastings and the Nabob alike. The rights of the native traders were respected, and justice was to be done to them. The Council denounced the proposal as insulting to the English name, and insisted upon a course which brought all the profit to them, and inflicted ruin upon the natives.

Harassed and annoyed at the conduct of the English Council, and after in vain trying to obtain redress, and a pledge that a greater regard to their rights and privileges should henceforth be paid, the Nabob lost his head in a fit of fury, which was not unnatural. He abolished all the transit duties throughout his dominions, thus opening out the whole inland trade to merchants of the whole world. By this step he accomplished three results—he seriously compromised his own revenue, he infuriated the Indian Council, and inaugurated that hostility against himself which led to the loss of his throne.

The rage in Calcutta was unbounded, and they who were the most unscrupulous themselves, and

shrank not from any course, if it were only profitable, were now the loudest in denouncing the duplicity and bad faith of Cosseim Ali. The majority voted that the insulted dignity of the British name could only be appeased by the absolute submission of the Nabob. To their credit be it recorded, both the Governor and Hastings made a formal protest against the iniquitous decision. The majority, however, were glad to have an opportunity of quarrelling with Cosseim. He was not quite the man they either expected or wanted. He had some awkward convictions in his mind that he and his had rights and privileges as well as their fair-haired tormentors. The Council called upon the two commanders of the troops for whatever services they could render, redistributed their forces, and sent a large quantity of arms to Patna. To Mr. Ellis was entrusted the dangerous power of breaking out into hostilities whenever he should think fit; and when Mr. Amyatt and Mr. Hall were confined by the Nabob, and the boats laden with munitions of war stopped, he thought the time had come, and made an attack upon Patna. The place was not defended with any spirit, and quickly fell. Shortly afterwards, the English garrison were surprised and made prisoners by the late governor

The command of the English army, which was only 3,000 strong, was entrusted to Major Adams, who conducted the military operations with the greatest skill. After storming the lines around Moorshedabad, he encountered Meer Cosseim on the plain of Geriah. The native army of 28,000 men, well disciplined and brave, stood the attack for four hours, when the old scene was played again, and victory fell to "those dreadful English." Oodwa and Monghir soon capitulated, and Cosseim, enraged beyond measure at his losses, sent word to the English that if they moved a foot towards Patna, he would put to death every member of the English garrison that he had taken prisoner there.

Major Adams was sore distressed. It was of the utmost importance that Patna should be taken; but to obtain it at such a price was dreadful. He wrote and told the prisoners how affairs were going, and what was the threat of the maddened Nabob. Hay and Ellis rose to the emergency with that heroic Roman spirit that induced Curtius to leap into the yawning gulf in the Forum. They sent word that they were resigned, and begged the Major not to delay his march for a single day. No

wonder the history of British India reads as it does ! Vansittart wrote to Meer Cosseim, and threatened him with the most signal punishment and the most terrible and exacting revenge if he dared to carry out his cruel threat. The army advanced towards Patna, and the garrison, which numbered 150, were put mercilessly to death.

Meer Cosseim had in the outset much to say in his favour ; by this brutal and barbarous act he placed himself entirely in the wrong, and awoke in every Englishman's heart a burning longing for revenge. The British soldier, brave as he is under the ordinary circumstances of war, now felt that he had a personal grievance of his own. He thought of his murdered comrades every time he was called upon to meet the foe. In the struggles which followed the victories were bloody and decisive. One near Patna was followed by that of Buxar, in which Major Munro commanded. The whole campaign, from a military point of view, was splendid. Five victories against much superior forces, every fortress that had resisted them reduced, the Mogul emperor himself, and his principal vassals, who had espoused the cause of Cosseim, vanquished, and the English masters of the large central plain of India. The

ruined Nabob was replaced by the formerly deposed Meer Jaffier.

The unfortunate events connected with the doings of the Company and Meer Cosseim have been related, as they bear very materially on the character of Warren Hastings. Throughout the whole course of these very questionable transactions, he is found supporting the Governor, both by his influence and his votes, in the policy of that justice and moderation that fortunately conquered in the end. He was bitterly hated by the majority of the Council for persisting in this humane course, and very angry words passed more than once between him and a Mr. Batson, who was especially fiery and unscrupulous. Upon one occasion, that gentleman declared that "the Governor and Mr. Hastings had espoused the Nabob's cause, and, as hired solicitors, defended all his actions, however dishonourable and detrimental to the Company and the nation." He was so carried away by the vehemence of his feelings as to give Hastings the lie, and even struck him at the council board. He restrained himself, under this flagrant insult, with rare calmness and moderation, and the Council unanimously passed a vote of censure on Batson, whom they called upon "to make such

satisfaction as the members of the Board shall judge proper, and the Company's orders do, in such cases, direct."

The voice of Hastings was raised, at the commencement of his Indian career, on the side of strict justice and humanity, and this is altogether too important a fact to be lost sight of in our investigation. It clearly appears, from an extant letter written by the Nabob to Mr. Vansittart, and dated June 26th, 1763, that he had industriously tried to accomplish an impossible task—to mediate fairly between violent and conflicting interests. One writer says,—“The four years of Mr. Vansittart's government exhibit the darkest page in the volume of our Indian history.” And so it is. For it was during his sway—although he tried to fight against it to his utmost—that injustice and oppression were the two striking features of English policy. It was then that the English character sank into disrepute, and the English were hated, and justly too, by the millions whom they harassed and robbed. Whoever is to take the blame of such infamous conduct, Warren Hastings is honourably free from any. He manfully opposed every project which had for its object the wringing from the Nabob concessions which were never named in

seriously endangered. The past could not be undone, and Cosseim had obliterated every atom of sympathy by his cold and sanguinary cruelties. Hastings now counselled a vigorous carrying on of the war, and in frequent conversations in after life greatly lamented the dire necessity that drove him to do so, and always spoke of these relations with the unfortunate Nabob as being in the highest degree a black stain and reproach upon the English character in Hindustan.

In November, 1764, he resigned his seat at the Council chamber, and embarked with his friend Mr. Vansittart in the *Medway*, and sailed for England. He had been away fourteen years; and one simple fact deserves to be put on record, that during those fourteen years sojourn in Bengal, with every chance and opportunity to amass a huge fortune, he came back to his native land comparatively poor. Not even the bitterest of his enemies could accuse him of personal rapacity. It is even to be doubted whether he did ordinary justice to himself. He had not been long in England before he became actually embarrassed. He was very careless about money, and valued it little. Sir Francis Sykes writes a letter to a friend in England, dated from Muxadabad, on the 24th

November, 1768, in which the following passage occurs:—"I hope our friend Hastings will before this have, by the interest of his friends, secured an appointment in the service. He has managed his cards very ill; and, between you and me, I never saw such confused accounts as he left behind him."

He had a great share of that quick and ready generosity which is so often found in characters like his—so indifferent to the power of money. On the year of his return to his native country he gave his sister 1,000*l.* Upon his aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Hastings, whose circumstances were very slender, he settled 200*l.* per annum. As his own difficulties increased, he seems never to have thought of curtailing this gift, although he was taxed to the utmost to pay it, and in the last year or two of his stay in England, he was compelled to borrow.

It is a very striking circumstance, that eager as Hastings was to return to that country in whose history he was destined to occupy so prominent a place, for a long time his wishes and applications were unheeded. No doubt the hostile members of the Council in Calcutta were so much relieved by his departure, that they had taken all the steps they could to prevent the possibility of his return. In the *Gentleman's*

Magazine, in the winter of 1765, the statement appeared that "Mr. Hastings had employed all his interest to be allowed to return to India, and failed in obtaining the requisite permission." But the course of events triumphed over the interested machinations of personal enemies. In 1766, Indian matters occupied the attention of Parliament, and witnesses were examined. Warren Hastings was one. His whole bearing attracted attention and respect, and the clear and able manner in which he gave expression to his views on Indian affairs, stamped him at once as a man of power and ability. Accordingly, late in the year 1768, he was appointed to the office of Second in Council at Fort St. George.

In 1769, he embarked in the *Duke of Graton*. Here he became desperately enamoured of the Baroness Imhoff, who, together with her husband, were going to Madras to try and improve their fortunes. There was little, if any, love between the couple. At last Hastings acted in his own peculiar and deliberate way. He called in the man and wife, and it was arranged, in the most business-like manner, that proceedings should be commenced to obtain a divorce; that the husband should facilitate matters as much as possible; that Hastings

should give the bereaved husband a handsome consideration; and that when the divorce was obtained, he should marry the *divorçée*, and adopt the children she had already borne to the unfortunate husband, who, on the whole, seems to have been right well pleased with the transaction.

Many very important events had happened since the return of Hastings to India. The war against Meer Cosseim and the great Mogul had been brought to a successful termination. The country of Ghazepoor had been ceded to the English. Meer Jaffier had been reinstated, upon terms so exacting that he found it impossible to fulfil them, and died, no doubt to a degree from anxiety, shortly afterwards. His son, Nujeem-ul-Dowlah, ascended the vacant throne, and the English made splendid use of the opportunity which the accession of the youthful Nabob—he was in his twentieth year—afforded them. They took upon themselves the whole defence of the province, by which, of course, they became possessed of the entire military force, and interfered very materially in the internal administration of affairs.

The new Nabob was compelled, of course, to be very “generous” on his elevation. At this time English corruption had reached its height.

Every man was thinking only of what he could get, and laid himself open to the wholesale reception of "presents." Amidst the greatest triumphs of British arms, and the finest achievements of British valour, the English character for honesty and morality sank to its lowest depth.

The Directors at home were not without misgivings, even in the midst of all these successes. In spite of all they could do, their servants would persist in mixing themselves up in Indian contests. After considering the circumstances attendant upon the relations between the Company and the two last Nabobs of Bengal, they wrote to express a fear that their character for good faith and moderation was injured. The real reason probably was that they greatly disliked these military operations, that they had great difficulty to find men. The expenses, too, were so great that they had been unable to meet them in any other way than by reducing their dividend twenty-five per cent. "They would not play false," and yet we may suspect, with justice, that they were not disinclined "to wrongly win."

After landing at Madras, Hastings effected some considerable reforms in the administration and affairs of the Company, which were so highly appreciated by the Board of Directors

in London, that they conferred upon him the responsible duty of managing their affairs in Bengal. Accordingly, in 1772, he left the capital of the English in the Carnatic for Calcutta, the Baron and Baroness Imhoff, whose divorce-suit was not yet completed, accompanying him.

He owed this advancement chiefly to the exertions of Sir George Colebrooke, Bart., and he showed his gratitude to him by writing a long letter of thanks, in which he says, "Mr. Sheard has informed me how greatly I am indebted to you for my late appointment. I have also heard the same from other hands. I am poor in expressions of thanks, but I can assure you I feel as I ought this fresh instance of your confidence. It shall be my most earnest study to merit it. Let me entreat you, sir, to continue to me the same support. I feel too sensibly the weak ground on which my interest stands, unless supported by the most wary conduct in the administration of the very weighty affairs entrusted to my charge; and I know too well the proneness which people in general have to misrepresent the actions of those in authority, and too great readiness with people at home to credit implicitly such misrepresentations."

At this time, be it ever remembered, that though all real power was in the hands of the English, yet native princes and rajahs were set up, and possessed what may be called the ostensible power. Macaulay says, "The internal government of Bengal the English delegated to a great native minister, who was stationed at Moorshedabad. All military affairs, and, with the exception of what pertains to mere ceremonial, all foreign affairs, were withdrawn from his control; but the other departments of the administration were entirely confided to him. His own stipend amounted to near 100,000*l.* sterling a year. The personal allowance of the Nabob, amounting to more than 300,000*l.* a year, passed through the minister's hands, and was, to a great extent, at his disposal.

"The collection of the revenue, the administration of justice, the maintenance of order, were left to this high functionary; and for the exercise of his immense power he was responsible to none but the British masters of the country. A situation so important, lucrative, and splendid, was naturally an object of ambition to the ablest and most powerful natives. Clive had found it difficult to decide between conflicting pretensions.

“Two candidates stood out prominently from the crowd, each of them a representative of a race and a religion. One of these was Mahommed Reza Khan, a Mussulman of Persian extraction, able, active, religious, after the fashion of his people, and highly esteemed by them. . . . His competitor was a Hindoo Brahmin, whose name has, by a terrible and melancholy event, been inseparably associated with that of Warren Hastings—the Maharajah Nuncomar.”

Tried even by the low standard of Indian morality, Nuncomar was a bad, false, and rapacious man. He is to Hastings what Omichund was to Clive, and it is a most striking fact that these two celebrated Englishmen, who knew more of the peculiarities of the native character than any contemporary knew, and infinitely more than any writer, critic, or essayist can know now, appear deliberately to have resolved to crush into the very earth, by any means whatsoever, whether fair or foul, the two tormentors of their policy and peace.

That both our countrymen committed great faults, we readily admit. But when we set ourselves to judge of human character, we must judge of it as a whole. If we are going to pronounce a verdict upon any man, we must,

expecting to find both good and bad, strike a balance between them. We know of no other way by which we are justified in considering and pronouncing upon the life of any man. To attempt to judge by a strict theological standard is silly and absurd. There are very few who read the end of Omichund who are not inclined to say that he got what he deserved, and though the vengeance which Hastings took upon Nuncomar was complete and pitiless, we are persuaded that it was prompted far more by the dictates of a deep and profound policy than by personal spite and intentional cruelty.

Our great essayist himself is obliged to say of Nuncomar that it is difficult to give any notion of his moral character to those who are acquainted with human nature only in this island. "What the Italian is to the Englishman, what the Hindu is to the Italian, what the Bengalee is to other Hindus, that was Nuncomar to other Bengalees." And again, "What the horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is to the bee, what beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to woman, deceit is to the Bengalee. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehood, chicanery, perjury, forgery, are the weapons, offensive and defensive, of the people of the

Lower Ganges. All those millions do not furnish one Sepoy to the armies of the Company. But as usurers, as money-changers, as sharp legal practitioners, no class of human beings can bear a comparison with them. *In Nuncomar the national character was strongly and with exaggeration personified.*"

This, being interpreted, means, undoubtedly, that the Bengalee is a lying, intriguing, perjuring, unfaithful fellow, and that Nuncomar was the finest liar, intriguer, perjurer, and traitor of them all. We maintain that this is a perfectly fair construction to put upon the words of our brilliant historian, and we quote his words, partly on account of their beauty, but chiefly to show the character of the man of whom Hastings made such a timely and signal example, and whose conduct in so doing Macaulay condemns. There was no foul intrigue and perjury in which he had not only been detected, but repeatedly detected. He brought a false charge against a Hindu, and sought to make his charge good by producing forged papers. Whilst professing an attachment for the English, so warm and apparently so sincere that it ought at once to have put them on their guard, he was conspiring against them, and was actually the means of com-

munication between the Court of Delhi and the French authorities at Pondicherry.

The Nabob was anxious for this clever, faithless villain to be appointed to the government. After careful consideration, Clive appointed the Mussulman, Mahommed Reza Khan, and Hastings cordially concurred. There had never been much love lost between Warren and Nuncomar. Many years afterwards, in the retirement of Daylesford, Hastings said that he never had been the personal enemy of any man but Nuncomar, "whom from my soul I detested, even when I was compelled to countenance him." Now and from henceforth they were bitter and irreconcilable enemies. This ought to be said, that Hastings appeared inclined to treat him with utter contempt. The restless Bengalee could not smother his malice and his wish for revenge, and at last he so irritated his foe as to rouse him to commit one of the most questionable actions of his long and brilliant administration.

The policy of Hastings was attended with remarkable success, so far as East India dividends were concerned, and the security of East India stock. In 1773 the ministry of Lord Bute made great changes in the administration of Indian affairs. The "Regulating Act"

was passed. It provided that the Presidency of Bengal should exercise a control over the other Presidencies; that the chief should be styled Governor-General; that he should be assisted by four councillors; and that there should be a Supreme Court of Judicature at Calcutta, presided over by a Lord Chief Justice and three other judges.

Hastings was the Governor-General; and amongst the four councillors we find the name of a very remarkable man—remarkable for his talent and his cynicism, his power of making himself very disagreeable, and his aptitude for saying all kinds of nasty things in the nastiest way imaginable—Philip Francis. By many writers he is believed to be the “Junius” whose terrible epistles, written with a ferocity which perpetually violated all the laws of literary warfare, were the dread and amusement of London a century ago. Macaulay, with marvellous ability, presents us with five striking arguments to prove that Francis and Junius were one and the same.

Admitting the value and force of the wonderful coincidences brought forward, we maintain that Francis was not “Junius,” and we doubt exceedingly whether Lord Chief Justice Cockburn will be able to solve the difficulty in

the forthcoming work on the subject on which he is reputed to be engaging his spare moments. And the reason we think so is this, that Francis always steadily denied that he was the author of the letters in question, and that he repudiated them in 1817, the year before his death, when his head was white with the snows of eighty-eight winters, and when, humanly speaking, it could do him no good to go on telling lies any longer.

Amongst the judges sent out to preside over the Supreme Court at Calcutta, the chief of them all was Sir Elijah Impey. He and Hastings had played together in the quadrangles and cloisters of Westminster School. We have already referred to the ascendancy which the new Governor-General had, in their school-days, acquired over the mind of the new Lord Chief Justice of Bengal. It is not surprising that Hastings looked with no favour upon this new state of things, and spoke contemptuously of his new "assistants." They, on the other hand, were by no means disposed to allow the new Governor-General to lord it over every one any longer. The first interchange of official civilities was marked by great coolness and reserve. Francis particularly showed his anxiety to be as awkward as

possible. At the first council the matter of the Rohillas and Surajah Dowlah was discussed, and the administrative power and the right of patronage were wrested from those able and clever hands which alone knew how to use them. It became noised abroad that the statesman who had set up and pulled down princes at his pleasure was himself conquered by a mightier power.

The hopes of Nuncomar rose. He plotted and intrigued even more brilliantly than before to pull down and humiliate his hated rival. By his instigation, written complaints against Hastings poured in from all sides, and he himself handed to Francis a document in which the Governor-General was accused of the gravest crimes and offences. A most extraordinary scene took place at the council — Hastings warmly protesting against the reading of the paper, which Francis read, and then left the room in disgust and indignation. The remainder, however, went on with the charges, called in Nuncomar, who lied brilliantly, and at the end they found the Governor-General guilty of having corruptly received about 40,000*l.*, which they ordered him to repay.

Hastings was deeply mortified by this factious opposition on the part of men who scarcely

knew where India lay when he was exercising an influence upon her destinies. Indeed, it seems impossible to condemn in language strong enough the conduct of these newly fledged councillors. Perfectly ignorant of the languages and dialects of Hindustan, thoroughly unacquainted with native habits and native dealings, they set themselves deliberately to thwart and annoy the greatest statesman and administrator of his day, and were silly enough to become the ridiculous tools of a designing and desperate hypocrite like Nuncomar. The crafty Bengallee was beside himself with pleasure and delight. He positively gloated over the temporary humiliation of his rival. He repaid himself fifty-fold all the chagrin and disappointment he had been made to endure by gazing with savage satisfaction upon the discomfiture of his foe. No doubt a large portion of his joy was supplied by the knowledge that he had brought the disaster about by dexterous and scientific fibbing. He kept open house, to which his countrymen flocked day after day by hundreds, and even Francis and the majority of the council were fools enough to attend his *levée* on one occasion.

Complaints and charges and indictments flocked in against Hastings; but they were

woefully wanting in judgment and common sense. They showed very little worldly wisdom in forcing the Governor-General to turn upon them. Even Nuncomar for once allowed his thirst for revenge to obtain the mastery over his judgment. They all seem to have forgotten the judges and the Supreme Court of Judicature. Hastings repaired to his old school-fellow, Elijah Impey, the new Lord Chief Justice. What passed between them we shall probably never know, till the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed at the great assize. But this we do know, that whilst the new councillors were intriguing and plotting with Nuncomar, and whilst Nuncomar was chuckling with intense satisfaction, the head of the Brahmins, Nuncomar himself, was suddenly arrested on a charge of forgery committed six years before. In one moment the whole aspect of affairs was changed. The trump ace was played by a masterly hand, long after the other players had believed it to have taken its trick.

In vain did Francis storm and rave. The judges were with Hastings, and Nuncomar was tried, convicted, and sentenced by Sir Elijah Impey to death. Words cannot describe the horror, the rage, the discomfiture, and the

dismay of the whole of Bengal. The Council were literally aghast at the proceedings of the Governor-General. They demanded that an appeal should be made to the authorities at home. The Lord Chief Justice resolutely refused to entertain the application. The more Francis and his followers fretted and fumed—as they did immoderately and in vain—the more their utter impotency was made evident to the native mind. The Bengalees began to see that though Hastings was in a minority in Government House, he was a very dangerous customer to rouse. They could not bring themselves to believe that the Governor would hang his rival. They little knew the fearful determination of that resolute heart. He had carefully considered the whole matter, and could plainly see that either he or Nuncomar must perish, and that by the destruction of the great Brahmin he would teach the Council a lesson, and the natives of Bengal one, too, at the same time. On the morning of the execution, thousands of natives assembled, trembling with horror and fear, to witness the scene. Nuncomar was brought forth—he was placed on the drop—the platform fell, and the dangling form of the perfidious Brahmin showed to the natives assembled the iron nerve of Hastings

and the utter inability of Francis and his supporters to cope with the resolute mind of the General. When the drop fell, a loud howling rose from the mouths of thousands of Bengalees, who rushed screaming from the spot to plunge into the sacred waters of the Hooghly.

Nuncomar was Governor of the Hooghly in 1756, and joined in the conspiracy against Surajah Dowlah—the miscreant of the Black Hole. It is most remarkable to read the violent ends to which the chief actors came who brought about the triumph at Plassey. When the conquerors met at the house of Juggit Seit, the banker, there was an assembly of nine persons. Of these the two brothers Seit and Roy-dullub were murdered by Meer Cosseim; Meerun was killed by lightning; Scrafton was drowned at sea; Omichund lost his reason through his disappointment, and died some few months afterwards a madman; Meer Jaffier went to his grave broken-hearted with anxiety and pecuniary difficulties; Clive committed suicide; and Nuncomar, who was not present at the meeting, but who had largely helped in the plot, was publicly hanged.

Whatever we may think of the whole pro-

ceeding as regards Nuncomar, this is a fact, that to the end of his administration no native ever dared after this to bring an accusation against Warren Hastings. Another circumstance deserves to be recorded, and that is, that whilst the whole of the province of Bengal was in an intense fever and turmoil, the Governor-General sat down and wrote to Dr. Johnson about Jones's Persian Grammar, the Tour to the Hebrides, and the history, arts, traditions, and natural productions of India. Such marvellous equanimity is rarely seen, and is to be admired whenever it is beheld.

CHAPTER VI.

WARREN HASTINGS.

(Continued.)

IT is impossible, to describe the effect which the execution of Nuncomar occasioned, and we must leave this part of our subject by saying that, so far as Hastings was concerned, it fully answered its end. Agitated and interested as the English in Bengal then were, and unable, almost from the very nature of things, to view matters calmly and dispassionately, the fate of Nuncomar excited a great amount of pity and sympathy. Bad and treacherous as he was, he had been a moving and principal figure in Anglo-Indian politics. The time had been when the English bid high for his favour, and were greatly elated when they succeeded in obtaining his help. He had, however, been faithful to no one; and his only object in life was, in the midst of the strife and turmoil around him, and in the war of the conflicting

interests of men of many races, to grow rich, and, in the struggle for political power and supremacy, to enrich himself at the expense of everything and everybody. He was a minister of Surajah Dowlah, and he plotted against him; professed friendship for the English, and betrayed them. It can be said of him, however, that he was perfectly impartial to all sides in his exercise of deceit.

It was, indeed, time for the Governor-General to take some decisive step to put an end both to the influence of his enemies at the council board, and to the wholesale influx of grievous charges that were perpetually being made against him. On the testimony of an obscure native he had been charged with appropriating to his own use two-thirds of the salary allowed to the Phousdar of Hooghly. There was no other evidence to support this serious accusation. Forgery and false swearing were then, at any rate, thought no worse offences by the Hindoos, than being found drunk and incapable is by the London magistrates. Yet the majority of the Council wrote, concerning this unfounded charge, "In the late proceedings of the Revenue Board, it will appear that there is no species of peculation from which the Honourable Governor-General

has thought it reasonable to abstain. We believe the proofs of his having appropriated four parts in seven of the salary with which the Company is charged for the Phousdar of Hooghly are such as, whether sufficient or not to convict him in a court of justice, will not leave the shadow of a doubt concerning his guilt in the mind of any unprejudiced person."

In addition to this, the Council wrote soon after respecting Nuncomar that, putting aside the motives by which he had been influenced, his information and behaviour had thrown a clear light upon the Governor-General's conduct, and the means he had used to amass the huge fortune of forty lacs of rupees "which he is reputed to possess." Now, a lac of rupees represents 10,000*l.*, and this sum represents the tremendous total of 400,000*l.* The inexorable logic of facts comes in here, and disposes of the whole fabrication. The impeachment of Hastings cost him less than 100,000*l.*, and left him almost a beggar. Had it not been for the generosity and liberality of the East India Company, he would, after years of opportunity, and splendid opportunity, been, like Sir Hudibras, in "woeful plight." Even Macaulay, who is not very friendly towards him, is obliged to state that he was reduced to such a strait

that he was unable to pay his weekly bills.

Warren Hastings, in all the vicissitudes which marked his romantic and chequered career, kept always his extraordinary presence of mind. He showed his wonderful equanimity by sitting down, within a few hours of the death of his rival, to write to the greatest literary giant of his day concerning matters which were, at least, quite foreign to those which were agitating the bosoms of thousands in the province of Bengal. Francis and his followers were in the greatest rage. They had tried their very utmost to save Nuncomar, but they had tried in vain.

On the authority of Mill, we learn that Francis, when before Parliament in 1788, affirmed that the effect of the execution of Nuncomar defeated the inquiries entered into regarding the conduct of Hastings; that it impressed a general terror on the natives with respect to preferring accusations against men in great power; and that he and his coadjutors were unwilling to expose them to what appeared to him and his fellow-councillors, as well as to the Bengalees, a manifest danger. The plain truth is, that Francis and his party had entered the lists against the Governor.

General, and had been beaten with that thoroughness which their disloyalty and meanness deserved. They showed both these unenviable qualities in the most marked manner, by calling upon Nuncomar, on the very day after he was admitted to bail by the Judges of the Supreme Court on the serious charge of forgery.

The victory Hastings gained very naturally elated him much. His own conscience told him how free he was from the guilt of those vile charges which had been so indecently urged against him, and supported by those whose efforts ought to have been used to strengthen his hands. He thoroughly made up his mind at this time not to resign under any circumstances, and resolved stoutly that, if health and strength permitted, he would stand his ground and fight the battle out with those enemies, who were also his own countrymen. He declared over and over again, both officially and in his correspondence with his friends, that nothing but death or recall should induce him to give up the course upon which he had so resolutely and so wisely entered. The result was, to use his own words, "his adversaries sickened and died."

Whilst, however, these things were taking

place in the chief presidency of Hindustan, information concerning the Rohilla war had reached the Board of Directors in England. The conduct of Hastings was condemned by them, and they found it convenient to forget that the acts which they censured were committed by a man who had been guilty of them, not to enrich himself, but to add to the value of their own property. They quietly and complacently pocketed the proceeds of injustice and rapacity, and condemned the conduct of the man by whose policy they had obtained their gains.

At this time, according to the provisions of the "Regulating Act," it became necessary to appoint a new Governor-General. Hastings could not be removed, except by an address to the Crown from the Company. Lord North was desirous to remove Warren Hastings from the post which, with all his faults, he so worthily occupied. That post was coveted by General Clavering. A great contest ensued. There were twenty-one Directors, and eleven were for the General. A large meeting of the East Indian Stock was called, and a ballot demanded. Hastings had a majority of over one hundred votes.

Colonel Maclean produced soon after an

informal resignation from Hastings, which he had sent to England when disgusted by the action of the new councillors referred to in the last chapter. It was accepted. Mr. Wheeler, a Director, was appointed the new Governor-General, and instructions were sent out that Clavering, as senior member of the Council, should discharge the duties appertaining to the office until the arrival of the new ruler. But strange events had likewise taken place in Bengal. Monson, one of the councillors, had died. There were only four left. Clavering and Francis voted together, and so did Barwell and Hastings. It is true that this state of things left it two and two, but Warren, as Governor, had the casting vote, and *that* made all the difference.

All the proceedings of his adversaries were reversed, their officials were displaced, and their situations taken by men upon whom he knew he could rely. He, at once feeling his hands unfettered, fell back upon his favourite measures of conquest. He had taken in the whole of the Indian question. His great sagacity and profound discrimination had realized the fact that Britain could be supreme in Hindustan, and add the whole of that mighty realm to her possessions. His first

move was to effect subsidiary alliances with the native rulers, especially with those of Oude and Berar. Just as he was arranging everything to his mind, news came out that he was superseded. His enemies, galled and enraged by his triumph in the matter of Nuncomar, and by seeing all their previous measures annulled, had sent to England such coloured statements and prejudiced declarations as induced the authorities to send out instructions that Clavering should exercise the functions of Governor-General. The same ship that brought out these orders brought private letters to Hastings from many of the proprietors of the East India Company, with whom he was a great favourite, to disregard the resignation that had been offered in his name, and, in spite of every difficulty, to occupy the post he at that time filled. The contest that followed was singular in the extreme, but it was not long continued. Clavering, Francis, and Wheeler on the one side, Hastings and Barwell on the other, set up, for a very short time, rival administrations. But the Governor-General was far more than a match for his opponents. He ordered all civil and military officers at their peril to obey no orders but his. He offered to submit the whole difficulty to the

Supreme Court of Judicature. Very likely he paid another quiet visit to Sir Elijah Impey. The judges pronounced in his favour, and the opposers grumbled, of course, and submitted.

At this juncture the intelligence arrived that the Baron and Baroness Imhoff were, so far as civil law can pronounce, no longer man and wife. The former left for his fatherland, and the accommodating lady became Mrs. Hastings. The husband—the new one we mean—was in great spirits. He would have every one at the bridal festivities. Clavering was ill. Whether the Governor-General thought he was only “malingering” or not, we do not know, but in great turbulence he went to his rival’s lodgings, and brought him to the festive scene. But Clavering’s frame was utterly broken, and in a few days he sank and died. Hastings had declared, after his triumph over the rival administration, that his opponent would speedily die of vexation.

This robbed Francis of another supporter, and left matters just as they were before at the council board—two and two and Hastings with the casting vote absolute. Hastings was quietly re-elected to his office, and events of mighty and tremendous importance had happened in another quarter of the globe

which had united both the ministry of Lord North and the Directors of the East India Company in the same convictions, that now it was in the highest degree inexpedient to part with the services of so able, so illustrious, and so enthusiastic a public servant as the reviled and calumniated Governor-General of India.

To the political struggles and difficulties that then embarrassed English home-affairs we are no doubt indebted for the retention of Hastings's services as Governor-General of India; and the sudden death of Lord Rockingham, which caused the dissolution of his Ministry in 1782, tended to prevent his recall.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,

not only with individuals, but with nations. The finger of God is plainly to be traced in the history of the world. When we think of the blessings and advantages, the merciful rule, and the wider civilization that England has been instrumental in bestowing upon India after her early years of misrule, we are strongly inclined to believe that many of these events we have had to record were in reality the direct working of God himself.

It was indeed fortunate that the conspiracy,—for it cannot be called by any other name—of

Clavering and Francis failed just in the nick of time, and that in the future they looked in vain for any opportunity to obtain any attention to their unfounded statements against their enemy.

The American war had broken out. The bitterest feelings had been aroused. The political outlook was very black indeed, and destined quickly to become blacker still. At variance with our own flesh and blood in America, France, Spain, and Holland entered the lists against us. It was as much as England could do to protect her own shores, and keep clear her own seas. An "armed neutrality" was formed against her; Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, were the originators; Holland and Prussia joined soon afterwards; Spain and France later still completed the combination. The crisis was great—the danger was incalculable. The Ministry of the day were so impressed with it that they put arms into the hands of 80,000 Irishmen: true to their national instinct, no sooner had they acquired the instruments of offence and defence, than they too turned against the Saxon, and made the difficulty, great enough to begin with, more formidable than ever. The effect of the whole was to leave Hastings unfettered in Hindustan, to

fight against the many difficulties that beset him entirely in his own way.

The year 1780 is one very remarkable in the annals of British India. It was eventful in the Presidency of Madras (to which we shall shortly refer), as being the year in which Ali so disastrously overran the Carnatic; it is also remarkable in the annals of Bengal as being the time when the Supreme Court endeavoured to exercise its rule over the whole of the Company's territory. We often hear complaints of the excessive rate of lawyers' fees. Macaulay says that we cannot expect a man to be banished to the torrid zone for nothing. We do not. But

even in our own temperate atmosphere we are not accustomed to very lenient treatment from the hands of those who are called upon in any capacity to execute the law. Large as were the legal fees in Westminster, those in India were three times greater. The natives were greatly excited. There was need of the utmost unanimity of action in the Council, and the sense of common danger effected this.

The anxiety which this action on the part of the Supreme Court caused Hastings is well shown in a letter written to Mr. Sullivan. Speaking particularly of the disgraceful conduct of Sir Elijah Impey, he says,—“I suffer

beyond measure by the present contest, and my spirits are, at times, so depressed as to affect my health. I feel an injury done me by a man for whom I have borne a sincere and steady friendship during more than thirty years, and to whose support I was at one time indebted for the safety of my fortune, honour, and reputation, with a tenfold sensibility." This is, of course, in allusion to his eventful struggle with Nuncomar. "And under every consciousness," he continues, "of the necessity which has influenced my own conduct, and the temper with which I have regulated it, I am ready to pass the most painful reproaches on myself, on the least symptom of returning kindness from him. Such is my weakness, if this be a weakness."

In the same epistle he announces his intention, and that of the friend who stood by him, Sir Eyre Coote, of resisting to the very utmost these arbitrary proceedings of the Chief Justice. On his side, he showed no sign of yielding. Macaulay has drawn a picture of this period in language too vivid and graphic to be condensed, and which has a peculiar value as proceeding from the pen of one who himself filled the position of councillor in the Bengal presidency in an expressly legal capa-

city. In enumerating the evils attending the new tribunal, he says, "It had already collected round itself an army of the worst part of the native population—informers and false witnesses, and common barrators and agents of chicane, and, above all, a banditti of bailiffs' followers, compared with whom the retainers of the worst English sponging-houses, in the worst times, might be considered as upright and tender-hearted.

"Many natives, highly considered among their countrymen, were seized, hurried off to Calcutta, flung into the common gaol, not for any crime even imputed, not for any debt that had been proved, but merely as a precaution till their cause should come to trial. There were instances in which men of the most venerable dignity, persecuted without a cause by extortioners, died of rage and shame in the grip of the vile alguazils of Impey. The harems of noble Mahommedans, sanctuaries respected in the East by governments which respected nothing else, were burst open by gangs of bailiffs.

"The Mussulmans, braver and less accustomed to submission than the Hindoos, sometimes stood on their defence; and there were instances in which they shed their blood in the

doorway, while defending, sword in hand, the sacred apartments of their women. Nay, it seemed as if the faint-hearted Bengalee, who had crouched at the feet of Surajah Dowlah, who had been mute during the administration of Vansittart, would at length find courage in despair. No Mahratta invasion had ever spread through the province such dismay as this inroad of English lawyers. All the injustice of former oppressors, Asiatic and European, appeared as a blessing when compared with the injustice of the Supreme Court."

Arbitrary imprisonments were resorted to, and the Supreme Court threw into gaol those whom it thought fit. Hastings and the members of the Council were served with writs. They were summoned to appear before the Court on a charge of trespass, committed by them in their official capacity. Remonstrances and threats were used by the Governor-General without avail. Then the Council ventured on more decisive steps. They liberated the men imprisoned without trial by the Court; they refused to answer to the summonses served upon them, with something very like contempt. They obstructed the sheriffs in the performance of their office with the strong argument of regular troops, and prepared, with thoroughness

and bitterness, to fight out the struggle to the end. The crisis was great, and it seemed as if anarchy was about to prevail through this unfortunate dispute between the Supreme Court and the Supreme Council. The authority of the former had been loosely defined by Act of Parliament, and from this laxity the whole quarrel sprang.

The friendship, if so it may be called, between himself and Impey was for a time dissolved. But he served his old school-fellow well. We will say it fearlessly, to his credit it may be said, he saved the Presidency from civil war by gold. Impey was, as a judge of England, entitled to 8,000*l.* a year.

The Supreme Court was created by the "Regulating Act," already referred to. But, before the provisions of that Act were thought of or put into operation, the need of a reform in the manner of administering justice had occupied the minds of the Company's servants. A court of appeal had been constructed, called Sudder Dewannee Adawlut. It was to consist of the Governor-General and Council. The Court, however, had not yet sat, on account of the recent creation of the Supreme Court. The Council were afraid that their decisions would be set aside by the judges of the Supreme

Court, who conducted themselves at this time in a most overbearing manner. They delighted in showing that their authority was derived from the Crown, and called themselves, most offensively, the "King's judges"; and lorded it over the Council, whose authority, they said, came from the Company, whose charter was derived from the Crown, and which was, therefore, subservient to the Crown. Hastings conceived the plan of bringing into action the Sudder Court. He offered the Lord Chief Justice the post of Chief Justice in the Company's Court. Attached to the office were valuable emoluments worth nearly 8,000*l.* a year, and he exercised his functions at the pleasure of the Governor-General and Council. Impey swallowed the bait, the troubles came to an end, and the Lord Chief Justice became "rich, quiet, and infamous." Whatever opinion may be formed of this transaction, it accomplished its end, and put a stop to that difference between the representatives of the Company and the Crown which threatened to be attended with such disastrous results. By far the greater share of the disgrace falls upon Impey, who was thus bribed into silence and, from his view, the surrender of the rights of the Crown.

Our great essayist is very severe upon him, and scarcely more so than the meanness of his character deserves. He classes him with Jeffreys, and there can be no disgrace greater than that.

The common danger had united the members of the Council to join in a common course of action, but, now that that danger was removed, it is not surprising to find the two parties in the council chamber in opposition once more. Wheeler and Francis objected with great force that the arrangement which had silenced Impey was not a settlement of the question, but a delaying of it. It left the original question not only undecided, but precisely where it was at the beginning of the contest. There is no doubt that the arrangement was a bad one in itself, but it appears to have been the best that could under the circumstances have been devised. According to the report of a Committee, made in 1781, in order to be presented to the British House of Commons, it opened the way to a very dangerous temptation so far as Warren Hastings was concerned. It stated that he was "enabled to do things under the name and appearance of a legal court which he would not presume to do in his own person." Sir Elijah Impey entered upon his new duties

with great eagerness, drew his double salary with great punctuality, and remained very faithful to his emoluments and the Council. But in 1782 his career was unexpectedly cut short. He received the very unpleasant intelligence that his presence was most eagerly required in London, and that the House of Commons was anxious to hear him give an account of his shameless corruption and venality.

Peace had outwardly been established during all these troubles between the Governor-General and Francis, but it was outwardly only. They appear to have completely misjudged each other. It is difficult to find a reason for the determined opposition of Francis to the schemes of the Governor-General. The latter treated his opponent well, and with great consideration. He tried to conciliate him and to consult him. Wheeler and Francis were determined to resist. On one occasion after receiving many petty insults, which he was too magnanimous to notice, he called upon Francis, and told him all about his plans, and the probable consequences of them. Francis heard him coolly, and at the end of an hour and a half the Governor-General rose to proceed to the quarters of Mr. Wheeler. His surprise was great when he discovered that, during the whole of the interview between

him and Francis, Wheeler had been, "poor man" as Hastings calls him, lying concealed in the same apartment. Under pretence of recruiting his health, Francis was mean enough to leave Calcutta, in order, if he could, to fall in with Sir Eyre Coote, and poison his mind against his chief.

That things could go on in this way without coming to a perfect dead lock was perfectly impossible. The Governor-General had written letters to private friends, which are still in existence, and which prove that he did, at least, everything in his power to prevent the disgraceful occurrence that followed.

At last, upon one occasion, Hastings said, in the council chamber, "I do not trust to Mr. Francis's promises of candour, convinced that he is incapable of it. I judge of his public conduct by his private, which I have found to be void of truth and honour." This was certainly strong language, and, according to the custom of those times, demanded "satisfaction."

A challenge was given and accepted. A duel took place, and Francis was shot through the body. The civilizing spectacle was witnessed by a number of natives; and a Mussulman historian asserts that they acted

as they did "according to the established custom of the nation." Mr. Francis was not mortally injured, and had just taken his seat again at the Board when a fleet ship brought to Calcutta the news of the great disaster which had befallen our countrymen in Madras.

The intelligence fell like a thunderbolt. The Carnatic had long been looked upon as one of the most secure of England's possessions in the East. Now came the news that Hyder Ali had, with a number of horse, overrun the whole province—defeated one English army, and compelled another to retreat. The English were cowering in terror and dismay behind the cannon of Fort St. George. Preparations had been made by them to cross the surf, and leave the Carnatic for good and all. In their distress they had applied to Calcutta for help. Hastings took his measures with a rapidity and boldness that forcibly remind us of Clive and Bonaparte.

Sir Eyre Coote was in the capital of Bengal. He was not, it is true, the commander of former days, but he was a great and skilful leader still. The Governor-General at once despatched him with 500 European soldiers and 500 Sepoys to the relief of Madras. The Council there he superseded

as incapable. The expedition, after it sailed from Calcutta, experienced most severe weather. A violent tempest swept all along the eastern coast of Hindustan, and a sloop, containing the letters and 'despatches of Hastings, was lost. In one of those, to an intimate friend, a copy of which was kept, he greatly lamented these new difficulties that caused him so much vexation. "I have," he says, "severely felt the mortification of being checked in the design which I had formed for terminating the war with the Mahrattas on very different terms, and be assured, my dear friend, that I should have accomplished them. But all my hopes of aggrandizing the British name, and enlarging the interests of the Company, gave instant place to the more urgent call to support the existence of both in the Carnatic; nor did I hesitate a moment to abandon my own views for such an object."

The odds were, however, terrific. The army of Coote did not exceed 7,000 men, and he had to encounter a host of 100,000, of whom 80,000 were splendid cavalry, and 3,000 were French auxiliaries who had recently landed from Europe, in hopes, by the aid of so renowned a chieftain, of restoring their fallen fortunes in the sunny plains of Hindustan.

Hyder pursued the "Fabian" policy. He knew well enough the nature of the enemy that had taken the field against him, and was in no way eager to join in battle with his foe. He retreated from place to place, so as to weary and exhaust the English force—an object in which he succeeded; but, in order to accomplish this, he was obliged to raise the sieges of Wandewash, Permacoil, Vellore, and other threatened fortresses. Wandewash had been defended by Lieutenant Flint with a bravery and determination worthy of the defence of Arcot. His resources were of the most meagre description, and he did not possess one single artilleryman in the small band of brave men who helped to keep at bay the majority of Hyder's army. He retained his position, in spite of all the horsemen of Mysore could do, for seventy-eight days, and even organized a body of cavalry, small enough, but useful for all that, by means of which he obtained supplies for his garrison.

Wearied with the unsatisfactory manner in which Hyder conducted his operations, Sir Eyre Coote urged him—slight as his army was—to bring the contest to the fortune of war, to halt his troops, and hazard everything upon the issue of a pitched battle. His reply well illus-

trates his crafty and turbulent spirit. "What! put my chargers, worth more than 100 rupees each, in competition with your cannon-balls that only cost a few pice! No, no. You shall hear of me often, but see me never. I will keep you marching until your legs are as big as your bellies, and your bellies the size of your legs; and then you shall fight when I choose, not when you please." He pursued this course of conduct for some little time, much to the disgust of the English general. Two circumstances occurred at this time which tended to raise the spirits of Hyder. Our countrymen made an attack upon the pagoda of Chillumbrum, and were repulsed; and a French fleet appeared off the coast. Elated by both occurrences, the chief of Mysore determined to end his marching and counter-marching, and to risk the fortunes of a regular fight. He took a strong position near Cuddalore, near a village called, by our people, Porto Novo. His attempts to cut off the English supplies were rendered fruitless by the skill and vigilance of Sir Eyre Coote, whose genius never shone brighter than upon that glorious day.

On a small mound, that commanded the battle-field, Hyder took up his position, and the battle opened about nine in the morning. He

confidently expected the speedy overthrow of the English, and became greatly enraged as hour after hour went by, and he saw no signs of retreat. His own ranks gave abundant signs of wavering before the desperate onslaughts of British valour. For this he had protracted his movements, and involved his enemy in endless marches. With French auxiliaries in his ranks, and French ships close at hand, those dreadful islanders were slowly, but none the less surely, inflicting a disastrous defeat upon his troops. He sat upon his low stool, with legs crossed, after the Oriental fashion, dazed with the scene before him. His nobles crowded round the old man, and begged him to retire from so dangerous a position. He replied to them with volleys of epithets which would have done credit to a fishwife of Billingsgate. They were in retreat, the army was in flight, and still Hyder gazed stupidly at the scene. A faithful and privileged servant came to him, and, drawing his legs out, put on his slippers, muttering at the time, "We will beat them to-morrow; in the meanwhile, mount your horse."

One of the effects of this victory, so glorious and so opportune, was to enable the English general to relieve Wandewash a second time, which was being hardly pressed by Hyder's

son Tippoo. By this time Hyder had recovered his spirits, and the two armies met at Polliloor. Here Hyder was encamped in a position of great strength: the place was considered very propitious; it was the exact spot where the small English force under Baillie had been destroyed the year before. The English soldiers were roused almost to ungovernable madness by beholding the bleached skeletons of their comrades who had fallen in that action. They behaved with great bravery, but their efforts were neutralized by an unfortunate event that occurred between the two English generals. Sir Hector Munro was sharply censured by Sir Eyre Coote, and sulkily sauntered to the only tree in the plain, under which he stupidly sat, without issuing a single order. The battle was more bloody than decisive, but the campaign was about to be closed by a sudden and brilliant effort. In the pass of Sholinghur Hyder had once more collected his forces, but on the morning of the 27th September, 1781, Sir Eyre Coote pushed on his army with such vigour, that the enemy had scarcely time to form his ranks. The disaster was great and complete, and the soldiers of Mysore precipitately fled, leaving 5,000 men in the pass—a slaughter which

was effected with but the loss of 100 British troops.

The contest, however, continued in a desultory way with Hyder, whose mental and bodily strength was now beginning to fail. He had had marvellous powers granted to him, which he had grievously abused. He was gathered to his fathers, after a strange life of activity and self-indulgence, at the age of eighty-two, bequeathing to his son his hatred of the English and the English name. The war was continued.

Many conflicts ensued, but peace was at last concluded, on the basis of a mutual restitution of conquests, on the 11th March, 1784.

The policy of Hastings had, after a fierce and terrible struggle, triumphed. The Carnatic was wrested from the invader and destroyer, and preserved to the British Empire. Strange events had occurred in Bengal during the four years that elapsed, from the Mysorean invasion of the Carnatic, in 1780, to the conclusion of the treaty with Tippoo, the son of Hyder, in 1784. Late in the summer of 1780, the exchequer of each of the three Presidencies into which India is divided was in a most unsatisfactory condition. The charges upon them were increasing, and likely to increase. The

prompt measures that were required to be taken to save the Carnatic — and the execution of which, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, redounds so much to the credit of the first Governor-General of India—had proved very expensive. Hastings had saved the integrity of the British Empire, but he had not provided for the payment of East India dividends. He pondered for some time upon the course which he should adopt. At one time he felt that he would be compelled to announce to the Directors of the East India Company the probability of a suspension of their returns. This, on mature reflection, he declined to do, and adopted a course which was profitable to the Company, but has cast a stain upon his name.

The Nabob of Oude and the Rajah of Benares were, in a way, vassals of the English. Cheyte Sing was the name of the latter, and the assistance of his father, Bulwunt Sing, had been sought by the English when engaged in quelling the last struggle with Shuja Dowlah. He joined heartily with the English, who protected him and his dominions as long as they could; but, in 1774, Benares was declared to be independent of Oude, and dependent upon Bengal. For this protection Benares

paid a certain fixed sum to the Company, upon the understanding that no further claim should be made. Cheyte Sing was punctual in his payments, and in 1778, owing to a deficiency in the revenue, a sudden demand was made upon him; which, being refused, was followed by an invasion of English soldiers. The unfortunate Rajah had to pay the original demand, with "costs" for the military expenses. We cannot read the records of these times without a blush. In 1780 a further demand was made. The Rajah pleaded poverty, and offered Hastings two lacs for himself, instead of the five that were exacted. The Governor-General accepted the gift, but not for himself, and proceeded at once to wring out, beside, the original sum required, together with a heavy fine for the trouble he had been put to.

In the following year this was repeated. It became evident to the Rajah's mind that Hastings was seeking to drive him to desperation, so as to have an excuse to annex all his dominions. When Hastings approached, he went to meet him, and placed his turban in the lap of the Englishman. This was the greatest submission a native could show, and might have melted the pity of any one. But the

Governor-General wanted money, and was not particularly desirous of outward marks of submission.

Cheyte Sing was arrested, and confined in his own palace. He made the most complete offers of submission, but they were not even listened to. A revolt followed; and the whole native population, for scores of miles, rallied round Cheyte Sing, who had managed to effect his escape. Affairs became so serious that Hastings was obliged to flee to the fortress of Chunar. The Rajah, encouraged by the multitudes that flocked about him, changed his lately submissive tone, and became haughty and arrogant. His mob, for by no other name can it be called, could not stand before Major Popham, who was fast advancing to the rescue. His followers were rapidly overthrown, and Benares was annexed to the British Empire.

The treasure found at Benares was very small, and, such as it was, was given to the army as prize-money. The exchequer at Calcutta was empty, and the Governor-General was determined somehow to replenish it. His eyes were turned towards Oude. That state was not in a flourishing condition at the time. A long-continued drought—so fatal in Eastern

climes—had crippled its resources. Asuf-ad-Dowlah, who had succeeded to Shuja Dowlah, was now Nabob, and overcome with his difficulties, and his inability to maintain and pay the officials forced upon him by the English, he repaired to the Governor General *for advice* at Chunar.

What passed in that strange interview we shall never know in this world, but the injudicious Nabob imparted the information that the greatest part of his father's wealth had gone to his mother and grandmother. These "jaghires," as they were termed, of the princesses Hastings recommended him to seize, and, if he did so, the Governor-General promised that the English troops should be withdrawn from Oude. Under the influence and fascination of a mind far superior to his own, the Nabob promised compliance, but, after leaving his adviser, his mind regained its ordinary tension, and it is only just to him to say that he recoiled from the scheme. Hastings declared that they had sympathized with Cheyte Sing, the Rajah of Benares, but there does not appear to be any foundation for such a statement. The Nabob's hesitation was brought to an end by a message from the Governor-General, to the effect that if he would not seize the

jaghires of his relatives, the English would come and do so without his assistance.

Reluctantly he joined the expedition which occupied Fyzabad, and the Begums, as the princesses were called, were informed that the utmost severity would be used to compel the total surrender of their possessions. But here a difficulty arose. Even the spirit of rapacity and avarice shrank from inflicting indignities upon women. The princesses of Oude were protected by their high rank and high character, and Middleton afterwards, in his defence before the House of Commons, said, "That no man, either by himself or his troops, can enter the walls of a zenana, scarcely in the case of acting against an open enemy, much less the ally of a son acting against his own mother." The princesses had two confidential servants, who managed their affairs, and to whom they were greatly attached, and it was cruelly resolved to strike them, and punish them by the torture and misery of their two faithful dependents.

They were loaded with chains, and put in prison; their diet was of the most scanty kind, and open torture was resorted to. The women of the zenana were several times nearly starved to death, and upon one occasion their wants became so great and so acute, that, dis-

regarding the customs and proprieties of the East, they burst forth in a body, and begged for a morsel of food in the public bazaar. The Sepoys in the service of the East India Company drove them back to the palace with blows and insult. Thus, by being forced to witness the suffering of their immediate attendants, the princesses were forced to part with their estates. At last Hastings thought he had got as much as he could. The two unfortunate eunuchs were ordered to be set at liberty; and when their fetters were removed, the officer who conducted the liberation says, "The enlargement of the prisoners, their quivering lips and tears of joy, formed a truly affecting scene." Believing that Hastings was the cause of their release, and the young Nabob that of their sufferings, they burst forth into the most passionate prayers for the good of the Governor-General. One who heard them, writes to him and says, "If the prayers of these poor men will avail, you will, at the last trump, be translated to the happiest regions of heaven." Seven hundred thousand pounds was the result of this scandalous action, which is a disgrace to all who were concerned in it.

This was the last great transaction in India on the part of Warren Hastings, who is still

spoken of by the natives, in their ballads, as "Sahib Hushting." He had devoted his leisure moments to the care and protection of science, art, and literature, and was one of the greatest supports of the Asiatic Society. He encouraged learned men to settle in Calcutta, and was munificent in his gifts to them. By his authority the harbours and rivers of Cochin China were surveyed, and, with the foresight which is a mark of a genius, he realized to what an extent the British rule could be extended in the East, and the consequent necessity of finding out a shorter and quicker route from England. He examined the shores of the Red Sea to satisfy himself as to the capability of a route thereby. Mr. Hallhed's 'Digest of Hindoo Laws' received from him every assistance and encouragement during its compilation, and he offered every inducement to the natives to win them over to the study of the English language, literature, and science. He was now thinking of resignation and returning to England. In consequence of Mrs. Hastings's ill-health, she had been sent to this country. He was tenderly attached to her, and seemed not to settle after her departure. Accordingly, in February, 1875, he turned his back upon the country in whose politics he

had played so illustrious a part, and landed in Plymouth in June, 1785. He was, therefore, in his fifty-third year, and had been intimately connected with Indian affairs for a quarter of a century. He at once repaired to Court, and was honoured with a reception from the King, which greatly elated him. In three months after his arrival in England he writes a letter to a friend, in which he says, "I find myself everywhere and universally treated with evidences, apparent even to my own observation, that I possess the good opinion of my country." He was pleased to think so at the time, but he little knew that one of the greatest combinations was forming against him that ever marshalled itself against any one man. He little thought that he had landed in his native country to be the object of an impeachment, whose proceedings will not be forgotten so long as the English language is spoken upon any portion of the globe. He little thought that, after the brilliant services he had rendered to his country, he would be called upon to fight as great a battle as that through which he passed in his contest with Nuncomar. Had he read the signs of the times aright, he would have come to a conclusion far different from that

at which he had arrived when he wrote to his friend. Not seven days had elapsed, after his landing at Plymouth, ere Edmund Burke gave notice in the House of Commons of a motion seriously affecting a gentleman lately returned from India. His old opponent, Francis, was a Member of Parliament, and had been for some time previous to Hastings's arrival from Bengal. He had not been slow to use his opportunities to the utmost to exalt himself, and to humble his old formidable rival of the Council Board of Calcutta. He had many wrongs to avenge. No doubt he thought of Nuncomar, of the haughty demeanour of Hastings on the arrival of Wheeler at Calcutta, and his own removal from office. Certainly he had not forgotten the hard things the ex-Governor-General had said of him, and his candour and honesty at a public meeting at the Council. Without doubt he had not forgotten that the newly arrived Indian had once shot him right through the body, and had checkmated him at every move.

Whilst Hastings was congratulating himself upon the brilliancy of his reception in the land of his birth, great efforts, which afterwards were successful, were being made to bring him before the bar of the House of Commons as a

criminal. For great changes in Indian matters had taken place within the past few years. India was no longer a Utopia, but a reality. The English mind had at length realized that there was such a place as Hindustan, and that there were such people as Hindus, who, though professing a different creed, were children of the same Father, whom, in some way or other, all nations agree to worship and honour. The load of responsibility had begun to weigh upon the British conquerors of the East. Stories were by no means wanting of cases of individual rapacity and greed: examples were common enough of people who, needy and adventurous, had slipped off to Madras, Bengal, or Bombay, and had, in a very short space of time, returned very rich, able to live in Leicester Square, and contest a rotten borough in Yorkshire or Cornwall.

All this was about to disappear, and Englishmen were showing signs all over the country that they had at last awakened to a sense of justice and an idea of responsibility, so far as the people of India were concerned. Every day it was becoming clearer that England had her duties to discharge towards the millions of India, as well as her rights to enforce. It was felt that Hindustan was a country that had

most marvellously come into our possession, and that it was destined for some better end than that of furnishing a grand field in which a rapacious English proconsul could wring out a colossal fortune.

It is not saying too much when we assert that, about the time of Hastings's landing in England, the Indian question was the one which was chiefly agitating men's minds. Statesmen were compelled to take up the subject, and to direct much of their attention to it, and never were there so many master-minds in the House of Commons as at that time. Chief among them all was Edmund Burke, whose talents and earnestness and philanthropy we readily admit, but whose judgment was oft led astray by the very vehemence of his virtue. William Pitt was Prime Minister. His great opponent, Fox, was in the Opposition. The immortal Wilberforce was, even then, busy with his philippics against the slave trade. The splendid and erratic genius of Richard Brinsley Sheridan was then at its zenith.

News of the administration of Hastings had from time to time reached England, and his doings had been misrepresented by his untiring foe, Francis. For some period Hastings lost his popularity, and was regarded as one of the

most cruel and unprincipled of men. By none was he condemned more, than by Edmund Burke. It is impossible now to look upon the fiery zeal and fervour which marked his conduct at this time without feelings of wonder and surprise.

The fact is, that to the mind of Burke everything was real. The streets and bazaars of Calcutta and Madras, Bombay and Arcot, were as real as the streets and shops of Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill. In his mind's eye he could see the mosques and temples of the Brahmin as easily as he could perceive the dome on the Cathedral of St. Paul and the beautiful outlines of the venerable Abbey at Westminster. Oppression was the same hateful thing to him, no matter where it was, whether in the Council Chamber of Bengal, the Senate of French Republicans, or in the streets of London.

His mind, one of great power and capacity, was, after all, ill qualified to discriminate between evidence, and unfortunately the case of Hastings was one requiring the greatest discrimination. Burke saw that Hastings had been guilty of actions which we should certainly call questionable, but what he called unjustifiable. He consequently assumed that the late Governor-General's career was altogether unjusti-

fiable, and that he had nothing to show by way of set-off and defence. Hastings saw the impending storm, and, with his usual serenity, prepared to meet it. Strange to say, he committed blunder after blunder. His manhood had been passed under a tropical sky,—he was between fifty and sixty when he returned home,—and it appeared that he could not adapt himself to the new ways of life and the altered circumstances by which he was surrounded. Accustomed as he had been to absolute power, and to having his simple word revered and obeyed by a much larger population than that contained by Great Britain, he regarded with puzzled astonishment the power of the press, freedom of discussion, political tactics, and political struggles. He was as much bewildered as Horatio Nelson would be if he could be brought back to life again, and placed on board the *Devastation* or the *Thunderer*.

When Clive was threatened he behaved with his usual sagacity, and placed himself in the hands of Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough. Hastings employed a Major Scott, who had been an officer in the Bengal army. He obtained a seat in Parliament, and became a great nuisance. He had only one subject, and that was Hastings. He was perpetually

talking on his one idea, and day after day letters appeared from his pen in the papers on the same subject. After some little delay, and some political intriguing; it was resolved that Warren Hastings, late Governor-General of India, should be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanours. Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Windham, and Earl Grey were elected to be the managers of the impeachment.

Sir James Erskine, and General Burgoyne, Pelham and Wyndham, St. John and Montague, were amongst those who were joined with them. The attempt made to add Francis to their number was defeated by the Commons, on account of the well-known and oft-expressed personal enmity borne by him to the accused. The managers thereupon appointed him their assessor, so that, as they said, the benefit of his talents and experience might not be lost to a cause in which the very first principles of moral right were involved.

It is a matter of the deepest regret that the speeches delivered during the course of that famous trial have not been preserved. It was not then the custom to have reporters in the House. Indeed, the art of reporting was scarcely known at all. But, judging from the information that has come down to us, we feel sure that such splendid

specimens of eloquence had never been heard before, since the days when Demosthenes spoke for himself in that well-known speech "On the Crown," and thundered against Philip of Macedon in those scathing orations which will be read with interest and wonder so long as human things remain. Cicero never had a crowd hanging upon his words in the Roman Forum more intently, not even when inveighing against Verres, than Edmund Burke had in the opening speech of the impeachment, and Sheridan when, in his grand and lofty diction, he exposed and condemned the wrongs done to the Princesses of Oude. This famous trial commenced on the 13th of February, 1788. The great hall in which it was conducted was indeed a spot well fitted for so important an event. It had been built by the second of the Norman kings, and, great as it was, was intended by its founder to be but the vestibule of an edifice far grander and vaster still. There, in one unbroken line, large crowds had cheered to the echo the proclamation of England's kings. There, Lord Bacon heard the sentence pronounced upon him which has left his memory chequered with humiliation and disgrace. There, the Earl of Strafford faced his accusers, and moved a vast assembly by the fervour and dignity of his eloquence;

and there, too, the most unfortunate of the monarchs of this country appeared before an illegal and self-constituted court, and heard pronounced the sentence which led him to the scaffold: The excitement was intense. Large crowds flocked the streets, which were lined by soldiers. Nearly 200 lords walked in procession from their own House to the Hall of Westminster to take part in the trial of him who was worthy of all the preparations that were made for him. The brothers and sons of the King and the Prince of Wales closed the procession. The walls were hung with scarlet. The galleries were crowded by such an assembly of talent and wit, of distinguished foreigners and beautiful women, as even Westminster Hall was unaccustomed to. Before the Lords had reached Westminster Hall, the Queen, with the Princesses Elizabeth, Augusta, and Mary, appeared in the gallery of the Duke of Newcastle. The Duchess of Gloucester and Mrs. Fitzherbert were in the royal box.

Hastings advanced to the bar, and there knelt on one knee. The culprit was, indeed, not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in

his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. After the proclamation was made, and the Lord Chancellor addressed the prisoner and called upon him for his defence, Hastings replied to that high functionary: "My Lords,—I am come to this high tribunal, equally impressed with a confidence in my own integrity, and in the justice of the court before which I stand." In spite of his apparent calmness and equanimity, he was bitterly galled by the submission he had to make. Writing to a friend, Mr. Thompson, on the 2nd of August, 1787, he says: "As for myself, I have made up my mind for the worst that can befall me; and can with truth affirm that I have borne, with perfect indifference, all the base treatment which I have had dealt to me, except the ignominious ceremonial of kneeling before the House of Lords, though I think it a usage that reflects more dishonour on that assembly for permitting the continuance of so iniquitous a form, than on those who are compelled to submit to it, and on whom it is inflicted as a punishment, not only before conviction, but even before the accusations

against them are read. I am prepared for my trial, and hope (whatever may be the result of it, for I should not be too sanguine, if the only crime laid to my charge was that I was concerned in the revolt of America) that it will be ended before the end of the next sessions of Parliament." He was, of course, the observed of all observers for the time being. All were struck at the worn and shattered frame, the pale face, a mouth whose lips were closely compressed, and which indicated iron will and determined resolution, a towering and commanding forehead. The charges were read by Cowper, the clerk of the court, in a clear, silvery voice, and this alone occupied two days. On the third Edmund Burke rose and opened the trial. As we have remarked, no reports of the speeches, unfortunately, were taken, but tradition is unbounded in its praise of the lofty eloquence of the speaker. He seemed to pierce even Hastings himself. He melted the hearts of stern and resolute men. Smelling-bottles were handed about, the ladies screamed, and went into hysterics, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. Burke allowed his feelings entirely to master his discretion, and indulged in such violent language and vituperation as the following: "We have

brought before you, my lords, the head, the chief and captain-general of iniquity—one in whom all the fraud, all the tyranny of India are embodied, disciplined, and arrayed.” And, again: “He gorged his ravenous maw with an allowance of 200*l.* a day. He is not satisfied without sucking the blood of 1,400 nobles. He is never corrupt without he is cruel. He never dines without creating a famine. He feeds on the indigent, the decaying, and the ruined, and them he depresses together, not like the generous eagle, who preys on a living, reluctant, equal prey; no, he is like the ravenous vulture, who feeds on the dead and the enfeebled; who destroys and incapacitates nature in the destruction of its objects, while devouring the carcasses of the dead, and then prides himself on his ignominious security; and his cruelty is beyond his corruption.” Such was a sample of the lengths to which the greatest orator of the day thought it advisable to go. In addition to this, Burke denounced him as a “swindling Mæcenæ.” He said, “Such are the damned and damnable proceedings of a judge in hell, and such a judge was Warren Hastings.” And after calling him thief, tyrant, robber, cheat; swindler, sharper, he regrets that the English language does not furnish him with an adjective

strong enough to designate the foulness of his conduct. The peroration was remembered by an attentive listener who wrote it down. In his loudest and most sonorous tones, the orator said: "Therefore hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all." Great as the excitement was to hear Burke, it was far greater to hear Sheridan, to whom was deputed the task of opening the charge as regarded the unfortunate Princesses of Oude. Fifty guineas were given for one seat. The trial went on slowly and wearily. Points of law were continually raised. The peers then retired to their House to discuss these legal technicalities. So repeatedly was this done, and so

slowly did the case proceed, that one noble lord wittily remarked "the judges walked and the trial stood still." Seven years after it had begun, in the spring of 1795, the decision was given. The anxiety and curiosity were again revived, and once more the old hall was crowded by an excited assembly. Hastings said that the arraignment had taken place before one generation and the judgment was pronounced by another. It was, indeed, a painful comment upon the instability of human things to compare the constitution of the court in 1795 with its constitution in 1788. Upwards of sixty of the peers, who had seen the illustrious accused bend his knee to his judges, had passed away to their long rest, and the great men who had managed the impeachment were now separated and alienated from each other—their friendship had been dissolved by political intriguing and party warfare. Hastings was acquitted on every charge, on many of them unanimously. He bowed respectfully and left the court.

His expenses had been terribly heavy. The law charges nearly reached to 80,000*l*.; 12,000*l*. had purchased Daylesford, and 48,000*l*. had been expended in restoring and adorning it. When Hastings left the bar of the House of

Lords, he was not only poor, but insolvent. The East India Company behaved to him with great generosity. An annuity of 4,000*l.* a year was handsome enough, and a loan of 50,000*l.*, without interest, half of which was turned into a gift, materially aided it. Frequently afterwards he was indebted to the liberality of the Company. For twenty-four years longer was his life extended, and he spent them in quiet amongst his pet animals and books at Daylesford. Only once more did he appear in public, and that was in 1813. He was summoned as a witness to the bar of the House of Commons. The old man, for he was now eighty-one, was received with cheering, and when he retired the members rose and uncovered. He was now extremely popular. The University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws, and the undergraduates cheered him vociferously. He was also made a Privy Councillor, and expected a peerage.

His temperate habits, for he was a great water-drinker, joined to his peculiar constitutional calmness, extended his life long past the average limits of human existence. On the 13th July he went out with Mrs. Hastings in the coach, and, upon leaving it, he staggered.

Both were brought before Parliament and called upon to explain their conduct, and defend the policy they had pursued in Hindustan. Here the points of likeness end, but we doubt very much whether any other two careers of vast importance can supply so many. The great distinguishing feature between them is that Clive's nature was of the most ardent, sanguine character, and that of Hastings was singularly placid and serene. When Clive was called before the House of Commons he was so irritated at the treatment he received, that he swore, and he allowed it to rankle in his mind so much as to drive him to commit suicide. Hastings, on the other hand, looked the whole difficulty in the face, and met it with that calm serenity which enabled him to talk about scientific subjects on the evening of the day in which he had convulsed the whole of Bengal by the execution of Nuncomar. The motto placed under his portrait in the Council Chamber at Calcutta is singularly appropriate to his character—" *Mens æqua in arduis*." He is, in a word, a man of whom England may well be proud, and, in spite of failings, must rank high, even amongst great men. He was tried by strong temptations, opposed in Bengal by powerful enemies, and at home by the most

CHAPTER VII.

FROM WARREN HASTINGS TO THE END OF THE
AFGHAN WAR.

It is interesting to notice how quickly the mind of the English people began to grasp the magnitude of the Indian question after the famous impeachment and trial of Warren Hastings had awakened such an interest therein as continues fresh and important to this day. It is also a somewhat sad reflection that both our early illustrious Indian statesmen were made the objects of public prosecution. When, however, the fierce invective of Burke and the magic eloquence of Fox and Pitt had been forgotten, the achievements of Hastings were regarded with that just pride which sprang from a public recognition of the ability and disinterestedness that had planned and accomplished them. But, as Alison so eloquently says of Warren Hastings, "Bright, indeed, is the memory of a statesman who has

statues erected to his memory forty years after his power has terminated, and thirty after all the vehemence of a powerful faction, and all the fury of a popular outcry, had been raised to consign him to destruction.

“To how many men, once the idol of the people during the plenitude of their power, will similar monuments, after the lapse of such a period, be raised? Persecution of its most illustrious citizens, of the greatest benefactors of their country, has ever been the disgrace of free states. The sacrifice of Sir Robert Calder, who saved England from Napoleon’s invasion; of Lord Melville, who prepared for it the triumph of Trafalgar; of the Duke of York, who laid the foundation of Wellington’s victories; the impeachment of Clive, who founded, by heroic deeds, the British Empire in the East; of Warren Hastings, who preserved it by moral determination,—prove that the people of this country are sometimes governed by the same principles which caused Miltiades to die in the prison of the country he had saved, consigned Themistocles to Asiatic exile, banished Aristides because it was tiresome to hear him called the Just, and doomed Scipio Africanus, the conquerer of Carthage, to an unhonoured sepulchre in a foreign land.

“Envy is the real cause of all these hideous acts of national injustice; the people would rather persecute the innocent than bear their greatness, or feel apprehension from their ambition. But the friends of freedom may console themselves with the reflection that, if popular institutions sometimes expose their best citizens to the effects of these occasional fits of national injustice, they furnish the only sure security for the ultimate triumph of equitable principles. If despotic power discerns more correctly the real character of its servants, it is liable to no external correction from the growing influence of honourable feelings after the wearing out of transitory passions. And if the historian of England, under other direction, would not have had to record the impeachment of the statesman who had saved its Eastern dominions from destruction, there would not have been permitted to him the grateful duty of contributing, against the united efforts of Whigs and Tories, against all the acrimony of selfish ambition, and all the fury of public passion, to rescue the memory of a great Eastern statesman from unmerited obloquy.”

We commend the foregoing extract to the most thoughtful and serious attention of our

readers. It is marked by great wisdom, great accuracy, and great discrimination; and it is the verdict, besides, of one of the greatest critics that have ever lived, which removes almost all the stain that had fallen upon the high memory of Warren Hastings.

We cannot pass on without alluding to the famous Indian Bill brought before Parliament in 1783, when Mr. Fox, the rival of Pitt, succeeded to the head of affairs. The Indian question was the question of the day. The mind of every statesman was directed to it. From the benches of the Opposition Mr. Pitt called upon the Prime Minister, in November, 1783, to bring forward a plan, not of temporary palliation or timorous expediency, but vigorous and effectual, suited to the magnitude, the importance, and the alarming exigence of the case. Thus addressed and roused, Mr. Fox brought in his measure, which would have been vigorous enough in all conscience, and very effectual for snatching away the supreme power in India, and placing it in the hands of Ministers—it was a measure which far outstripped both the magnitude, the importance, and the alarming exigence of the crisis.

When its provisions were stated, it agitated the whole country as greatly as did the

Reform Act of 1832, the Conspiracy Bill of Lord Palmerston, and the Bill of Mr. Gladstone for the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland. Fox proposed to vest the exclusive right of governing India in seven Directors, to be named in the Act, that is, appointed by the Houses of Parliament under the guidance of the Ministry of the day. Vacancies were also to be filled up in the same way. Practically this amounted to an entire exclusion of the power of the Crown, and to an almost extinction of the influence of the Peers.

During the whole of the eighteenth century no measure created such an excitement and ferment. Mr. Pitt, as was to be expected, excelled himself in that scathing invective which he knew how to use with such terrible cogency and effect. He denounced the India Bill as tyrannical, unconstitutional, and subversive of the public liberties. George III. would, had it passed both Houses, have refused the royal assent, as he clearly saw that it would render Ministers irremovable, and put Mr. Fox at the head of an immense empire, and create, indeed, an *imperium in imperio*. Alarmed at the danger, the Court and the Tories banded together; but, in spite of all they could do, the measure passed through the

House of Commons, and was only defeated by the narrow majority of nineteen in the House of Lords. A real danger was thus averted, and the stern old King, who had previously disliked his advisers, now hated them with real Hanoverian spite, and dismissed them all.

The objection taken by the Tory party to the measure was a sound and a just one—they opposed it on the ground that it was unconstitutional in theory, and would be revolutionary in practice. The monarch is the head of the State—the fountain of honour, justice, and authority, and Fox's proposal was to place the supreme power over a most important portion of the British empire in the hands of a body of Directors appointed neither by King nor Cabinet, but by the House of Commons. The effect upon the House itself would have been of the very worst description, and the passing of such a measure would have opened the door to a wide field of political plotting and counterplotting. Though not realized at the time, India was threatened with a fearful danger. By the rejection of Mr. Fox's India Bill, that country was saved from the effects of a "vacillating and improvident policy," which a want of thought enabled the House of

Commons to thrust at times even upon such a brilliant statesman as William Pitt.

If the voice of a popular assembly like that of the British House of Parliament had been allowed to direct Indian policy, those great and daring schemes that reflect such credit upon their originators, and which have terminated so gloriously for this country, would never have been sanctioned and never accomplished. The vast expenses that were necessary to support the great military preparations and expeditions, that were absolutely imperative for the maintenance of the British empire, would never have been allowed; and our Indian statesmen would have seen that only by the power of the sword could our possessions be supported and defended, and would have been unable, until too late, to obtain the sanction of Parliament to their schemes.

It is besides to be confessed that with the host of evils which the Bill of Mr. Fox would certainly have introduced, it failed to grapple with the majority of those ills which at that time lay like a heavy incubus on Indian prosperity. Mr. Mill, the historian, whose sympathies are clearly given to the Liberal party, is obliged to say of the measures of Fox, the able and gifted Liberal leader,—“The

Bills of Mr. Fox, many and celebrated as were the men who united their wisdom to compose them, manifest a feeble effort in legislation. They demonstrate that the authors of them, however celebrated for their skill in speaking, were not remarkable for their power of thought. For the right exercise of the power of Government in India not one new security was provided, and it would not be very easy to prove that any strength was added to the old." To that stern honest old King George III., and the Court party that upheld the dignity of the throne and the principles of the English Constitution, are due the rejection of a crude, unsound, unconstitutional measure, and the inauguration of a new policy, which settled many a vexed question in Indian politics, and formed the basis upon which, down almost to the present time, the administration of Eastern affairs has securely rested.

Mr. Pitt came back to the office which he, even amidst all the great men who surrounded him, the most worthily filled; but he, too, was forced by public opinion to grapple with the Indian question. His bill was carried, and to him is due the calling into existence of the "Board of Control." The Directors of the Company continued as before, and to them was

entrusted the general administration. They were chosen by the holders of East India Stock. The Board of Control consisted of six members of the Privy Council, chosen by the King; the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Secretaries of State were *ex-officio* members; and to the Board was given the power of controlling and directing the proceedings of the Indian empire. The duties to be discharged by the members of the Board of Control were not accurately and clearly laid down in the Act, which stated in a general way that they were "from time to time to check, superintend, and control all acts, operations, and concerns which in any wise relate to the civil or military government or revenues of the territories and possessions of the East India Company." Many other important alterations were effected by the India Bill of William Pitt. The British Government reserved for itself the absolute right of appointing the Governor-General, and the two subordinate Governors of Bombay and Madras, together with the Commander-in-Chief, and left the appointment of all other subordinate officers in the hands of the Directors of the Company. The authority of the Governor-General at Calcutta was to be supreme, and the rulers of

Madras and Bombay were to defer to it. This wise and thoughtful provision put an end to those desultory operations which had on so many occasions taken place.

The Constitution under which India was governed at this time was, therefore, more peculiar than any that had been called into being at any period in the world's history. There was a Board of Directors at London, there was a Governor-General on the Hooghly, and two inferior Governors in the other Presidencies, and there was, besides, a Board of Control, composed but of few members, and possessing strange and ill-defined powers. At first sight it would appear that such a method of administration must be highly impolitic, and that it must, from the very nature of things, retard the development of the strength of a mighty empire. The English mind is of so peculiar a cast, and English genius so prone to shine brilliantly in spite of disadvantages and difficulties, that under this complicated system, British interests and power flourished and expanded in Hindustan. England has never produced so long and so illustrious a line of famous men, as she did under the operation of the provisions of Mr. Pitt's celebrated India Bill.

This, then, marks an epoch in the history of British India. It is the time when the British Government interfered definitely in the government of those distant millions; it is the germ whence has developed that just and merciful rule which England now exercises over Hindustan; and it was an idea conceived and carried into effect by the greatest Tory Minister that ever led his party to victory. He, however, did more. Whilst acknowledging the great and wonderful bravery of the small handful of Englishmen who had, under great leaders, carried out successfully an offensive and defensive policy, he felt that it was almost madness to risk the Eastern possessions by leaving them in the hands of so small a number. Much against the wishes of the Company, he caused it to be enacted that, at the Company's expense, 8,000 troops might be ordered to India by the Board of Control, in addition to the 12,000 European soldiers engaged by the Company itself. We have no hesitation in saying that this wise and politic act saved once more the English power in Hindustan. The news from that country was getting worse and worse, and Lord Cornwallis was sent out as Governor-General. In order to obtain the greatest unity of action and to

avoid jealousy, he was made also Commander-in-Chief, to cope with the forces of Tippoo Saib, the son of Hyder Ali, who had inherited the turbulent restlessness of his father, together with the paternal hatred of the English.

Tippoo, on his succeeding to the throne of his father, quickly exercised that cruel disposition and unscrupulous character that had even at times excited the apprehensions of Hyder. He might, had he been willing to learn, have seen the dreadful effects wrought by a life of sensuality and brutality. He had seen his parent laid to his rest uncared for, unwept for, and unhonoured; but it affected him nothing, and he even excelled his father in all the worst passions of human nature. Without fear of any God, and without love for any man, his career exhibits but one dark and wretched course, by which he travelled to a violent and unregretted death. His relish for human blood was frightful, and he gloated over the miseries of human beings. Inflicting pain and punishment afforded him exquisite delight. A fierce and bigoted Mussulman, the violence of his cruelty broke out against all those who did not profess the same faith. The Hindoos he scandalized by defiling their temples, slaying their cattle, and insulting them

and their faith everywhere. Those Christians who were so unfortunate as to fall into his barbarous hands he branded with the mark of Islam. With all this, he was not religious, but very superstitious. No enterprise was undertaken without the jebbum, which, though a Hindoo observance, was often frequented by Mahommedans. One of these cost Mahomed Ali 5,000*l.*, which he did not begrudge, as it accomplished its end, and killed Lord Pigot. It was a sort of weird-like incantation, practised whilst prayers were being made in the mosques. He was totally indifferent to the rights of others, and, when only a boy, would rob and steal; whereas lying was so natural to him, that it appeared intuitive. Yet withal he was active, energetic, and daring. His personal courage he frequently showed, but as a ruler and an administrator he cannot be compared with his father Hyder.

When Hyder died, Tippoo was on the border, fighting against the English. He at once repaired to Seringapatam. Lord Macartney was in favour of bold and decisive measures. He wished to take advantage of the confused state of things amongst the people of Mysore, by resolutely acting on the offensive. He pressed this advice upon the Commander-in-Chief,

General Stewart. But disunion reigned amongst the authorities at Madras. At Calcutta, Hastings urged upon Sir Eyre Coote to return to the Carnatic and assume the command. That distinguished general did so, but in the course of the voyage his ship was chased for two days and nights by a French war-ship. Coote, whose health was not good, was so excited, that he landed at Madras, only to die there, and expired four days after he disembarked. The desultory conflict that ensued was terminated by a peace signed with Tippoo in May, 1784. In the following year, Tippoo turned against the unfortunate people who inhabited the Malabar coast. The very first act that marked his possession of sovereignty was the cruel driving out of 30,000 Christians from Canara, and compelling them to profess the Mussulman creed; 70,000 of the hardy inhabitants of the mountains of Coorg were captured by him, carried off to Seringapatam, where they were "honoured with the distinction of Islam."

Without provocation, Tippoo attacked the Rajah of Travancore, a prince in alliance with the British. He succeeded completely. Lord Cornwallis seemed animated by the spirit of Clive. He had not been long in India before

he saw that power there rested upon opinion, and if the natives were brought to believe that English valour could be overcome, they would remain only faithful to the winning side. He therefore decided for vigorous and immediate war, and, thanks to the energy and foresight of Mr. Pitt, he was the first who was able to take the field at the head of an English army in the Carnatic. Fifteen thousand men were gathered there under General Meadows. Eight thousand more toiled over the Western Ghats from Bombay, under Abercromby.

An alliance was entered into with the Nizam and the Mahrattas; and Lord Cornwallis, whose sole object was to cripple and maim the power of the Sultan of Mysore, wrote to General Meadows, and said that if this tyrant were suffered to retain his present importance, and to insult and bully all his neighbours, until the French should again be in a position to support him, it would almost certainly leave the seeds of a future dangerous war. The first campaign under Meadows resulted in some disaster, which was amply compensated for by the English occupation of the whole of Malabar. In 1791, the Governor-General took the field in person. He entered Mysore, and laid siege to Bangalore. The besieging army were

reduced to great straits, and were in a position of imminent peril. Their horses were worn to skin and bone, there was a scanty supply of food and a scantier supply of ammunition. Cornwallis, greatly alarmed at the critical nature of his condition, awaited in vain the arrival of a promised Mahratta contingent. No thought of retreat entered his mind, and there was no fainting of spirit on the part of the soldiers. The quantity of cartridges was too small to allow of their being used in the contest, and an order was given for the carrying of the place at the point of the bayonet. With wild enthusiasm the English soldiers rushed to the attack, and with the dreaded steel quickly carried both the town and citadel.

In the many difficulties and dangers by which the English general was surrounded, he showed himself as well deserving of the confidence which had placed him in his arduous post as of belonging to the illustrious band of Indian statesmen and soldiers. His force was not great, and with great anxiety he left Bangalore, and moved northwards towards the territory of the Nizam. A force of 10,000 men had been promised from that quarter, and it was Lord Cornwallis's earnest wish to effect a juncture with this army. After suffering

many hardships, which were endured with Spartan fortitude, the meeting took place. It proved another illustration of the proverb that the enjoyment does not come up to the anticipation. The new auxiliaries were so worthless and incapable that they were more plague than profit, and added to the difficulty, which was already great enough, the further task of being looked after by British troops.

Even in these desperate circumstances, the heart of the brave English commander never sank for a moment. Strange rumours about the French Revolution had reached him. He scarcely knew how to act in the painful position in which he found himself. As if anticipating that noble order which Nelson gave to his captains when gliding into the Bay of Aboukir, that if they experienced any difficulty in making out the signals, or found themselves at a loss what course to pursue, they would be doing perfectly right by lashing themselves to the side of an enemy's ship, so Cornwallis decided upon the daring scheme of directly attacking the capital of his enemy, Seringapatam itself. Tippoo had drawn up his forces in a very strong position before the walls, but the English general would not stop for a moment, and, letting loose his brave soldiers, they

doubled up their enemies with a splendid charge, and sent them hurrying in confusion inside the city. Tippoo became greatly alarmed for the safety of his capital. He had a number of English prisoners within its walls. He had treated them with great cruelty, and had inflicted every kind of indignity upon them. Fearing lest they should communicate the details of their horrible captivity to their countrymen, he resolved on the cruel expedient of putting them to death. Of a band of English youths, whom the Sultan, with his barbarous cruelty, had caused to be dressed and trained as a troop of Hindustanee dancing-girls, twenty survived. These were first of all murdered in cold blood, and then followed the others. One or two managed to escape, and one of the survivors, James Scurry, published an account of his sufferings in London in 1824.

Such was the state of things after the defeat of Tippoo before Seringapatam. In the city, fear, cruelty, massacre, and bloodshed were rampant. Outside, in the ranks of that small and gallant army, disease was working a havoc even more deadly than the atrocities of the ruthless Sultan. The Mahrattas, so long expected, never appeared; and Lord Cornwallis, in bitter rage and disappointment, was

forced to retreat. A very few miles had been passed in the direction of Bangalore, when a small body of Mahratta horsemen rode up. It appeared, after all, that they had tried their utmost to effect a juncture with the English long before, but had been defeated by the perseverance and bravery of their enemies. Still the well-stocked stores of the Mahrattas were most welcome to the half-famished Englishmen. The enormous quantity of plunder they brought with them gave reasonable ground for the suspicion that their advance had been stayed as much from their indulgence in their predatory habits as from the opposition they met with at the hands of the Mysoreans.

Lord Cornwallis retired to the fortress of Bangalore, which, at the opening of the campaign, he had so gallantly captured. In the mean time, news of what had taken place had reached England, and the House of Commons warmly expressed its satisfaction and approval of the energetic and heroic conduct of the English commander. That General was now arranging a new campaign against Seringapatam, and was providing, with the greatest foresight, against the occurrence of those disasters which, in the very hour of victory, had

compelled him to relinquish his design. Still, in the interim, there was something to be done, and something achieved. One of the most daring and noble feats was accomplished by British valour. Amongst the various hill forts which defended the limits of Tippoo's kingdom, was one called Savendroog, the Rock of Death. This was deemed by the Sultan as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar, and so confident was he in its strength, that when he heard of the intended attack upon it, his only feelings were feelings of delight. But he had overrated the strength of its position, and not borne in mind that it was to be attacked by English soldiers. After the most incredible efforts, a breach was made in the lower wall. The breach was 1,500 feet high, but, nothing daunted, Lord Cornwallis gave the order for the attack. On the 21st December, 1791, the band of the 52nd struck up "Britons, strike home!" and the British troops quietly, swiftly, and steadily, commenced to scale the precipitous heights. The defenders were panic-stricken. With remarkable agility and quickness, the English advanced, and, levelling the bayonet, carried all before them. The troops of Tippoo fled—many of them were killed by falling down the cliffs, and the Rock of Death fell into the hands

of the daring besiegers, who did not lose one single man in the desperate attack.

Little more than a month had elapsed after this glorious victory, when the English general advanced towards the capital of Mysore. He was at the head of the finest army that he ever showed its ranks in all the splendour of war in the plains of India. He cared nothing for the aid of the Mahrattas, he was indifferent to the auxiliaries of the Nizam; he trusted entirely upon himself. Eleven thousand English troops, 30,000 trained Sepoys, nearly ninety pieces of artillery, formed the glorious host with which he advanced to fight and to conquer. Tippoo, strongly intrenched, opposed to this proud host 50,000 foot and 5,000 cavalry, protected by 150 heavy guns, to thunder and scatter death upon the advancing foe.

The English arrived late before the walls of Seringapatam, but Cornwallis, after inspecting the position of the enemy, resolved to attack that same night. It was a most daring resolve; but the history of British India abounds with illustrations to prove that the path of boldness is the path of safety. Alison remarks, "To attack such a force, so posted, in the dark and amid the chances and confusion of a nocturnal

assault, must be considered one of the most daring deeds, even in the annals of Indian heroism." There were, however, in that gallant band—whose only wish and desire was to uphold the glory of the British name—the greatest ardour, the greatest discipline, and the greatest enthusiasm. When, at eight in the evening, the order was issued to sally forth to the attack, the troops hurried on very swiftly, but still in marvellous order—the pale rays of the Oriental moon causing the bayonets to flash in its light, and speedily surprised the enemy in several points. The contest was abandoned later in the night, as if by mutual consent; but when the first streaks of dawn lighted up the horizon, the struggle again recommenced, and ceased not till victory declared itself in favour of our countrymen. The entrenched camp, and upwards of 100 cannon, fell into their hands; 4,000 Mysorean soldiers had fallen in the attack; 20,000 more had deserted, including the Ahmedy Chelahs, a force of 10,000, almost exclusively Coorgs. Tippoo had fled to his capital, and the loss of the conquerors was^a under 600 men.

The fortunes of the Sultan were now, indeed, desperate; yet he tried to hold out still longer. But he became more and more

pressed, and at last consented to peace, on the terms which the Governor-General might dictate. Those terms were naturally severe. He had to consent to give up half his dominions to the British, the Nizam, and the Mahrattas; to pay three-and-a-half millions of pounds sterling for the expenses of the war; to deliver up all prisoners made in his father's time; and to surrender his two sons as hostages. These were most generously treated by the British Government. Lord Cornwallis at this time fell into bad health, and returned to England, after enriching her Eastern dominions by an acquisition of a piece of territory with an area of 24,000 square miles. For a short time things went on in quiet; but so closely interwoven are cause and effect in all human things, that the French Revolution in 1798 again threw the Carnatic into confusion, restored hope to Tippoo, and at last developed that great and marvellous soldier, who did more than all to curb French ambition and destroy French despotism, and who now sleeps in an honoured tomb under the lofty dome of St. Paul's Cathedral,—ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

No writer has yet appeared equal to a critical discussion and consideration of that strange Revolution that broke out in France

in 1789. That it convulsed the whole world every intelligent student of history well knows. The new ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity were preached amidst the thundering of cannon, the blood of hundreds of citizens, and the glare of burning and blazing houses. The reign of the new apostles, who were to renovate and restore a corrupt society, was ushered in by an administration whose doings, even now, make the blood freeze, and which has earned for itself the just title of the "Reign of Terror." This is not the place to enter minutely into the question. It will answer our purpose to say that it was a movement disgraced and marred by every vice that depraved humanity can contract, every passion that makes of this earth a hell. The Gauls who sacked the capital of Rome, the Vandals and Visigoths, the Saracens and Moors, the Ostrogoths and Sarmatians, were, when compared with those French republicans, enlightened, civilized, gentle, and humane. Not content with reducing their own country to anarchy and misery, they sent out their agents, and tried to disorganize and embitter the other nations of the world.

French emissaries reached Tippoo. With a craft and cunning that would have done credit

to a Bengalee, they argued that this was a favourite opportunity to expel the British altogether from the Indian peninsula, and to re-establish, on a sound and lasting basis, the independence of all the Indian States. Tippoo eagerly fell in with the scheme, and his first step was marked by true Eastern dissimulation. He broke out into such protestations of gratitude and attachment and fidelity to England, that Sir John Shore, the new Governor-General, ought instantly to have sharpened all his swords and cleaned out his muskets. The two sons of Tippoo were returned, and, this done, the clever and faithless chieftain of Mysore began to drop the mask. He sent a secret circular to the native princes, endeavouring to induce them to join in the league against England. He pushed on his own preparations with unwearied activity. He sent ambassadors to the Isle of France to treat with the French authorities concerning driving out the English from India. The governor of the Isle of France, in a despatch sent to the French authorities at Paris, says of Tippoo, "In a word, he only waits the moment when the French shall come to his assistance, to declare war against the English, *whom he ardently desires to expel from India.*" He was publicly

spoken of by the Directory and Napoleon, and "Citizen Tippoo" was openly announced as a new and powerful ally to the French cause.

In 1797 Colonel Wellesley had landed in Calcutta, there to lay the foundation-stone on which he should hereafter build the greatness and integrity of his name. He had been engaged in an unsuccessful expedition to Holland, but even under adverse circumstances had shown some sign of future greatness. Sir John Shore said of him, after their first interview, "If Colonel Wellesley should ever have the opportunity of distinguishing himself, he will do it greatly!"

When he took the field against Tippoo Saib, in 1799, his troops were so well equipped and prepared as to induce General Harris to write to the Governor-General in the following terms:—"I have much satisfaction in acquainting your Lordship that the very handsome appearance and perfect discipline of the troops under the orders of the Hon. Colonel Wellesley do honour to themselves and to him; while the judicious and masterly arrangements & to supplies, which opened an abundant free market, and inspired confidence into dealers of every description, were no less creditable to Colonel Wellesley than advantageous to the

public service, and deservedly entitle him to my marked approbation."

His library was very small, but well chosen. On the authority of Lord Ashley we learn that it comprised but two books—the Bible and the Commentaries of Cæsar. Nine years before the birth of our greatest soldier, his eldest brother was born, who, as Marquis Wellesley, was destined to do so much for the East as Governor-General of India. It was, indeed, a great thing for one mother to give birth to two such distinguished sons—so remarkable for their contempt of danger, their quiet ability in council, and their prompt vigour in action. The name of Wellesley belongs as much to Indian history as that of Clive and Hastings. The coolness of the colonel was always proverbial, and is evident from the following anecdote. On one occasion, during a retreat in the Peninsula, an officer arrived in haste at head-quarters, during the night, when the Duke, then Earl of Wellington, was asleep. Being brought in, the Duke said, "Well, sir, what news do you bring?"—"We have been much distressed, my lord," replied he; "the enemy were very strong, and pressed us very hard."—"Your men, I am afraid, must be very much fatigued?"—"Dead beat, my lord."—"Then

the French must be dead beat also; there will be no attack to-night. Good-night, sir." And in five minutes he was sound asleep.

It was, indeed, time for some master-mind and arm to appear upon the stage again in India. Tippoo and the French were openly allied. It was in consequence of that alliance, and of the decay of English influence, that in the Presidency of Madras the paper of the East India Company bearing eight per cent. had sunk to a discount of eighteen or twenty! The exchequers, both of Madras and Bombay, were not only exhausted, but the financial condition was half a million to the bad. It was felt by every sensible man that the power of Tippoo must be scattered to the winds. Sir Thomas Munro wrote to the Earl of Mornington a most characteristic letter, in which he realizes the fact that, with an empire acquired like India, *you must go on* to prevent destruction, and concludes with the words, "While Tippoo's power exists, we shall be perpetually in danger of losing what we have." Lord Wellesley made the strongest and plainest representations to the authorities at home that a consummate knowledge of vigorous Saxon enabled him to make.

The influence exerted by the Governor-

General at this time was almost magical, and shows the exceeding value of one able and determined will. From the depths of despondency the English rose to the heights of confidence. The burning zeal, the untiring energy, the glowing enthusiasm of the Marquis of Wellesley were speedily infused into every presidency, and into every branch of the public service. "By never yielding to difficulties," says an historian, "he soon found none." A great and valuable sense of security pervaded every British settlement—the capacity of one master-mind had made itself apparent, and was depended upon implicitly in this hour of need. The operations of the Government were conducted with the greatest rapidity, skill, and boldness. The army was largely increased; the greatest attention was paid to the commissariat department; large quantities of cannon were collected at Madras; subscription lists were opened at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, which quickly produced an enormous sum; and a treaty completed with the Nizam. Timorous men—and they were not wanting—were dazed by the celerity and boldness of these proceedings. One Mr. Weber, at Madras, was particularly shocked—prophesied disaster in the ensuing war, and talked nonsense about

impeaching the Governor-General. General Harris, the Commander-in-Chief of the troops along the Coromandel, wrote to Wellesley, on the 23rd June, 1798, and, after admitting that Tippoo's inveterate hatred against us would only end with his life, concludes by saying, "An attack is now more likely to end in discomfiture than victory."

In spite of all these sinister warnings and direful forebodings, it was well that they who had the supreme conduct of affairs refused to allow themselves to be influenced by them. The first operations were directed against the French who were protecting the Nizam. That monarch was anxious to be rid of his French supporters, and to receive English aid in their stead. Owing to internal dissensions, the expedition succeeded without loss of life, and the French influence in Southern India was effectually crushed out.

The success that had attended this preliminary attack had been great and satisfactory; but at the same time dangers were rapidly and secretly thickening on every side. Tippoo and the French formed a combination that was serious enough; but this was only a small proportion of the difficulty that surrounded the English cause. Scindiah had secretly joined

this same league, whilst, on the far north-west, the bold and turbulent Afghans were showing such signs of hostility as to require the detachment of a part of the British force to be sent to the north to watch their operations, and to restrain the advance they had begun by crossing the Indus. The other native Mahomedan princes in the north had all joined, more or less, in a scheme, whose object was the expulsion of the British from the province of Bengal, and the only thing wanting to fire the train was the arrival of a French army. As the critical nature of the circumstances developed, it developed likewise a quiet and noble resolution on the part of the Governor-General to triumph over all the combination of his numerous foes. Fully acquainted with the details of the various secret plots of the enemies of England, he decided upon the wise and audacious plan of striking straight at the supremacy of Tippoo—the most able, the most unscrupulous, the most treacherous, and the most formidable enemy of them all.

Explanations were required from him respecting his intriguing with the French authorities. The opportunity thus afforded him to lie magnificently, he quickly seized, and made a brilliant use of it. He replied, upon the 2nd

August, that, "by the favour of God," amicable relations had been established between his State and the British, and that he would do all he could to strengthen them. On the 4th he signed a treaty with the French, whose conditions were framed for the purpose of expelling our countrymen from the Carnatic. The English were not to be deceived, and on the 10th February, 1799, General Harris invaded the territory of Mysore, and the war began in earnest.

At the commencement of the operations, Tippoo showed his greatest and last signs of military genius. General Stuart was working his way over the Ghauts from Bombay. The Sultan suddenly conceived the idea of a rapid advance westwards—a scheme which cannot fail to remind one of the tactics of the first Napoleon. He carried out his plan; and appeared before Stuart when that general imagined his foe to be close to the Coromandel coast. General Hartley's brigade was surrounded and attacked on all sides. The men defended themselves with the most desperate valour, until General Stuart came up, and with a single charge broke the forces of Tippoo, who speedily retreated, and marched rapidly eastwards to meet the force that was advancing from Madras.

His fortunes here fared little better. After great difficulty, and with greater tediousness, the British army approached the small town of Malavilly, distant some thirty miles from Seringapatam. There, the enemy, upwards of 50,000 strong, and protected by nearly 200 guns, were posted in a strong intrenched position. Greatly inferior in numbers, the English general, Harris, determined at once to attack them. Colonel Wellesley commanded the left division. The English infantry, pouring in a volley at sixty yards, brought the bayonet to the charge, and, with a loud hurrah, closed with the dense hosts of Tippoo. For a few moments the contest raged, when the earth was felt to tremble beneath the hoofs of General Floyd's cavalry, who, with the greatest gallantry, thundered upon the right, and literally swept them off the field. Two thousand corpses showed the fearful carnage among the Sultan's ranks, and the loss of the English did not amount to 300 men. Defeated, routed, and spiritless, they stayed not in their headlong flight until they felt themselves safe under the walls and behind the trenches of Seringapatam.

Straight upon the doomed city the victorious army advanced. Lord Cornwallis had previously attacked it upon its northern side, and the

defences here, which were great enough in the former campaign, had been largely increased and strengthened during the time that had elapsed. Taking advantage of a disused and unprotected ford over the Cavery, General Harris, with consummate ability, presented himself before the southern façade. Rockets discharged from a rocky eminence greatly disturbed the besiegers and this deserves mention from the fact that the only recorded failure of Wellington occurred in connexion with it. Obeying orders, in justice to him be it said, of which he did not approve, a nocturnal attack, led by him, failed in its object. With unfettered power of action he was entrusted the following morning with the command, and the irritating post was carried at the bayonet's point in splendid style.

The bombardment opened, and continued for some few days, with great effect, which was aided most materially by a terrific explosion of rockets within the city, on the 2nd May. On the 4th the breaches were considered practicable, and a storming party of 4,500 men were quietly collected in the trenches. General Baird led the attack in a spirit of the most lofty heroism. Speaking to a friend, the day before the assault, he exclaimed,—“Either we

succeed to-morrow, or you see me no more." It had just passed noon, and the sun was pouring down its fiercest rays, when the signal was given. Instantly the brave force poured over its intrenchments and rushed at the openings of the battered walls. Not a quarter of an hour had elapsed when the anxious eye of the English commander was gladdened to behold the crimson streak crowd over the ruins, and, after a few minutes' more desperate fighting, a terrific cheering and shouting resounded through the air, whilst on the summit of the breach the British flag was proudly planted, and floated majestically in the breeze. The troops, flushed with victory, crowded into the city, and the capital of Mysore was won.

The sons of Tippoo were taken prisoners, but Tippoo himself could not be found. The most careful search was made, but for a time in vain. At last it was rumoured that the Sultan was lying killed amidst a heap of slain, under the arch of the gateway opening on the inner fort. Thither General Baird proceeded, and a fruitless search was made. At last a Hindoo, Rajah Khan, who was lying wounded close by, pointed out the place where Tippoo had fallen. His body was discovered under an immense heap of slain—its ornaments and most of its

clothing gone. He had received three wounds in the body and one in the temple. Rajah Khan described the closing scene. Tippoo was lying fainting with loss of blood, when an English soldier, coming up, snatched at the gold buckle of his sword-belt. Staggering to his feet and seizing a sword, he made a most desperate attempt upon the soldier, who at once fired, and shooting Tippoo through the temple, terminated his eventful and boisterous career. He was buried, by order of the English commander, in a magnificent mausoleum, with every honour due to his rank; and whilst his body was being laid to its long repose, a storm of thunder and lightning, unparalleled even in tropical countries, shook the earth, and lighted up the heavens from pole to pole.

The spoil taken was immense; 1,216 pieces of cannon, 520,000 pounds of powder, and 424,000 round shot fell into the hands of the conquerors, who proceeded at once to make a wise and politic use of the great success that had shed glory upon their arms. The legitimate heir to the throne of Mysore was restored to his inheritance; the Nizam had the satisfaction of receiving back most of the possessions that had been wrested from him by Hyder and

Tippoo ; the East India Company retained the fertile coasts of Malabar and Coromandel ; and the throne of the fallen ruler was taken to pieces and forwarded to George III.

Speaking generally of the whole English rule, it was characterized by advancing from conquest to conquest. We were compelled to subdue. Like the Roman Republic in ancient days—like the empire which the first Napoleon attempted to found in Europe—there was, there could be, no sheathing of the sword. To read the details of the various campaigns reminds us of the doings of the heroes of Homer in the mythical ages. The exploits of Ulysses and Agamemnon, Hector and Achilles, pale before the dogged bravery of British soldiers. In the Mahratta war, in 1803, 50,000 men, protected by over 100 pieces of cannon, were drawn up in hostile array, and to meet them Major-General Wellesley had but 4,500 British to immortalize the Battle of Assaye. There was no hesitation in any breast. Just as the sailors of Nelson's fleet, when bearing down upon those of France and Spain off that cape whose name never can be pronounced without making every British heart beat the quicker—the Cape of Trafalgar—admired the beauty of the enemy's array, and turned one

to the other with the remark, "What a fine sight they will make at Spithead!" so along the ranks of the English soldiers at Assaye the exulting remark passed, "They cannot escape us." Every man felt that he was called upon to do wonders, and he did them. The 19th Light Dragoons, only 360 sabres strong, made a charge so brilliant and decisive that it can only stand side by side with that magnificent and fatal attack of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.

The cavalry charge was well sustained by the troops of the line, and the Mahrattas were driven by that dreadful and dreaded weapon, the bayonet, into the Juah. One-third of the conquering army lay killed and wounded upon the plain, and 1,200 Mahratta corpses showed how desperately the small band of Europeans upheld the glory of the English name.

On every side the English were forced to enter the lists with native powers. Owing to French intriguing, the Mauritius, Bourbon, and the Spice Islands were taken by us in 1810, and Java in the following year. A bloody war with the Nepaulese has made the year 1814 famous. Its course was strangely chequered, and one of the officers, General Marley, fell so far short of the high standard attained by Indian soldiers as to be struck off the list for neg-

lect and incompetency. The war was brought to an end by Sir David Ochterlony in 1816.

The first Burmese war broke out in 1823. A border warfare had existed for some time in a desultory sort of way; at last a strong force of Burmese landed on the island of Shahpoori. There, there was a guard of thirteen English soldiers, of whom three were killed, four wounded, and the remaining six driven off the island altogether. An explanation was demanded, and an insulting reply given, which was followed by an invasion of British territory. The Burmese established themselves close to Sylhet, a town not much more than 200 miles from Calcutta.

The Governor-General entered upon the war with great reluctance, and many sad events happened at its outset. Chief of these was the refusal of the 47th Native Infantry to march. The commissariat was bad, and the arrangements all very defective. The men begged to be disbanded, but in vain. They were drawn up on parade, ordered to load, which they refused to do, whereupon they were swept down by a volley from the artillery. Ava was invaded by the Irawaddy, and though many insincere attempts were made by the princes of Burmah to make peace, the English

army marched victoriously on, until, in 1826, a treaty was signed, by which the King consented to cede Arracan and Tenasserim to the English; pay 1,000,000*l.*; receive a Resident at his court, and grant shipping rights to English traders equal to those enjoyed by his own. Several smaller States were relinquished, and rulers placed over them by the British.

The practice of suttee—that is, of burning or burying alive Hindoo widows—was declared illegal in 1829, and in 1834 a vigorous and successful attempt was made to abolish that frightful practice called “Thuggism.” In 1840 and 1841 we were at variance with Afghanistan, and suffered there some terrible reverses. The Afghans covered themselves with immortal disgrace by their ruthless cruelties and barbarous murders. The brothers Burnes, Lieutenant Broadfoot, Sir W. Macnaghten, and Captain Trevor were all treacherously murdered, and their bodies hacked in pieces by Afghan knives, in 1841. The disastrous retreat of the English from Cabool, in the latter year, is still painfully remembered; and the massacre in the Jugdulluck Pass, on the 12th January, 1842, raised the public spirit so high as to seal the fate of the Afghans. “The majority of our army fell

at Gundamuck; a few escaped and struggled onwards, but even they fell—one here, one there, until one single European, Dr. Brydon, wounded and worn out by famine and fatigue, mounted on a pony as starved and tired as himself, alone survived to announce to the brave garrison of Jellalabad the total annihilation of the force of 16,500 men who had quitted Cabool just one week before.” Terrible was the retribution that followed. The captives and hostages were rescued in the September following; and signal revenge was taken upon the Afghans at the Battle of Meanee in 1843, followed by the annexation of Sind. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of all these several campaigns, which are so glorious to English valour and so illustrative of it. It is sufficient to say that they called for the exercise of patience, prudence, and the most shining courage, over and over again, and that circumstances, however critical they were, never called for them in vain. A very important period has now been reached. In the year 1844 Lord Ellenborough was recalled, and his place taken by Sir Henry Hardinge. The famous Seik War and the Dalhousie administration are so important that we must devote to them the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM THE AFGHAN WAR TO THE INDIAN MUTINY.

THE first actions of Sir Henry Hardinge were eminently wise and good. Peace was, at the time when he assumed the command, reigning throughout the Peninsula. For a brief, and only a very brief, period there was rest. The new Governor-General seized the opportunity thus afforded to him to carry out many works and plans whose execution was greatly needed. Public works were promoted, and the discipline of the army improved. The condition of the native troops was ameliorated, and a more cordial spirit sprang up between the civil and military departments. Great improvements and needed reforms had taken place, and had done much to develop the strength and resources of the British in Hindustan, when an event took place that checked their further progress, and involved our countrymen in one of the fiercest struggles that have taken place in the sunny climes of the East.

The "old lion of the Punjaub," the Maharajah of the Seiks, died, and the kingdom which he had founded was shaken to its base by a series of durbar intrigues and midnight assassinations, exceeding in atrocity the worst crimes committed at the worst periods of Hindoo or Mahommedan history. There followed upon the death of the robber chief a series of atrocities almost unparalleled in the history of the human race. The lust of power and the desire to rule impelled men to the perpetration of crimes that remind us of the proscriptions of the Triumvirates, the French Republic, and the Reign of Terror.

Kurruck Sing, who succeeded to the throne of his father, lost his reason first, and his life afterwards, by the intrigues of Rajah Dehra Sing and his worthless son Heera. When the body of Kurruck was, according to Eastern custom, burnt, some loose bricks fell upon the head of his son, No Nehal Sing. He was instantly placed in a litter, carried away by Dehra, kept away from his family, and one more crime was added to the black and long list by the murder of the unfortunate young Rajah. Thereupon ensued a state of anarchy, terror, and confusion. The historian says, "Murder followed murder: men and women,

the guilty and the innocent, the vizier in the council chamber, the general at the head of the army, the lady at her toilette, the babe in its cradle, were by turns the victims of unscrupulous ambition, covetousness of wealth, lust, cowardice, or vengeance. Dehra and Heera Sing fell, each at a different crisis, while holding the office of vizier."

The whole Seik empire was divided into cliques and sections, spurious Rajahs contesting for the supreme command, and impostors and usurpers striving for the upper hand. Yet, divided and shattered as they were, there was still one point of rallying-ground, and that was a deep hatred of the British and the British rule. Slowly and gradually, but yet surely, evidence was forthcoming that they had acted a prominent and treacherous part in bringing about those frightful massacres and reverses which will effectually prevent the Afghan war slipping from the memory of Englishmen. Sir Charles Napier expressed himself with great plainness as to the Seiks in general, and the Afghan war in particular, and openly announced that he could foresee nothing but war in the north-western portion of India.

All this was, of course, made known to the Seiks, who, uniting upon this platform,

determined, and determined wisely, to anticipate the impending danger, and to be themselves the invaders and not the invaded. Two able French officers, Ventura and Court, in the Seik service, improved the opportunity to its fullest extent. Cannon were cast, the artillery was placed on a much better footing, the Seik troops were taught the European drill, and organized and equipped after the European fashion.

A large army was collected at Lahore, and preparations were made to cross the Sutlej as secretly as possible, and carry the war into the English provinces. It was, however, as difficult then as it is now to carry out such projects in silence and secrecy. The Governor-General was warned, the whole scheme was betrayed, and quickly and quietly 32,000 men, with nearly seventy guns, assembled in and around Ferozepore, Loodiana, and Umballah, to preserve the integrity of British India, and to keep that empire that had now become so glorious and so dear.

Great as the danger which threatened the welfare of British rule was thought and acknowledged to be by the English leaders, who had the management of affairs, it speedily showed that it was very much greater than had been

anticipated. The Seiks are naturally brave, and their innate courage had been strengthened by the discipline of the Western world. They had been no sluggish or inattentive observers of what had taken place in Bengal and the Carnatic. They had deeply studied the events of the past, and, according to their ability, had tried to benefit by the lessons they taught. To all this they joined that desperate valour which is often the offspring of religious fanaticism. In the sixteenth century, two Khutree prophets, Nanuk and Govind, had preached some new and strange doctrines, which obtained converts and supporters from the inhabitants of Lahore and the banks of the Sutlej. At the time when the Seiks and English came into collision, they had grown into a mighty nation, and were as zealous in their devotion to the "Khalsa" as the Mahommedans were to the faith of the prophet of Hara.

In the early part of December, frequent skirmishes took place with these people. Crossing the river suddenly, on one occasion, they carried off fifty of our camels, and at once returned with them. A few days later, another successful raid was made, and thirty more were carried away. The Seik envoy at Loodiana received his papers and returned to his master,

and the British representatives at Lahore also withdrew. This was a plain proof that hostilities were inevitable. The women and children were placed in the Fort of Ferozepore, and the commencement of the contest was anxiously awaited.

The city of Ferozepore is situated upon the banks of the Sutlej, and almost on the border line which separated the province of Lahore from that of the other Seik states. It was therefore an advanced post, and it was, besides, very much exposed. Sir John Littler held the place, with 7,000 men, and resolutely held his ground, even when the mighty hosts threatened him with annihilation. Fortunately for its preservation, divided counsels ruled in the hostile camp, and Sir John did not then come in contact with the foe.

The divisions of the English army stationed about Umballah and Loodiana were wisely united by Lord Hardinge. Humanly speaking, this single effort preserved the army itself, and with it the glory and *prestige* of the British name. In the month of December, 1845, in violation of treaties, and oaths and pledges, the Seiks crossed their boundary, and, on the 18th, Lord Gough, with but 11,000 men, was suddenly called upon to meet a fierce attack of

the Seiks, who numbered 30,000, and were aided by forty pieces of artillery. This occurred at Moodkee, a city some twenty miles from Ferozepore, and a most desperate struggle ensued. It is of no use to disguise the truth. Thirty years have now passed away, and no character can be affected, and no prospect obscured, by saying that Moodkee was a surprise. The Commander-in-Chief, in his despatch, is compelled to say that the troops had scarcely time to get under arms before the enemy was upon them. Surprised as they were, the British infantry fought with that might and majesty which has so often turned a threatening disaster into a complete victory. The Seiks were repulsed on every side, seventeen of their guns fell into our hands, the ground was covered with their slain, whilst the victorious army had to lament the loss of 216 killed and 650 wounded, amongst the former being Sir Robert Sale, who has rendered himself immortal by his bravery and his services in the mountain passes of Afghanistan.

Lord Gough, writing to England, says, at the conclusion of his despatch,—“The infantry, under Major-Generals Sir Harry Smith, Gilbert, and Sir John M'Caskill, attacked in echelon of

lines the enemy's infantry, almost invisible amongst wood and the approaching darkness of night. The opposition of the enemy was such as might have been expected from troops who had everything at stake, and who had long vaunted of being irresistible. Their ample and extended line far outflanked ours; but this was counteracted by the flank movements of our cavalry. The attack of the infantry now commenced, and the roll of the fire from this powerful arm soon convinced the Seik army that they had met with a foe they little expected. Their whole force was driven from position after position with great slaughter, and the loss of seventeen pieces of artillery, some of them of heavy calibre, our infantry using that never-failing weapon, the bayonet, wherever the enemy stood. Night only saved them from worse disaster, for this stout conflict was maintained during an hour and a half of dim starlight, amidst a cloud of dust from the sandy plain, which yet more obscured every object."

Such was the commencement of that terrific struggle which stands out conspicuously even amidst Asiatic contests. It was seen that we had an enemy before us of far different temper and discipline than we had anticipated. It

was realized that the task was difficult, and not only difficult, but attended with a considerable danger. Many there are still amongst us who took part in that glorious and fearful conflict—glorious for the many instances of wonderful bravery that occurred in it—glorious, too, for its most triumphant issue, and fearful for the great losses that the English army was compelled to sustain. The danger was met with that energy and promptness which have done so much to acquire and retain our rule in Hindustan. The bravery that has rendered immortal the names of Arcot, Plassey, Porto Novo, and Meanee, has likewise shed its lustre upon Ferozshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon.

The gravity of the crisis was so great that the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, with striking disinterestedness, offered his services to Sir Hugh Gough, and became second in command. Three days after the sanguinary battle at Moodkee, a great attack was made upon the Seiks at Ferozshah, where they were encamped in a position of great strength, and in the form of a horseshoe. The geographical position is of great service here, as it shows most clearly that the Seiks were defeated in the Battle of Moodkee and compelled to fall back upon their intrenchments.

The city of Ferozepore, it has been already stated, was on the boundary line of the two provinces, Moodkee is twenty miles from Ferozepore, and Ferozshah is about half way between the two. A juncture having been effected with the division of Sir John Littler, it was resolved to attack without delay. Owing, however, to the necessity of completing various arrangements, there was only one hour of sunlight left when the contest began. The Seiks numbered 35,000 and eighty-eight guns: the English army was under 18,000, with sixty-five guns. The battle raged with great violence and much uncertainty.

The resistance offered by the people devoted to the "Khalsa" was terrific in the extreme. Captain Cunningham, who was no small actor in those thrilling events, writes in the following terms of the doings of the 21st December:—"The confident English had at last got the field they wanted; they marched in even array, and their famed artillery opened its steady fire. But the guns of the Seiks were served with rapidity and precision, and the foot-soldiers stood between and behind the batteries, firm in their order, and active with their muskets. The resistance met was wholly unexpected, and all started with astonishment.

Guns were dismounted, and their ammunition was blown into the air; squadrons were checked in mid-career; battalion after battalion was hurled back with shattered ranks; and it was not until after sunset that portions of the enemy's position were finally carried."

The artillery of the Seiks was carried just as darkness, which comes on so suddenly in tropical lands, necessitated the stoppage of hostilities, it having become impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The troops, though standing to arms, were enjoying an imperfect but welcome repose, when the booming of Seik guns awakened many of the standing sleepers. Sir Henry Hardinge was instantly to the front. The 80th Infantry and the 1st Bengal Europeans followed him with a cheer, the guns were gallantly taken and immediately spiked, and the troops returned to their former position. As eagerly as Wellington gazed on the left for an appearance of Blucher at Waterloo, did Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough look to the east for the appearance of that great fountain of light whose aid should enable them once more to see their way to the attack.

Just as the first beams started from the horizon, the high-spirited Englishmen made a

grand dash at the Seik position. Nothing could withstand their bravery and ardour. Like a mighty and irresistible wave they poured over the enemy's entrenchments. That terrible weapon, the bayonet, cleared the line of the hostile works—the whole of the seventy-six guns were captured; and the Seiks, conquered, beaten, and with great losses, but not subdued, recrossed the Sutlej. Seven hundred Englishmen lay dead upon the field, and nearly 2,000 more went into hospital.

Letters are extant that describe the doings of that eventful night. The private ones of the Governor-General, which were read with such enthusiasm by Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, to an admiring and sympathizing audience, convey some notion of the suffering and the glories of that fearful time. “The night of the 21st of December was the most extraordinary of my life. I bivouacked with the men without food or covering, and our nights are bitter cold. A burning camp in our front, our brave fellows lying down under a heavy cannonade, which continued during the whole night, mixed with the wild cries of the Seiks, an English hurrah, the tramp of men, and the groans of the dying. In this state, with a handful of men

who had carried the batteries the night before, I remained till morning, taking very short intervals of rest by lying down with various regiments in succession to ascertain their temper and revive their spirits. I found myself again with my old friends of the 29th, 31st, 50th, and 9th, all in good heart. My answer to all and every man was, that we must fight it out, attack the enemy vigorously at day-break, beat him or die honourably on the field. The gallant old General (Gough), kind-hearted and heroically brave, entirely coincided with me." England has produced many noble, gallant, and worthy sons, but she has had none greater than those heroes whose names are indestructibly interwoven with the development of the British Empire in Hindustan.

The varied and exciting incidents of the Seik war require to be dwelt upon at some length. They deserve it for their own interest and importance; but chiefly because it was the last great contest, the mutiny excepted, in which we were engaged in that quarter of the world. The battle of Ferozshah was marked by a great but, at the same time, indecisive victory. The conquerors were too wearied and exhausted to cross the river, push on to Lahore, and bring the war to a quick and decisive issue. Nay,

the victory, so hardly won, seemed at one time as if it would have been fruitless altogether. There is no doubt whatever that the English never expected to find such redoubtable foes in the Seiks. The interval of inaction that followed the battle just described was wisely used by the enemy. In the very face of the British army, the Seiks were preparing to cross the Sutlej again. It was evident that we had not power to silence the Seik artillery. The English generals wisely decided that they were strong enough for defensive, but not for offensive operations, and that they would remain in an attitude of defence until the reinforcements ordered up from Meerut and Delhi could reach the banks of that river which will be ever memorable in our history.

The Seiks made an attack upon our frontier station of Loodiana. Sir Harry Smith was sent to its relief; but though he accomplished his task, yet he sustained a serious reverse. In a skirmish at Buddowal, his rear guard was cut off, he lost a large part of his baggage, and the disaster would have been much greater had it not been for the distinguished bravery of Brigadier Cureton and a body of cavalry. The Seiks were greatly elated. For the time, confidence and harmony were restored. Golab

Sing was chosen as leader, and one and all resolved and declared that the British rule should come to an end, that the English army should either be totally annihilated or driven in ignominy and dishonour from the field.

The difficulties to be encountered, and the troubles and disasters that had been endured, had braced up the nerves and courage of every Englishman in that noble band to conquer or to die. The spirit that actuated them was like that which influenced every English breast on the famous field of Waterloo. "Stand fast, 95th. We must not be beaten. What will they say of us in England?" said the immortal duke as he rode past the shattered remnants of that gallant corps. "Never fear, sir," shouted a hundred throats; "we know our duty."

Fortunately it was reserved for Sir Harry Smith, who had lost his baggage at Buddowal, to give the first decisive check to the Seik invasion. On the 28th of January, 1846, with 11,000 men, he gave battle to the foe on the memorable plain of Aliwal. The enemy were 15,000 strong, with the village on the left, whence the battle takes its name, and they threw up banks of earth to protect their line in front, and oppose further impediments to their assailants. The ground was, however, particu-

larly favourable for cavalry operations, and the English horsemen virtually decided the day.

Sir Harry says, in his despatch,—“As I neared the enemy, the ground became most favourable for the troops to manœuvre, being open and hard grass land. I ordered the cavalry to take ground to the right and left by brigades, thus displaying the heads of the infantry columns: and as they reached the hard ground, I directed them to deploy into line. Brigadier Godby's brigade was in direct echelon to the rear of the right, the Shekawatte infantry in like manner to the rear of my left, the cavalry in direct echelon on, and well to the rear of, both flanks of the infantry. After deployment, I observed the enemy's left to out-flank me. I therefore broke into open column, and took ground to the right. When I had again sufficient ground, the troops wheeled into line. There was no dust; the sun shone brightly. The manœuvres were performed with the celerity and precision of the most correct field-day. The glistening of the bayonets and swords of this order of battle was most imposing, and the line advanced. Scarcely had it moved forward 150 yards, when, at ten o'clock, the enemy opened a fierce cannonade

from his whole line. At first his balls fell short, but quickly reached us."

Such is the forcible and simple account of the opening of this eventful battle. The village of Aliwal was carried very speedily and brilliantly at the point of the bayonet, but notwithstanding this the Seiks stood their ground for a long time with the most determined bravery. One regiment of infantry actually threw away their muskets and rushed at the famous 16th Lancers with sword and target. But nothing mortal could withstand the desperate heroism of the English that day. Inch by inch, and foot by foot the enemy were forced from their position.

In the plain, a large square was formed by the Seiks, which looked very imposing and very formidable. Trained to imitate the military tactics that had proved so valuable in other parts of India, they formed, in this position, to be ready, if the emergency should arise, to meet the attack of a regiment of cavalry, which was giving impatient signs of eagerness to take part in the fray. That regiment was the famous 16th Lancers, and was destined, by its heroic, noble, and decisive charge, to cover itself with new glory and renown. At last, the order was given to these gallant horsemen to

charge the sharply defined quadrangle, whose sides were made up of living men. With warlike ardour the British cavalry answered to the call, and, just as an arrow speeds its rapid flight when the bow is wielded by a stalwart arm, so did they bear down upon the enemy in front. For a moment all other operations were suspended, and eager combatants watched the charge, as if it were only a spectacle got up for their enjoyment. Gathering speed as they rode, the impatient warriors, and their no less impatient steeds, advanced close to the square. They were received with a rattling volley, the effect of which was instantly seen. Hands that had but just held the reins in the strength of early manhood were convulsively clutched in the agonies of death ; riderless horses went scouring over the plain ; wounded men fell to linger in their misery writhing on the ground. The survivors bated none of their energy and speed. The fluttering pennants could be seen through the smoke, and, with a tremendous crash, the British horsemen hurled themselves on the foe. The struggle lasted not one second. Nothing could stop that devoted cavalry ; the square was smashed instantly to pieces. The lance worked terrible havoc, and at last, wearied with the work of slaughter, those fearful horsemen withdrew to their position.

Again and again did the Seiks make vain efforts to rally, until at last, giving way like a loosened cliff, they were driven, trembling with fright, rage, and terror, across the Sutlej. All their artillery were lost. Their whole camp, baggage, ammunition, quantities of grain, in fact, nearly everything brought into the field, fell into the hands of the victors, and Sir Harry Smith, in the concluding portion of his despatch, proudly observes, "I am unwont to praise where praise is not merited, and I here must avowedly express my firm opinion and conviction that no troops in any battle on record ever behaved more nobly." The victory of Aliwal was indeed most opportune. It entirely upset the schemes of the enemy. They now saw that the strength they derived from united counsel and united action would not avail them against British skill and British valour.

They were for a time so depressed as to make overtures to the English for peace. Golab Sing opened the negotiations. Fair and honourable terms were offered to them, but as one of these would necessitate the disbanding of their army, the effort to obtain peace proved abortive.

They accordingly prepared, with a bravery unprecedented in the annals of modern Eastern

warfare, to make a further effort and more determined struggle to expel the British from their borders. One more great battle remained to be fought, and a more signal victory to be achieved ere the English could force the passage of the Sutlej, and dictate terms of peace beneath the walls of the capital of the Punjaub. The Sciks collected all their available forces within an entrenched camp formed on the left bank of the river. That force amounted to about 35,000 men. The victory of Aliwal, though but the victory of a division, had a most depressing effect on the minds and spirits of our opponents. It had a corresponding exhilarating influence upon the spirits of the English. Just twelve days after the victory at Aliwal, the order was given to storm the enemy's position and drive them beyond the river. So skilfully did the English commanders lay their plans, that the Sciks were taken unawares at every point.

Long before the sun had lighted up the scene, the British army was in motion. A thick, dense haze obscured still more the darkness that reigned around. Sohraon and Koodecwalla were found unoccupied, much to the surprise of the English, who advanced, quietly and quickly, until their presence was discovered, and the loud clanging of cymbals and beating of drums

in the Seik camp announced to the advancing host that they were now again to join issue with the enemy.

For three long hours English shot and shell carried death and destruction within the doomed enclosure. For three hours the enemy replied with vigour and effect. The artillery of the Seiks was of a much heavier nature than ours, and the way in which they were served is evident from the following remarks taken from the Commander-in-Chief's despatch:—"Our battery of nine-pounders opened near the little Sobraon with a brigade of howitzers, formed from the light field-batteries and troops of horse-artillery, shortly after daybreak. But it was half-past six before the whole of our artillery fire was developed. It was most spirited and well directed; but, notwithstanding the formidable calibre of our iron guns, mortars, and howitzers, and the admirable way in which they were served, and aided by a rocket battery, it would have been visionary to expect that they could, within any limited time, silence the fire of seventy pieces, behind well-constructed batteries of earth, plank, and fascines, or dislodge troops covered either by redoubts or epaulments, or within a treble line of trenches."

The damage done by the fire of the English guns was very great, as the state of the camp afterwards showed. Great as it was, it was not decisive enough, and it became evident that the conflict must be brought to the arbitration of musket and bayonet. At nine o'clock in the morning Brigadier Stacey moved with his brigade to the attack in the order of a review-day. They were received with a storm of iron hail, which caused the brigade to rock as a ship struck by a sudden tempest. Slowly the Seiks were driven back, and the English soldiers swarmed over the enclosure. So deadly was the fire that whole ranks fell, and our countrymen were compelled to withdraw. Again they resumed the attack; but, in spite of all the exertions of the enemy, the final result of the struggle could not be doubted.

Sham Sing, clothed in white, repeatedly rallied the shattered ranks of his countrymen, and fell at last a corpse on a heap of slain. "Others might be seen standing on the ramparts amid showers of balls, waving defiance with their swords, or telling the gunners where the fair-haired English pressed thickest together." Indeed, the resistance offered by the Seiks was something desperate. Never had any Asiatic army shown a determination, a heroism, and a

reckless bravery in the slightest degree approaching to those exhibited this day by the followers of Govind. The British general says of them, "The Seiks, even when at particular points their intrenchments were mastered with the bayonet, strove to regain them by the fiercest conflict, sword in hand." But all their heroism was unavailing; they were pressed back upon the river, which, being swollen, was scarcely fordable, and over which they had constructed a bridge of boats. That bridge had been broken through in the night by the rising of the waters. Thousands tried to swim across the stream. It was, however, felt that this must be a thorough and decisive victory. We wanted no more of such uncertainty as that of Ferozshah; and, besides, the Seiks had placed themselves beyond the pale of mercy and consideration by slaughtering and mangling, early in the action, every wounded soldier whom, in the vicissitudes of attack, the fortune of war left at their mercy.

The horse-artillery galloped to the banks of the Sutlej; hundreds were slain by rapid discharges of grape, and hundreds more were wounded. The English soldiery, maddened by the barbarous mutilation of their comrades, coolly picked off the fugitives from the land, and so

desperate and eager were they in the work of vengeance that many of the victors themselves fell into the river and met with the fate that overtook so many of their enemy. Sixty-seven pieces of cannon, more than 200 zumboorucks, many standards, and vast munitions of war were captured by the English. The battle was over at about two o'clock, and the army of the Khalsa entirely and ignominiously beaten. Three hundred and twenty British soldiers lay dead upon the field. Major-General Sir Robert Dick, an old veteran, who had served through the Peninsula, and fought hard thirty-one years before at Waterloo, met a soldier's death; 2,083 were wounded; and the loss of the Sciks nearly amounted to 10,000.

On the 14th February, the Governor-General issued a proclamation. He declares, in the outset, that the recent struggle has taken place for effectually protecting the British provinces, for vindicating the authority of the British Government, and for punishing the violators of treaties and the disturbers of the public peace. It is also asserted therein, that the British occupation of the Punjaub will not be relinquished until ample atonement for the insult offered to the British Government by the infraction of the treaty of 1809, and by

the unprovoked invasion of the British provinces; shall have been exacted. Sir Henry Hardinge then goes on to say that he should much like to see a strong Seik Government re-established in the Punjaub, "able to control its army, and to protect its subjects." Disclaiming any idea or purpose of annexation, the Governor-General concludes,—“The Government of India will, under any circumstances, annex to the British provinces the districts, hill and plain, situated between the rivers Sutlej and Beeas, the revenues thereof being appropriated as a part of the indemnity required from the Lahore state.”

The passage of the Sutlej being forced, the victorious army marched straight to Lahore, which it entered on the 20th of February. The terms of peace were there dictated by Sir Henry Hardinge, and agreed to by the Seik Government or durbar. The terms were that the Seiks should pay one million and a half for the expenses of the war, and disband their turbulent soldiery. The Governor-General returned to England, and was deservedly raised to the peerage, a similar honour being paid to the gallant Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough.

Lord Dalhousie was the new Governor-

General, and his administration extends from 1848 to 1855. Like that of his predecessors, it was marked by conflicts and hostilities. The treaty with the Seiks was not carried out by them, and was simply signed for the purpose of gaining time after the crushing defeats of Aliwal and Soobraon had extinguished their powers of resistance. Their hatred of the English was great enough before the commencement of the war, but now it had become a frenzy. Divided again into rival factions after the capture of Lahore, they once more united on the principle of hatred to the conqueror.

An event occurred just at this time in the ancient city of Mooltan which once more fanned into a flame the mutual animosities of both nations. Mr. Vans Agnew, the British Assistant Resident, and Lieutenant Anderson, of the army of Bombay, were assassinated by Moolraj, the Governor of Mooltan. War was instantly declared. The city was besieged in August, and would speedily have fallen had it not been for the treachery and desertion of a large body of Seik mercenaries. Lord Dalhousie rose to the occasion, and saw the danger and how it was to be met. With a courage and sagacity that remind us of Clive and Hastings, he writes home that "no other course is open to us than

to prosecute a general Punjaub war with vigour, and ultimately to occupy the country with our troops."

The Seik war recommenced in November, 1849, and Lord Gough was again commander-in-chief. The enemy fought with bravery, but never showed that dogged resistance which had characterized them in the former war. A battle was fought near the Chenab, in which the Seiks were defeated. General Whish commanded the force that besieged the city of Mooltan. It was defended with great vigour, but in vain. The breaches in the walls were pronounced fit for the assault, the fortifications were undermined, and orders were issued to storm the place at break of day. The regiments were quietly forming in order when the assassin, Moolraj, came out of the principal gate, and, going at once to the English general, gave up the keys of the city, and surrendered his own sword. This victory was, however, affected by the result of the bloody battle of Chillianwallah, which was fought on the 11th of January, 1850. This contest is much criticized; but whatever may be the opinion respecting it, it was obtained at a tremendous cost. The batteries were carried at the point of the bayonet, and 760 killed, and upwards of 2,000 wounded, testified

to the bravery and desperation with which they had been defended and won.

The decisive conflict of Goojerat, on the 21st of February, put an end to Seik intrigue and Seik domination. For three hours the artillery had it all their own way, when, the foe making a retrograde movement, the British force rushed upon them, and with the dreaded bayonet won a signal victory. The Afghans, who had joined their neighbours, the Seiks, fled across the renowned Indus, and the whole of the Punjaub—the country of the Five Rivers—was annexed to the British possessions in Hindustan. Since that time it has steadily increased in prosperity, and has great cause to be thankful that it had the good fortune to come under British rule.

It is not necessary to enter at any length into the details of the second Burmese war, which broke out in the year 1851. It is quite enough to say that the Governor-Generals of India found themselves compelled to follow in that course of conquest, *to prevent themselves from being annihilated*, that marked the conduct of the pioneers of British supremacy in India. Lord Dalhousie declared that “conquest in Burmah would be a calamity second only to the calamity of war.” In spite of his opinion, he was forced into a Burmese war. This ended

like all the others in the East and added to the possessions of England, and to the *prestige* of the English name.

In 1852 the province of Pegu was added to the British empire. In the December of the following year, Rajah Ragojee of Nangpoor, or Berar, died, and the principality was at once annexed to British India. Certain territories in the Deccan were about the same time surrendered by the Nizam to the English Government, and annexations likewise began in the territory of Oude. The fact is, that native princes and native peoples were beginning to realize the truth and justice of English rule. The great empire which we have founded in those distant lands, and maintained in spite of many and imposing difficulties, is in reality built upon the sure and lasting stone of English truth and English justice. The present hearty welcome extended with true Eastern prodigality to the Prince of Wales, who, in the ordinary course of human things, will one day be Emperor of Hindustan, is a striking proof that the Hindu recognizes in our rule the sway of a ruler at once moderate and just, truthful and considerate. On all sides there are still independent states, and yet states desirous of the benefits of English protection.

The period of the supremacy of Lord Dalhousie marks a significant period in the bringing about of this state of confidence and respect, which is at once so honourable both in the subjector and the subjected. As a contemporary writer remarks,—“His seven years’ tenure of office has borne fruit abundantly throughout the vast territories comprised in British India. In the Punjaub, Pegu, and Berar, annexed by him, the basis of an effective government has been laid, and there, as in our older possessions, the progress of freedom and civilization, so slow even in Christian Europe, has extended with comparative rapidity. The establishment of railways at the three Presidencies and in Sind, of telegraphic communication between the chief cities, of cheap and uniform postage, the increase of the means of conveyance and irrigation, the reduction of import dues, the creation of a loan for public works, and the open discussion of Government projects and acts,—these improvements, together with an energy and despatch in the executive department before unknown, the character and efforts of the Governor-General have had no small share in producing. The personal investigation of the condition of every Indian province enabled him to gain

unusual acquaintance with their peculiar and widely-different requirements, while the charm of a frank and generous spirit, heightened by easy yet refined eloquence, procured for him, as for his great exemplar, Lord Wellesley, the zealous co-operation of the best talent of the military and civil service." This is just and worthy praise; for amongst the many celebrated soldiers and statesmen that Indian affairs and Indian exigencies have brought to the front, the honoured name of Dalhousie will ever occupy a proud and enviable position. His rule was not only creditable to himself, but beneficial to the land whose interests were committed to his care. He was succeeded by Lord Canning, son of the famous statesman.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

THE second Seik war terminated in the year 1850, and in consequence of the success of the British troops the whole of the Punjaub had been annexed to the English possessions in the East. For a time all went on quietly, and it was, without doubt, a disastrous war in Europe that once more raised the hopes of those native leaders who were desirous to cast off the yoke of the "children of the sea." Lord Dalhousie was still Governor-General, and was still carrying out those useful measures of reform which augured well for the firm foundation of our rule, when the news reached Hindustan that England was likely to be at war with the Czar of all the Russias. That war broke out in 1854, and thousands there are now living whose hearts beat with joyful pride on hearing the news of Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol.

It would, of course, be quite foreign to our

purpose to enter into the details of that most useless and most brilliant struggle—the Crimean War. It will, however, be remembered so long as the histories of nations are written, on account of the numerous examples of personal heroism and desperate bravery that occurred during its existence. We have referred to it as a most useless struggle. We mean this only so far as its own political results are concerned. As developing the national character, and as showing that British courage has not deteriorated, its value cannot be overestimated. We need not recall the disasters and blunderings that marked the years 1854 and 1855. It is quite sufficient for us to say that, when peace was declared in 1856, we had left behind us what had once been a gallant and noble army to moulder in thousands of graves of Crim Tartary.

In England there was great lamentation and woe. The curse of war had blasted many a household—the mansion of the peer and the cottage of the peasant were each lamenting, the former for the death of one who promised to be an illustrious representative of his race, and the latter for one who was dear to the humble parent who bore him. But all things come to an end, no matter how bitter they

may be, and the Crimean War was no exception from the rule. We were looking forward to happier and more peaceful times. The year 1857 had almost expended one-half of its length, when, on the 23rd of June, a select company sat down in London to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the immortal battle of Plassey. Little was it thought whilst the glass went round, and the conversation turned upon the heroic deeds of "Bobby Clive," that the whole of Hindustan was in a state of mutiny and revolt, and that, at that very moment, a handful of Englishmen were being placed, nay, were placed, in as dangerous a position as even Clive on the plains of Plassey itself. It is a remarkable fact, and one worth notice, as we pass on, that the Indian mutiny broke out exactly one hundred years after the battle of Plassey.

It is quite impossible to realize the magnitude of the peril which threatened our rule in Hindustan, and it is equally impossible to explain the cause of that mysterious outbreak against our sway. No doubt the greased cartridges had something to do with it, but the notion that England was exhausted after her struggle with Russia very probably more. There is very great reason to believe that the whole

plot exploded before its time, and that, terrible indeed as it was, it would have been, had it developed as was intended and wished, almost a certain annihilation of English power.

In July, 1857, the news reached this country of the Indian Mutiny. The intelligence fell like a thunderbolt. Hundreds of families had not put off the mourning they were wearing for those who were sleeping their long sleep in the Crimea. It was evident, though the full extent of the catastrophe was not at first realized, that a great effort must again be made to keep our empire in India, and that now another opportunity was afforded to display that same spirit of heroic bravery that had signalized those who upheld the honour of the English flag just one century before.

Great, however, as was the danger, England was not paralyzed by it. Noble and illustrious as are the names of Clive and Hastings, Wellesley and Gough, Smith and Dalhousie, the Indian Mutiny produced men whose names are even as noble and illustrious as they. The first symptoms of disaffection occurred in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, and there, at any rate, it seems clear that the cartridges were the cause. This was in the month of January. The authorities appear not to have realized the

extent of the danger. "Supineness, irresolution, and ill-timed severity, were undoubtedly displayed on several occasions."

In February, General Hearsey informed those in power that a plot existed amongst the members of the 34th Regiment, whose quarters lay at that time at Barrackpore. Still matters went quietly and steadily on, and were brought to a crisis by the refusal of the 19th, at Berhampore, to receive the cartridges already mentioned. A little later both regiments were publicly disbanded, and explanations were officially made concerning the cartridges in question. The rest of the Sepoy troops at Barrackpore were gradually disarmed, when it was felt that the danger was passing by. A little later on, a very unwise proceeding fanned the embers into a flame. Eighty-five men of the Meerut garrison were sentenced to hard labour for ten years for not receiving the cartridges, and this atrocious sentence was approved by the Commander-in-Chief. In the sight of their comrades they were fettered, and were imprisoned in the common gaol. This was the cause of the serious and dreadful outbreak that occurred in Meerut about the middle of May.

Three Sepoy regiments, the 11th and 20th

Regiments of Foot and the 3rd Light Cavalry, first began that horrible system of butchery and murder that has left a stain upon Hindu character that will scarcely ever be effaced. Adding insult to injury, with the bands playing the National Anthem, they murdered their officers in cold blood, shooting them down deliberately, coming out of mess into the barrack square, and then marched off to Delhi, where a vast arsenal had been committed to the exclusive care of native troops. The garrison and mutineers at once "fraternized." The most abominable outrages were committed upon English women—insults far worse than death—in the open streets, and Eastern Princes, who were under deep obligations to the English power, were privy to these villainies. As ignorant and as infatuated as Surajah Dowlah at Moorshedabad after the crime of the "Black Hole," they little knew the spirit of the men they were rousing, and the horrible retribution that was to overtake them.

May had nearly run its course, when a good and gentle soldier, General Anson, died of that terrible Asiatic pest, cholera, whilst advancing upon Delhi. Within that city, formerly the capital of the Moguls, the disaffected were collected. Its natural advantages were strong, but

the rebels had now further strengthened them by artificial means. A thick wall ran round three of its sides, the remaining eastern side was protected by the river Jumna, an important tributary of the Ganges. The population of the city was about 150,000 in addition to the rebel Sepoys, who had fled thither, and from the walls they bid defiance to those whom they had sworn to obey. For more than a month the rebel flag floated unchallenged in its midst.

We turn aside from the siege of Delhi, in order to preserve the sequence of events, leaving that ancient city as the capital and stronghold of the rebellion. Most rapidly had the mutinous spirit spread over the country. The most horrible brutalities had taken place at Cawnpore. Sir Hugh Wheeler defended the barracks with the utmost bravery, with the handful of men at his command, against the attacks of a host of foes, led by the infamous Nana Sahib, a monster of wickedness, and one whose name has been rendered immortal by the foul atrocities perpetrated by him. The gentle and brave Wheeler was killed; the devoted garrison, protecting some women and children, were reduced to the greatest state of starvation, and, conquered by such an irresistible foe, they concluded terms with the monster. By those

terms, they were to be allowed to depart in safety. Instead of that, the British garrison were put to the sword without mercy, the women, many of them ladies of delicate and gentle birth, being reserved for the more horrible purposes of lust and passion.

A terrible retribution was about to follow. A noble officer, Colonel Neill, had been sent up from Calcutta, at a moment's notice, to put down a mutinous spirit that had just broken out at Allahabad, at Benares. Early in July, at the former city, General Havelock had got together the 78th and 64th and some Seiks. With this small force he performed almost miracles. In spite of the tropical sun, the excessive heat, and the incalculable fatigue, he marched his force 124 miles in ten days; and during that time had fought four battles, and captured more than twenty guns. The first conflict took place at Futtypore. The army of Nana Sahib was over 7,000 men, and this was to be attacked by Havelock with 1,500. The rebels were totally defeated, and left 2,000 men dead upon the field.

The avenging army pushed forward, and, upon the successful advance of Havelock, this vile miscreant murdered the women and children remaining, and their bodies were thrown into

a well, which Europeans will never visit without having most painful and bitter feelings awakened in their minds. Atrocities of the vilest nature were now committed: infants thrown in the air and impaled upon the bayonets of a perjured soldiery, violated and murdered women, prepared the way for a terrible and exacting revenge. It is impossible—perfectly impossible—to estimate the effect the massacre of Cawnpore had upon the heart of every one of that small band of Englishmen to whom was committed the care of upholding the valour and dignity of the British name. “Remember the ladies, remember the babies,” often rallied desponding hearts in the battle-field, and often were the words hissed out instead of spoken, as the British bayonet buried itself in the heart of the mutineer.

An officer, attached to the force of General Havelock, thus wrote from Cawnpore on the 22nd July:—“I have been to see the place where the poor women and children were imprisoned and afterwards butchered. It is a small bungalow close to the road. There were all sorts of articles of women and children’s clothing, ladies’ hair, evidently cut off with a sword, back combs, &c. There were also parts of religious books. Where the massacre took place

it is covered with blood like a butcher's slaughter-house. One would fancy that nothing could be worse than this; but in the well at the back of the house are the bodies and limbs of the poor things. I looked down and saw such a sight as I hope never to see again. The whole of the bodies were naked, and the limbs were separated. I thought of the two Mrs. —— and the three girls, and felt very sad. By all accounts the women were so ill treated, that death, even such a death, must have been welcome to them. I will not enter into more details: I have told you enough to cause you to make allowance if I write savagely. I have looked upon death in every form, but I could not look down that well again."

On the 15th of July, the small force under Colonel Neill encamped before the walls of the city, which they entered the following day. The sight that greeted the eyes of the English was quite sufficient to work them into a state of desperate frenzy, that could only be satisfied and allayed by a merciless retaliation and punishment. The aspect of the room in which the dreadful massacre was committed was indeed such as to rouse every spark of indignation in the heart. On the walls, were here and there seen the blood-stain of some tiny hand, the

innocent death-grasp of an infant torn from its mother's arms, and murdered before her eyes. Large black patches of congealed blood stained the floors. Neill proceeded to teach the natives a lesson that they will in all probability never forget to the end of time.

Amongst the prisoners made in the engagement before the town were some Mahomedans and high-caste Brahmins. To these the touch of a corpse is degradation. They had no doubt taken a part in the deed of massacre, and Neill ordered water to be thrown upon the floor, until the congealed blood was made liquid. Then, after forcing the prisoners to clean the whole place from top to bottom, he made them go down on their knees and lick up the blood and water. Degraded, polluted, and their caste lost, they were dragged out, some of them hanged, and some blown to atoms from the cannon's mouth. Repairing, after the execution, to the fatal well, they blocked it up. A simple prayer was read, and, with tumultuous and excited feelings, a hymn was sung, and the wretched victims of Nana Sahib's cruelty and lust were left to their long rest.

Neill and Havelock, now uniting their forces, crossed the Ganges, and directed their steps towards Lucknow. Everything depended upon

the arrival of reinforcements, which had been sent from Calcutta. At Bithoor, Nana had a palace, which Havelock burned to the ground. Now a series of blunders occurred, which forced the English general to retrace his steps. The officer in command at Dinapore was General Lloyd, who proved unequal to the danger which suddenly beset him. He allowed four native regiments to mutiny and get clear away, even from under the cover of British infantry and artillery. These, scattered over the roads, made communication dangerous and unsafe, and the success of the outbreak, of course, induced others. Just afterwards, a force under Captain Dunbar, sent to relieve Arrah, proceeded in the night too carelessly, fell into an ambush, and were nearly destroyed to a man.

Strange, however, it is,—but though strange 'tis true,—that one hundred years after the famous exploits of our ancestors, the characteristics both of English and native character remained precisely the same. Hemmed in on every side, surrounded by enemies, and by professing friends more terrible than avowed enemies, the inherent superiority of the English character showed itself brilliantly and triumphantly. The spirit that actuated Clive in 1751 to tell the French Rajah before Arcot

that his father was a usurper, his army a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent his poltroons into breaches defended by English soldiers, and that, too, in the face of the most tremendous odds, again shone conspicuously forth at Arrah, at Azinghur, and at Agra, in 1857.

Mr. Dunlop, of the Bengal Civil Service, who served in the Meerut Volunteer Horse during the mutiny, has published a short account of his adventures. The following, taken from his book, gives some faint notion of the desperate heroism that pervaded and upheld the spirits of our countrymen. "A Khakee mess was soon got up, which did much to render our anxious lives more comfortable. Our manner and countenance, when news arrived, were of course closely scanned by our Mussulman table-servants, whose opinions as to the advisability, or otherwise, of quitting our service, would naturally be regulated by the way in which we prospered under our dangers. I have known a despatch, the disasters recorded in which quite prostrated one old officer, picked up and read aloud by a youngster, amidst shouts of applause from the members of the mess, every fresh loss calling for a renewed cheer, in the fierce determination

not to let the native attendants at least chuckle over our depression. A burst of laughter followed the speech of the reader, who, in allusion to the claret mug circulating round the table, exclaimed, "Well, my lads, when the worst comes to the worst, we will finish with a mug of laudanum!"

Dreadful as was the present aspect of affairs, there were not wanting some of the brighter colours to relieve the gloomy landscape before us. Nana Sahib had revolted, it is true, but he was only an adopted son of the ex-Peishwah of the Mahrattas. The Nizam remained firm. Gholab Singh and Jung Bahadoor, of Nepaul, likewise remained faithful, although Sir Charles Napier anticipated serious trouble from them. The Punjab, so recently acquired, and still smarting from the blows of Aliwal and Sobraon, Chilianwallah and Goojerat, which was on the very point of mutiny, was preserved by the bravery and wisdom of such noble soldiers as Cotton, Edwards, and Nicholson. They did, indeed, rise to the occasion. A most able and distinguished statesman, Sir John Lawrence, exercised the chief command, one who knew how to administer justice and extend mercy, who did not allow himself to be led astray by a spirit of revenge on the one side, or by a feeling

of sentimental weakness on the other. The forts were occupied with troops upon whose fidelity reliance could be placed, disaffected regiments were disarmed and disbanded, and criminals were blown from the guns. Sir John, by his wise and able policy, not only saved the Punjaub, but likewise turned that captured province into a base of operations against Delhi. It is to the credit of the Europeans at that time in India, that this city, the capital of the Mutiny, fell before the arrival of reinforcements from England.

For a long time very feeble efforts were made by the besiegers, owing to the great want of heavy artillery; but on the 3rd September the siege train made its appearance, much to the joy and satisfaction of the English army. Timely reinforcements swelled the besieging force, which soon numbered seven European and seven native regiments, with a splendid collection of guns and mortars. On the 8th, the prospects of the rebels were further darkened by the arrival of the Cashmere contingent, 2,000 strong, with four guns. The most careful preparations were made—batteries were mounted in the most advantageous positions—the sorties of the enemy were repulsed with great slaughter, and, everything

being completed, General Wilson gave the command, and, on the 11th September, the artillery vomited its iron hail against the doomed city.

The principal fire was wisely concentrated upon one spot, and this method was so effective, that on the following day the Cashmere bastion and curtain were not only in ruins, but the rebel guns there were nearly silenced. For two days more the iron storm rained night and day upon them, and on the 14th, at break of day, a bold storming-party was ready to strike the first of a series of fearful blows, and to take vengeance for the past.

It was decided to attack the city through the Cashmere gate, one of the seven that are to be found in its walls. The signal for the storming was to be the blowing in of the Cashmere gate. That most dangerous and perilous duty was entrusted to the hands of Lieutenant Salkeld, of the Engineers, and three sergeants. At the right moment, these four heroes advanced, with powder-bags, under a terrific fire of musketry. One sergeant was instantly shot dead, and Salkeld received a bullet through his arm. Never flinching for a moment, he pushed right to the gate with the other two. With twenty muskets showering balls about

them, they quietly went on with their task, and at last fastened the bags on the spikes of the gate; Salkeld here fell shot through the leg, but the two remaining non-commissioned officers knew what was required of them, and determined either to do their duty or die. One sergeant put the light to the match, and fell, literally riddled with shot, and the third sergeant escaped unscathed. A tremendous explosion now followed, which knocked over many who were close at hand, and made a terrific breach, through which the British poured in a resistless crowd. Quickly that part of Delhi fell into our hands, and a strong detachment crowded along the ramparts as far as the Cabul gate, in the very teeth of a galling and severe fire. The sun went down upon a dreadful scene, and all hearts beat anxiously for the morrow. Nine officers had fallen, never to rise again, fifty-one had been wounded—the majority of them very severely—and nearly 1,200 rank and file were put *hors de combat*. The glory resulting from its capture is dimmed by the death of that noble fellow, Nicholson, who breathed his last nine days later within the conquered city.

The fighting lasted four days more, so desperate was the resistance which the courage

of absolute despair inspired. The magazine was stormed and taken on the 16th, and so quickly did the English soldiers mount the breach, that the rebels had not time to fire six guns, which were placed there already loaded with grape. The bank fell on the 17th; upon which day 200 cannon had fallen into our hands. On the 20th, the enemy were perfectly cowed and disheartened, and post after post was rapidly carried. On the evening of that day, the whole of Delhi had fallen into the power of the besiegers. The bridge of boats over the river was destroyed, and the work of retribution began. The King and Queen surrendered on the 21st, and on the 22nd Captain Hodson captured Meerza Mogul and Mirza Khirza Sultan, the King's sons, and his grandson, Mirza Aboo Buser. It was well known that these men had taken an active part in the rebellion, and their Royal Highnesses were, therefore, unceremoniously shot on the spot. The executions were conducted on the most severe and wholesale principles, and mutineers were hanged and blown from the guns by scores.

Whilst the siege of Delhi was dragging its slow length along, a small band of Englishmen, on the banks of the Goomtee, were defending

Lucknow with a tenacity that was even more than marvellous. The interest of the mutiny now centres around a siege, a defence, and a relief of a city, which will be read with thrilling interest and glowing pride when this generation shall be but dust, and will be remembered with honest joy so long as the English name is mentioned in any corner of the globe; we mean the siege, the defence, and the relief of Lucknow. Nothing that the early history of British India records, not even the bravery that has shed immortal lustre on Arcot and Plassey and Sobraon, can compare with that marvellous spirit of resistance, and that dogged bravery and resolution, that have rendered Lucknow as proud a name as Marathon to the Greek, and Trafalgar to the Englishman.

It extends for about four miles along the banks of the river. Most of its streets are crooked and narrow, the number of its brick-built houses is small, and its palaces are built in a very showy style of architecture. The greatest ornament of the whole town is the Imambarah, a Moslem cathedral, which has a mosque attached to it. The native population is large, and, at the time upon which we are now dwelling, must have consisted of at least 300,000 inhabitants. A mere handful of

Englishmen defended the town, not only against the native population, but also against a besieging force of 70,000 men ! They were fighting for life, it is true, even more than for the glory and honour of the British name ; but they were struggling to preserve something even more dear than life, and that was the honour and chastity of many Englishwomen who were beneath their protection.

It is needless to expatiate upon the horrors of war. The conversion of producers into destroyers is terrible. Human features, crushed beneath the hoof of the war-horse, burning hospitals, and ruined commerce are dreadful. In the face of all this, we are no disciples of the peace-at-any-price school. If war developes some of the worst passions of human nature, so does it call forth some of the noblest and best ; and one of them is, to nerve the soldier to protect defenceless women from death and from insult, or else to lay down his life in the attempt. Sir Henry Lawrence was in command in the devoted city when the mutiny broke out. For a time he succeeded in keeping matters quiet. The 7th Oude Irregulars had behaved, in the outset, with great fidelity and devotion. Sir Henry held a *darbar* in the Residency. He was surrounded by a brilliant

European staff, and the chief noblemen of the natives were likewise in attendance. A conspiracy had been formed, but two members of the 7th had denounced the plot. With remarkable wisdom the Governor held his *levée* for the purpose of rewarding with honour the faithfulness of the two Sepoys who had rendered such opportune service in the hour of anxiety and need. One, a havildar, or native sergent, was raised to the rank of a soubahdar, or native captain; and another, a private soldier, was promoted to the position of jemadar, or native subaltern commissioned officer.

One who was present at this anxious time, says,—“Sir Henry Lawrence took this opportunity of delivering to the troops a soul-stirring address in excellent Hindustanee, telling them that the British Government, ever anxious to reward loyalty, never missed an occasion of honouring its faithful servants; that some civil-disposed persons, seeing only a few Europeans here and there, imagined, by circulating false reports, they were able to overthrow the Government. But the power of England, which could send 50,000 Europeans to fight against Russia, could, in the space of three months, land twice that number in India; and more to the same effect. If anything short of

armed resistance could have averted rebellion, that speech of Sir Henry Lawrence would have had that effect. The city was tranquil for some weeks after. The chief commissioner, well aware of the value of time, made the most of it in preparing for defence in the event of insurrection. About the 23rd of May, two detachments of native cavalry were despatched towards Cawnpore to clear the road between that station and Agra."

One was under the command of Captain Hayes, and the other under that of an officer who had already given signs of distinction, Major Gall. They reached Cawnpore safely enough, and there separated. Captain Hayes proceeded towards Agra. But those were dreadful times, and it was hard enough to know whom to trust. In the very midst of apparent and fancied security, mutiny and insubordination, drawing with them in their train murder and outrage, were wont to obtrude their horrid and ungainly shapes. Mr. Fayerer, a volunteer, was between the advanced guard and main body. They arrived at a well, when, fainting with thirst and fatigue, he asked for a drink. Whilst in the act of satisfying his thirst, his head was cut off with a sword by one of his own men.

Captain Hayes rode up, and saw the bleeding corpse of his friend. Mad with anger, he drew his revolver, but could not draw the trigger before a spear-wound in the back brought him to the ground, where he was instantly despatched by the mutineers. Lieutenant Barker was in command of the advance guard. As soon as he saw his men had broken out into mutiny, he turned round, drew his sword, and dashed right into their midst. Two of them fell dead from the fire of his revolver. He defended himself with the energy and valour of despair, but the odds were too fearful, and, striking spurs into his horse, he struck off towards Agra. He was overtaken, shot, and cut to pieces. Another Englishman, named Carey, renowned for his skill in horsemanship, escaped to Cawnpore, there to fall in that general and horrible massacre of our countrymen to which we have already referred.

Major Gall was murdered very shortly afterwards in a village of Oude. He was carrying despatches to the Governor-General, who was at the time at Allahabad. He had gone out disguised as a native, with a party of his sowars. They, too cowardly for the committal of the atrocious deed, betrayed him to the villagers, who slew the gallant officer while

sleeping. On the 30th of May, a more general mutiny broke out. The whole district was fairly in arms against us. Officers were murdered in cold blood. Yet, in spite of all the dreadful carnage, many cases of marvellous escapes are recorded. Mrs. Bruère was passed through a hole in the wall by some faithful fellows of the 13th, and what is more strange still, they made the hole whilst the mutineers were calling out for her, and vowing vengeance upon her. Sir Henry Lawrence moved against the enemy and defeated them, and cut off their advance upon Lucknow.

The city was saved from sack, but was doomed to go through the languor and horrors of a siege. We cannot forbear quoting from a participator in those stirring deeds, where he refers to the operation on the following day:—
“Next morning, at early dawn, the order for pursuit was given. The enemy had abandoned the cantonments, and were on their way into the districts. Our men followed and came up with them. Lieuts. Lewis and Macfarlane, opening grape and round shot on their ranks, killed a few more. By nine o'clock in the morning our Europeans were too exhausted by the heat of a May sun, and the fatigue and watchings overnight, to be able to pursue them

further. At Moodkipore, about three miles away from the cantonments, where the lines of the 7th Light Cavalry were, they halted. The cavalry, who had not joined the rest of the mutineers overnight, now went over to the enemy, and cut up poor Cornet Raleigh, who had been ill and confined to his bed in his bungalow, on the day of the mutiny. Being asleep at the time, his regiment left for the cantonment without his being aware of it. No sooner, however, did he learn the fact than he got up and made a bed at the guard-house. He was already mounted on his horse, when he was met by a trumpeter, who shot him, and by other men, who afterwards hacked him almost to pieces. Our men found his body still warm, and the blood yet oozing from his wounds, when they came up to him. Poor fellow! What makes his end more sad is, that the unfortunate young officer—he was only seventeen—had joined his regiment but three days before. A lock of the hair of some young lady-love, to whom, perhaps, he had plighted his faith, was found round his neck. One of his fingers, on which there had been a ring, was cut off.”

This is only an example of the fate that befell scores of our brave countrymen, who

were so suddenly called upon to face the greatest of all difficulties and disasters that have threatened the integrity of our empire in Asia. The month of June, 1857, was a strange and peculiar month to the English in Lucknow. There was an unwonted calm—the calm so mysterious that precedes the storm; when the air is heavy, the leaves on the trees motionless, the chirping of the birds strangely piercing and loud, all a prelude to that great tempest which is to light up the heavens with flashes of angry flame, and to make the whole creation totter and reel. Out of the whole of Oude, Lucknow alone remained in our hands, and even that could only be said in a relative sense.

The native bankers protested that they would defend the city with their lives, but Europeans were not so easily to be imposed upon, and it was quite unsafe for any of them to appear in the crowded parts of the town. A dull, sullen scowl was observed on every face. Martial law was proclaimed. The defection was increasing rapidly. The common native sergeant, who for his fidelity had been raised, as we have related, to the rank of a soubahdar or captain, was condemned for mutiny, and not only condemned, but, in company with about forty more, was hanged.

Whilst affairs were taking this unsatisfactory turn at Lucknow, the news from Cawnpore showed that the English there were even placed in a position more unsatisfactory and dangerous still. Sir Hugh Wheeler, who was then the commander in Cawnpore, sent letters to Sir Henry Lawrence, earnestly begging and craving for that help which he was perfectly unable to give. Sir Henry Lawrence did not expect to be besieged, but with admirable and praiseworthy foresight and wisdom he ordered immense supplies of wheat, corn, and provisions of all kinds to be collected and stored in the Residency and Muchee Bhawn. And this simple and timely act saved the noble garrison of Lucknow.

With great difficulty Sir Hugh Wheeler communicated with Sir Henry Lawrence. The whole country was in the hands of rebels and mutineers. The messages were very brief; their transmission was attended with great danger. One of the bearers, who brought in the intelligence that Delhi had fallen was shot whilst crossing the waters of the sacred Ganges. He arrived at the head-quarters of Sir Henry with a shattered arm, with which he had slunk about in the jungles for three days, and reached the society of friends perfectly ex-

hausted. It was evident that both European and native anticipated a severe struggle.

Business was entirely suspended. The Residency was crowded with ladies and children. Preparations were made for the siege that followed. The treasure of ammunition was buried, and the engineers used the opportunity afforded of blasting and blowing up houses, and clearing as much space as possible round the head-quarters of the English. Towards the end of the month the mask was thrown off, and the siege of Lucknow began. Upon no occasion in our history does the national character shine forth with more dazzling splendour than it did at this time. In the proudest and noblest achievements of British prowess we can find nothing more heroic, more characteristic, and more sublime than the bravery, the endurance, the calm, uncomplaining fortitude, of the British defenders of Lucknow. It was superior even to the immortal resistance of Arcot! Every Englishman felt that he had a highly sacred duty to discharge, which called for the willing sacrifice of his life if necessity should require it,—that he had the national glory, the integrity of the British Empire to maintain.

Every man in that gallant band became a hero, and every woman became animated with

the fire and spirit of a man. The cases of individual bravery and daring are as numerous as blackberries in autumn. The reader must be content with one or two. Referring to one of the many sorties and skirmishes that took place, a writer says,—“The European Artillery, meanwhile, had also been ordered to retreat, and all their guns, with the exception of the eight-inch howitzer, were put into movement and galloped off. Of the native guns, two were saved ; the rest fell into the hands of the enemy. Sergeant Miller was sent off to bring back the elephants to drag the large cannon off, but unsuccessfully. Seeing the enemy’s cavalry approach the howitzer, Lieutenant Bonham called out to Captain Ratcliffe to protect it.

“Four men accordingly fell out, of whom I can only remember the name of Mr. John Lawrence, and were thus exposed to a raking fire. They came in time to disperse four of the enemy’s cavalry, who were riding up to the very muzzle of the gun. One of them fired his carbine at Lieutenant Bonham, and wounded him in the arm. That officer determined to spike the gun, since there was no chance of yoking the elephants again by the drag rope. Unfortunately there was no spike

at hand. Sergeant Suttle, who was there, accordingly broke off the priming wire in the touch-hole, and abandoned it. A man named Johnson, of the cavalry, previously a private in the 32nd, performed a deed of daring which saved us one of the guns. Seeing it abandoned he galloped up to it,—the enemy, as usual, retiring on his approach,—dismounted, and, making over his horse to a brother soldier, mounted one of the artillery horses, and safely brought the gun in. He was recommended for the Victoria Cross.”

This is but one out of very many similar cases we could quote. As danger increased and disaster accumulated, the heroic spirit of the defenders of Lucknow rose higher and higher, and held out against the most frightful odds and difficulties with unabated vigour. The English were, of course, confined to the Residency, and against that place the attacks of the besiegers were directed. That a mere handful of men should attempt to hold a city, in the teeth of 300,000 disaffected inhabitants, and of a whole district notoriously hostile, is wonderful enough, but to hold it successfully—to act on the offensive as well as the defensive—is more amazing than the striking incidents in the voyage of Sindbad the Sailor and the

extraordinary sights that greeted the eyes of Gulliver in the region of Lilliput.

The greatest energy was displayed by the English. The mines of the enemy were met by countermines—palisades were erected—trenches, zigzags, and mounds were constructed, and frequent sallies carried death and destruction into the ranks of the rebels. But, notwithstanding all, the brave defenders of Lucknow were obliged to pass through many of those sufferings that attend upon the besieged. The value of ordinary articles of every-day life underwent a strange reaction. A black velvet gown, once the pride of its fair possessor, was worth little or nothing; a piece of flannel, tumbling into holes, was esteemed as great a treasure as the wishing-cap of Fortunatus. Wines and strong drinks were at a great discount; cold tea was a greater luxury than the vintages of Champagne and Burgundy.

In spite of every drawback, and in the teeth of every disaster, the few Englishmen held out most defiantly and bravely. Death in every form was busy—the musket and sword did their work well—disease completed the fatal task even more quickly and effectively. Sir Henry Lawrence had breathed his last, and Major Banks, who succeeded him, had likewise

gone to his last sleep. Brigadier Inglis, was therefore, the third who exercised the command in the Residency. The garrison were being hardly pressed. Their numbers, small to begin with, were now much lessened and weakened by the vicissitudes of war. The rebel hosts were calculating on the surrender of their wonderful enemy; the besieged were anxious and fearful. But help was quickly coming.

It is now time to go back and see what was being done to bring relief to the devoted garrison of Lucknow. General Havelock, as before related, had been obliged to retreat to Cawnpore in the first attempt that he made to carry assistance to the town. Whilst the storming of Delhi was at its height, the gallant general started, on the 19th September, and crossed the river on his way to the succour of the weary English in Lucknow. Sir James Outram, who was the senior in command, accompanied the forces as a volunteer, and left to Havelock, with rare generosity, the task of connecting his name with the success of this truly heroic expedition. Perfect sympathy and unanimity existed between the two generals, who published to the troops upon starting the following orders of the day. That of General Outram ran thus:—

“The Major-General, in gratitude for, and admiration of, the brilliant deeds of arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion, and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oude, and tendering his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer. On the relief of Lucknow, the Major-General will resume his position at the head of the forces.”

General Havelock addressed his troops in the following words:—

“Brigadier-General Havelock, in making known to the column the kind and generous determination of General Sir James Outram, K.C.B., to leave to him the task of relieving Lucknow, and rescuing its gallant and enduring garrison, has only to express his hope that the troops will strive by their exemplary and gallant conduct in the field to justify the confidence reposed in them.”

Two days' journey from Cawnpore brought them in contact with a strong force of the enemy at Oonao. When information reached the rebels that Havelock was on his way, they divided into two strong forces, one of which went to check the advance of the English, and

the other threw itself with angry fury upon the little garrison in the town itself. At Oonao, they were completely defeated, and Havelock, not allowing one moment's pause, marched twenty miles after the battle was won. The defenders in the Residency repulsed their assailants after a fearful struggle, in which the English soldiers showed abundant examples of the most determined and resolute bravery. At one time the rebels were in the entrenchments. The English had no mortars, but there was a good supply of shells. They lighted the fusees, and taking the burning missiles in their hands, hurled them against the ranks of the foe. On the 25th Havelock came up with the main body of the enemy, posted about five miles from Lucknow. Their position was very strong, and their number 14,000. Without stopping an instant, the resolute general went straight at them. As the British soldiers drew near to the ranks of the miscreants, the watchword went down the line,—“Remember Cawnpore! remember the ladies!” and with savage delight the cold steel was plied. The enemy were beaten. The road lay open to Lucknow, but 400 of our men had fallen, including the noble General Neill.

The garrison had listened with the greatest

anxiety to the noise of the distant contest. With diminished numbers, but with spirits still unsubdued, they were at their posts. Some of the women were behind the trenches, some on their knees praying to Him who alone can comfort in such a fearful hour. Every one was suddenly startled by the report of cannon and musketry, the noise of which was borne on the breeze. All hearts beat quicker, every eye shines more brightly, every nostril quivers with emotion as the noise increases, and as the rebel host is hurled aside, with terrific slaughter, to open the way for their countrymen. Nearer to the beleaguered city they come, until at last Sir Colin Campbell's Highlanders are seen, and the welcome sound of the bagpipes is heard in the strains of "The Campbells are coming." Deep joy and gladness filled every heart, and it scarcely needs to be recorded that there was no eye undimmed with a tear, and no eye that closed in sleep that night.

It chanced that a detachment of the 78th Highlanders, in its journey through Cawnpore, came upon the remains of one of the unfortunate daughters of General Wheeler. The sight roused them to a perfect frenzy. Gathering round the ghastly object, they removed the hair from the head, set aside a small portion

for her friends, and distributed the remainder amongst themselves. They then proceeded to count every hair, and this task done, they solemnly swore, in the name of the great God who made them, that for as many hairs as they had counted, so many of the vile wretches should die by their hands, to avenge the fate of the poor violated and murdered girl. And they religiously kept their oath.

The relieving force was not strong enough to clear the city, and the siege was renewed. Its history is much similar to the first. Many individual acts of bravery again signalized the operations of the garrison, whose heroism was fully acknowledged in the division order of General Outram, dated October 5th, 1857. Sir Colin Campbell again advanced to the relief of Lucknow, and, when at Alumbagh, Mr. Kavanagh, disguised as a Budmash—an irregular soldier of the city—carried a message, with the greatest coolness and bravery, from Sir James Outram, through the hostile city and district, to Sir Colin Campbell. That message was to spur him on to the most active exertions. On the 16th of November the relief was effected. The 53rd and 93rd regiments of English infantry greatly distinguished themselves. No quarter was shown. Two thousand dead rebels

were counted the following day. Many threw down their arms and cried for mercy; but no quarter was given. Into the ear of each "Cawnpore" was hissed, and the bayonet was plunged to the hilt in his breast. On the afternoon of the 17th, the three illustrious generals, Outram, Campbell, and Havelock, met, and amidst the booming of cannon and rattling of small arms, loud, lusty cheers from English throats rent the air, when our soldiery beheld the cordial greeting between the three commanders and their respective staffs. Lucknow was at last relieved.

The Residency was afterwards evacuated, and the movements necessary for this result were planned with marvellous sagacity, and reflect the greatest credit upon the military genius of Sir Colin. They were executed without the loss of a single man! It is upon record that the enemy were thunderstruck, when they took possession, at the weakness of the place, and pronounced it "bewitched." The universal joy was tempered with deep sorrow for the lamented death of Sir Henry Havelock, which took place at Dilkusha eight days after the relief of Lucknow. In the year 1858 the Mutiny was brought to a close; indeed, it received its death-blow at Lucknow. The penalty paid by the rebels was very severe,

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

It will not be uninteresting in these concluding remarks to enter a little more minutely than we have yet done into the physical aspect of that country which at the present time possesses no ordinary interest to Englishmen. We shall, therefore, say a few words about the mountains, the rivers, and table-lands of Hindustan. We turn away from the record of martial deeds, and the story of British valour, to offer to the reader some solid information concerning the country itself. First of all, on the northern frontier, separating our dominions from Thibet, stand the famous and unrivalled Himalayas—"the abode of snow."

It is a huge stupendous mass, that extends in an irregular curve from the defile above Cashmere, where the Indus penetrates into the plains of the Punjaub, to the south bend of the Sanpoo. Its length is no less than 1,500 miles, and its average breadth 150. Its

numerous peaks are covered with eternal snow, the limit being from 15,000 to 18,000 feet. Deep, narrow valleys, separated by ranges running either parallel or at right angles with the main ridge, contain the numerous sources of those rivers flowing into such noble streams as the Ganges, the Indus, and the Brahmapootra. The steep face is towards the plain, and to the north the chain supports the lofty table-land of Thibet.

Most of its summits tower to the height of from 25,000 to 28,000 feet, and are situate not on the central axis, but to the south. The view of this magnificent range from Patna is sublime in the extreme. The distance is about 150 miles. A long line of snow-white pinnacles is beheld, and as the traveller draws nearer he discerns a dark line, lower than the summit, which is formed by the tops of inferior but noble mountains. With the exception of a strip of land at the foot of the mountains, the whole of Bootan presents a succession of the most lofty and rugged mountains on the surface of the globe. It is formed by a series of ridges, between which are found the beds of roaring torrents.

Distinct from the Himalayas, on the north-western boundary, tower the terrific heights of

the Hindoo Koosh, supporting on its southern side the plains of Cabool and Koh-Damaun, which vary from 6,000 to 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. Its peaks are likewise clad with perpetual snow. About the centre of the country is to be found the celebrated Vindhya chain, extending from Guzerat on the west to the basin of the Ganges on the east. It forms the southern buttress of the plateau of Malwa and Bhopal; and its passes, which are bad, and hiding places, have figured often in the history of British India. Coming to the Carnatic, we have the Eastern and Western Ghauts—the former facing the Coromandel Coast, and the latter that of Malabar. The Eastern Ghauts extend about 1,000 miles. Its elevation is not great—rarely surpassing that of Ben Nevis. Granite constitutes the basis of the range, and its appearance from the sea is picturesque and beautiful.

The Western Ghauts rise on the coast of Malabar, and run for about 800 miles, and terminate almost precipitously to form the north side of the Gap of Palgatcheri, which is one of the loftiest of its peaks. Seen from the ocean its face is abrupt, and consists of a series of terraces or steps. By means of chasms and

breaks in the range, access is obtained to the highlands. These passes are called Ghauts, and the name is now applied to the whole mass. The scenery is magnificent and delightful. Stupendous scarps frequently reveal themselves to the astonished voyager—slopes with battered faces, the record of long-forgotten storms; fearful chasms, more terrible than Mickledore, numerous waterfalls, dense forests and jungles, the abode of the lion and the tiger, the resting-place of that noble monarch of the woods, the elephant, and perennial verdure of the loveliest and most beautiful kind come successively in view. Birds of every kind almost, dressed in that splendid plumage so peculiar to tropical lands, fly from tree to tree, and insects of gorgeous hue flutter in the air. The whole of the western portion of the Carnatic is beautiful indeed.

We must not pass over the Neilgherry Group, which, although but fifty miles in length, and twenty in breadth, is remarkable for the terrific steepness of its heights. In many parts a stone dropped from the edge will fall many thousands of feet ere it strike anything. These are the principal mountains in the mountain system of Hindustan, and they who are acquainted with the elements of physical geography will

not be surprised to hear that there are many celebrated mountain passes contained therein.

The Moola pass, which rises to the height of upwards of 5,000 feet, is practicable for artillery. In 1839, the Anglo-Indian detachment marched through it. It is a pleasant spot, and it is blessed with an abundance of water. Probably the most important pass of all is that of Gomul or Goolairce. It is about 100 miles long! Its commercial value is very great, and every spring large caravans traverse it, on the way from Hindustan to the plains of Afghanistan. The Kyber pass—"the key of Afghanistan"—is a spot made sacred by English bravery. Near Lamdeo Khana there is a gallery twelve feet wide: on one side a perpendicular wall; on the other a deep, yawning precipice. Twice was it stormed and carried by a handful of British soldiers. The trade between Chinese Tartary and Hindustan is carried on through the Niti pass, by far the best between Kumaon and Thibet. The Kambachon pass rises to the stupendous height of 15,770 feet, and was ascended by an enterprising Englishman, Dr. Hooper, in December, 1848. A most remarkable feature was the peculiar acoustic properties it possesses. The

voice was clearly and distinctly heard at a distance of 400 yards.

Possessing, as she does, so many lofty mountains, Hindustan has also many grand and truly noble rivers. First of all comes the Ganges, which takes its rise in the snow-capped Himalayas, at a place called Gangoutri, 1,400 feet above the sea level. For 1,500 miles it flows, till, by a score of mouths, it empties itself into the Bay of Bengal. Many other rivers contribute their waters, as the original stream advances, to make up the noble expanse that rolls itself into the sea.

The Jumna, which has a course of 860 miles of its own, the Ghogra, with 606, the Gunduck, the Goomtec, the Karumnassa, the Bhillung, all join the Ganges, by means of which no less than 398,000 square miles of country are drained. The Hooghly, on which Calcutta stands, is an offshoot of the parent stream. The Ganges is navigable for river boats as far as Hurdwar, which is 1,100 miles from its mouth; steamers can ply as far as Gurmukteesur, 393 miles above Allahabad, which is distant from Calcutta by way of Delhi, 930 miles. At Cawnpore, 140 miles above Allahabad, there is abundance of navigation, and at Benares

the breadth of the river varies from 2,000 to 3,000 feet. The district through which it flows is one of the most fertile and productive, probably, to be found anywhere, and the province of Bengal has been aptly termed "the granary of the East."

The Ganges is held in the greatest veneration by the natives, and enters largely into many of their religious rites. The Indus is no mean companion to the noble river we have just described. Its course is rather longer than the Ganges, being 1,800 miles. It rises in Thibet, 22,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is joined, likewise, in its flow by many very important tributaries. It is navigable as far as Attock, 942 miles from the sea, where it varies from 500 to 800 feet in width, and is sixty feet in depth.

The Brahmapootra has a course of nearly 1,000 miles, and drains a district of more than 300,000 square miles in extent. The branches of this stream, together with those of the Ganges, intersect the province of Bengal in such a multitude of directions as to form a complete and valuable system of inland navigation. Rising in the eastern declivity of the Western Ghauts, near Nassik, the Godavery flows right across the centre

of Hindustan, and by means of three mouths enters the Bay of Bengal. The Krishna, a river of the Deccan, has a course of 800 miles; but in consequence of the rapid fall of its water-way, and the extreme rockiness of its channel, it cannot be navigated by small boats even for a short distance. In connexion with this stream, the English Government have devised a system of irrigation, which has been carried out at a cost of 200,000*l*. The Pennar is worth noticing, as gold is found in its sand as it passes through the Carnatic.

The table-lands of India are vast and elevated. The whole of Central India, including Oodeypoor, Malwa, Bhopal, Bundelcund, and Shahabad, forms one, having an average elevation of 2,000 feet. Tin and copper are found at Oodeypoor, but there is a dearth of minerals there. Southern India, including the Deccan and Mysore, form a second table-land, whose soil is fertile, and produces abundant and luxurious crops of wheat, barley, rice, pulse, cotton, and the sugar cane. The central part of the Deccan consists of undulating downs, and, at one period of the year, present, as far as the eye can reach, a sheet of green harvest, whilst in the hot season it has the

appearance of a barren desert, without a tree or shrub, or any trace of vegetation to relieve its gloomy aspect. It slopes gradually down, on the Coromandel side, to the sea, exhibiting at every stage the alluvial deposits from the higher portions, and showing many peculiarities that are interesting to the geologists.

The State of Nepaul is a table-land at the foot of the Himalayas, between Himalaya and the Tarai, having an area of 54,500 square miles. Its vegetable productions are remarkable for their stateliness, beauty, and variety; but its chief value is the salubrity of its climate, which is very similar to that of Southern Europe. Nearly all the countries adjacent to Hindustan on the north-west are renowned for table-lands. Western and Northern Afghanistan form two. On that of Shawl and Pisheen numerous flocks of sheep and goats pasture, and fruit-bearing orchards give of their abundance. Beloochistan, "a maze of mountains," and Cashmere, with rugged and inaccessible peaks, complete the list.

The great physical feature in the country of India is that which is so characteristic of American scenery—its vastness, though the East has to cede the palm in this respect to

the West. Noble as are the streams of the Indies, the Ganges and the Brahmapootra, they cannot vie with the Amazon, the Missouri, and the Mississippi. Great as many of the products of vegetation are in those sunny climes, they cannot compete with the monsters of the Western forests, that have grown on in quiet for year after year and century after century, and seem to be seeking the very stars of heaven in their growth.

In climate, that of India is divided into the dry and rainy months, which are respectively produced by the south-west and north-east monsoons; and they happen regularly, strange to say, at different periods of the year on the opposite coasts of Coromandel and Malabar. In Bengal, the hot season is from March to May, the rainy from June to October. By the end of July the downpour has been so great and so continuous that the lower parts of the country bordering upon the Ganges and the Brahmapootra are overflowed, and frequently form an expanse of water 100 miles wide. This inundation imparts great fertility to the soil, which is often a rich alluvial mould, six feet deep. In the Punjaub, and on the hills, there are many places of retreat for invalids and Europeans.

One who lived long in India says of the climate:—"In the North-Western provinces, and in the South-Eastern settlements of Australia, the mercury not unfrequently rises in the summer season to 90° and even 100° Fahr., and shows a fluctuation in twenty-four hours of twenty-four degrees; but this extreme torridity—when the circumambient fluid seems to be æriform fire—is but of brief duration. Animal and vegetable life are reinvigorated, for a large part of the year, by a considerably cooler atmosphere. Indeed, at New York and Montreal I found the heat of June and July more intolerable than that of Jamaica or Ceylon; but then snow lies on the ground, at the former places, for several weeks in winter. Again, moisture with heat has a powerful and injurious effect on the human frame, though favourable to vegetation and to many species of animal life.

"Speaking from my own sensations, I have lain exhausted on a couch, with the mercury at 80° Fahr., during the rainy season in Calcutta, Bombay, and Hong Kong; and ridden through the burning forests of Australia, on the sandy Arabian plains, and over the sugar-cane plantations of Cuba, with the mercury at 100° Fahr. So also with reference to elevation: in

the East and West Indies, at a height of several thousand feet above the sea, I have enjoyed a fire at night in June; and yet, in April and September, been scorched at mid-day in Egypt, Northern China, and Eastern Europe. These observations are made with a view of answering the oft-recurring inane question, without reference to any locality, 'What sort of a climate has India?'"

No doubt the Indian climate is blamed for diseases and ills that ought really to be laid to the door of European intemperance and excess. It is not inimical to the European constitution. It is trying, no doubt; but is not the climate of many parts of England trying too? The great mistake Englishmen make in India is that they do not lay aside English habits and customs, and adopt those of the natives. Large hot joints and intoxicating liquors, often taken to excess, joined to the heat of the Indian sun, are just the causes to disarrange the constitutions of Europeans. There are scores and hundreds of cases to prove that Englishmen, if they will be wise, and not foolish, can successfully cope with the difficulties of the Indian climate; and not only so, but that they can return, after a long sojourn in those tropical countries, with uninjured

health and strength, and enjoy a further lease of life in their native land. Mr. W. C. Blaquiere, who was for a very long period police magistrate of Calcutta, and died there in 1854, had reached his ninety-fifth year. He went out when a lad of fifteen, landed in Bengal in 1774, and lived there for eighty years. Then there is the case of Warren Hastings. Indeed there is no reason why an Englishman of good constitution and temperate habits ought not only to live in India, but enjoy as good health and personal comfort as he could in Devonshire.

The mineral wealth of Hindustan is great, but has not yet been properly developed. Iron, tin, lead, and copper are found in many parts. The geological structure of the country indicates an abundance of the precious metals. Silver is procured in the tin mines of Oodeypoor, and in a lead mine at Hazareebagh, and in many other places. Gold is obtained in the sands of Shy-yok, in Thibet; in the sands of the Chenab, Huroo, and Swan rivers of the celebrated Punjaub. It is likewise to be met with in the Aluknunda, in the Kumaon. In fact, throughout the whole district west of the Neilgheeries, the Blue Hills—amid the rivers and water-courses that drain 2,000 square miles

of territory, this coveted metal abounds; the river stones, when pounded, yield a valuable product, and the gold itself is generally found in small nuggets.

In the eastern part of Nagpoor it is often met with. The sand of the beds of many of those rivers that flow from the Ghauts into Malabar contains gold dust. In the rivers of Assam it is even abundant, and near Gowhatty 1,000 men used to be employed in searching for the metal. In excavating the disintegrating granite in the vicinity of Bangalore, to ascertain the extent to which the decomposing influence of the atmosphere will affect the solid rock, viz., thirty to thirty-five feet, the contents of the soil were frequently auriferous. In blasting sienite at Chinapatam, forty miles from Bangalore, on the road to Seringapatam, Lieutenant Baird Smith, B.E., observed considerable quantities of gold disseminated in small particles over the fractured surfaces. At Wynad this metal was obtained from rich, yellow earth in sufficient quantity to employ a number of labourers, and to yield some return.

There are likewise abundant evidences of the existence of coal. It exists in strata from an inch or less to nine or ten feet in thickness,

interstratified with shale and sandstone. It is not improbable that it extends across the Delta of the Ganges to Silhet, a distance of 300 miles. As time goes on this most valuable product will be opened out to the public by means of mines, although several very important and remunerative ones have been already sunk. Rich as India is in her stores of mineral wealth, she is still richer in her precious stones. From the fourteenth volume of the "Transactions" we learn some striking peculiarities about the mountains of Nulla Mulla, on the north of the Krishna.

These mountains are bounded on all sides by granite, that everywhere appears to pass under it, and to form its basis; some detached portions have only the upper third of their summits of sandstone and quartz, the basis or remaining two-thirds being of granite. Deep ravines are not infrequent. The diamond is procured only in the sandstone breccia, which is found under a compact rock, composed of a beautiful mixture of red and yellow jasper, quartz, chalcedony, and hornstone of various colours, cemented together by a quartz paste; it passes into a pudding stone of rounded pebbles of quartz and hornstone, cemented by an argillo-calcareous earth of a loose friable

texture, in which the diamonds are most frequently found. The breccia is seen at depths varying from five to fifty feet, and is about two feet in thickness; immediately above it lies a stratum of pudding stone, composed of quartz and hornstone pebbles, cemented by calcareous clay and grains of sand.

The miners are of opinion that the diamond is always growing, and that the chips and small pieces rejected, ultimately increase to large diamonds. The celebrated diamonds of Golconda were in reality only cut and polished there; they were obtained at Parteall, in the territory of the Nizam. This lavish supply of diamonds accounts for the brilliant display so often made by Eastern princes. Rubies are found in the detritus of rocks at Sumbulpoor; pearls in the Gulf of Manaar, near to Cape Comorin, and on the coast of many of the islands of the Mergui Archipelago; the cornelian is frequently dug out of the Rajpeepla hills, near to the town of Ruttunpoor. In Western India agates not only exist but abound, and one writer says that in a part of Cutch the sides of the hills (of amygdaloid) are covered with heaps of rock crystal, as if cart-loads had been purposely thrown there, and in many

parts of the great trapean district the surface is strewn with a profusion of agatoid flints, onyx, hollow spheroids of quartz, crystals, and zoolitic minerals. When the gold fields of Australia are worked out, then those of this favoured land may supply their place.

It is usual to speak of India as if it were inhabited by one race, and by human beings speaking the same tongue. This, however, is one of those popular misunderstandings that so plentifully exist respecting this romantic country. It is desirable that we, Englishmen, should try and obtain some correct knowledge respecting a land upon whose destinies we are exercising so great and so benevolent an influence. In language, appearance, and manners, the inhabitants of the great peninsula differ almost as much as the various nations of Europe. Hindustanee is spoken principally by the Mussulmans; Bengalee is in use in the lower parts of Gangetic and Brahmapootra plains, Punjabee in the upper portion of the Indies, and Sindhee in Sinde. Around Madras, and down as far as Cape Comorin, Tamul is spoken; the people of Mysore and the Carnatic speak Canarese. Cutchee, Cashmerian, Nepaulese, Bhote, Assamese, and Burmese are, as can

easily be seen, the languages respectively of Cutch, Cashmere, Nepaul, Bootan, Assam, and Burmah.

The greater portion of the people of Bengal and Orissa do not eat meat: destruction of life is forbidden on religious grounds, for the Brahmin believes in metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls. But nearly every Hindoo eats fish. The varieties of custom, too, are very curious and striking, and fully bear out the statement we have made. The religious holidays of Bengal are different from those in vogue in the North-Western provinces. The horrid and cruel and revolting ceremonies of Juggernaut, the abominations of the Churruk Poojah, in which men submit themselves to be swung in the air, with hooks fastened through their loins, are unknown in the north and west of India. Female infanticide was in some parts universally practised, in others it was regarded with loathing and abhorrence. Here, we find polygamy, and there polyandry—that is, one woman married to all the brothers of a family, in order to retain property among them.

In one portion of the empire the marriage of a daughter is a great expense; in another part it is a source of emolument and

profit, as the husband buys his bride, and has a right to sell her, or mortgage her for a definite time, as security for a debt, as if she were a house or a field. The Hindoos, divided into the principal castes of Brahmins, Cashtriya Vaisyas, and Soodras, join with the daring Rajpoot and brave Mahratta in despising the cowardly, crafty, cunning, rice-eating Bengalee. The men on the Coromandel coast differ in appearance and in habit from the inhabitants of the opposite coast of Malabar, as much as the Scotch Highlander and Westmoreland shepherd do from the peasant of Middlesex and Surrey. There is a decided contrast, and a very wide difference between the fine mould, the beautifully chiselled head and face, the arched nose, and the placid look of the pure Hindoo, and the large-boned, big-framed manly form of the Moslem, and another difference no less marked between them and the aboriginal native.

Lieutenant-General Briggs, in his "Lectures on the Aboriginal Races of India," says strangely of them—strangely, because the history of British India has not proved the native mind to be of a very straightforward cast—"The man of the ancient race scorns an untruth, and seldom denies the commission

even of a crime that he may have perpetrated, though it lead to death; he is true to his promise, hospitable and faithful to his guest, devoted to his superiors, and always ready to sacrifice his own life in the service of his chief; he is reckless of danger, and knows no fear." On the authority of Mr. Martin we learn also, concerning the ancient race of Hindustan, that he considers himself justified in levying "black mail" on all from whom he can obtain it, on the ground that he has been deprived of his possession of the soil by the more civilized race who have usurped the territory.

The Aborigines are distinguished from the Hindoos by several marked customs; they have no castes; eat beef and all sorts of animal food; drink, on every possible occasion, intoxicating beverages (no ceremony, civil or religious, is deemed complete without such drink); have no aversion to the shedding of blood; atone for the sins of the dead by the sacrifice of a victim; they are ignorant of reading or writing, and usually live by the chase and by pastoral pursuits.

Many of the barbarous customs that were practised in various parts of India have been eradicated by the wise and firm policy of the English Government. The Juggernaut car no

longer rolls on its bloody course—the burning of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands has ceased—infanticide is no longer practised as a religious act, and the death-blow to Hindoo slavery was given by the East India Company by enforcing the following humane regulation:—“That any act which would be a penal offence if done to a free man, shall be equally an offence if done to any person on the pretext of his being in a condition of slavery.”

There are three principal forms of religious belief professed by the inhabitants of Hindustan—Brahminism, Buddhism, and Mahommedanism. The last has been already alluded to in the first chapter. As before stated, the Hindoos are divided into four castes, and the Brahmins, the *Βραχμᾶναι* of the Greek writers, form the principal or sacerdotal caste. The whole system, then, takes its name from the dominant order. Besides being the ruling class, it is at the same time the most ancient, and very likely they originally sprang from the Caucasian race. It is worthy of remark that this same particular classification existed in ancient Egypt. As we descend from the highest to the lowest class, we find the rights, privileges, and responsibilities more narrowed.

These castes divided the population into sharp and distinct bodies, more completely even than the variations of age, climate, and geographical position separate the Englishman from the Scotchman, and the Spaniard from the Gaul.

Each particular caste has its own peculiar laws and obligations, and every man remains in the caste in which he is born. No matter what his gifts or talents may be, he cannot rise from a lower to a higher caste; and not only so, but severe penalties are inflicted upon the man who ventures to disregard and to neglect the most ridiculous and foolish of the ceremonies characteristic of his order.

The Brahmins are subdivided into seven subordinate orders, called Rishis. The original ones are believed to have had influence over the gods, and to have rebuked any of those Divine beings that had not conducted himself according to the laws of propriety. Strange to say, there are three persons, or three "hypostases," in the Hindoo Godhead—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. The respective worshippers of these resemble the different splits of Christendom in this, that they are ready to warmly dispute about their points of difference; but, shame it is to say, unlike in their readiness to sink their own differences and unite firmly

when the interests of Brahminism are a stake.

The life of a Brahmin is marked by four different periods. The first continues from the age of seven to nine, and all at this time are called Brahmachari. It is a period of instruction. It is the time not only when they learn the rudiments of education, but when they are likewise instructed in the various practices and principles of their religion. The second state refers to married life, and is called Grihastha. In this condition marriage is indispensable, and if a man loses his wife he loses his station, which he regains by marrying again. Widows, however, are not allowed to remarry. Their rites and observances now are very seriously increased, and they are, as a rule, practised with great constancy. The accomplished author in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' says of them :—"In matters of religious opinion, they are, upon the whole, tolerant; they almost never anathematize Moslems, Christians, and others of different creeds; nor do they seem to be at all actuated by the fierce spirit of proselytism and persecution. But this forbearance may perhaps be the consequence not of any virtue in the Brahmins, but of the low estimation in which they

hold the objects of their own worship; for, undoubtedly, they sometimes treat the latter with an indifference bordering on contempt, and in their adorations are influenced by their secular interests, rather than by the spirit of devotion, flattering those divinities whose functions they connect with their worldly affairs, and giving themselves no concern about the others."

The third state is called Vanaprastha, a dweller in the desert; and in the fourth, the Brahmin is called Sunnyassi. Now he is exceedingly holy, and if he die in this state he passes at once into the presence of Brahma, without passing through those various stages of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, which formed even a leading tenet in the system of Pythagoras. His accession to this final stage is attended with numerous and complicated rites, and his duties and obligations assume a totally different character. He is obliged to rub himself all over with ashes once a day; one meal a day is to suffice for his bodily appetite; he must not use betel, nor must he look at women. He is also obliged to build a solitary hut upon the shores of a river or a lake, where, in quiet contemplation, he can draw nearer to his gods. Some of his

practices are ridiculous in the extreme. To quote from the *Encyclopædia* again:—"To stand on one leg till it swells and ulcerates; to stand on the head till the brain becomes disordered, and delirium ensues; to keep one arm extended aloft in the air till the muscles become rigid, and the power of withdrawing it is lost for ever; such are among the most approved practices of the *Sunnyassis*."

Buddhism is a different form of faith, and appears to have sprung into being from the desire in the minds of men in ancient days to account for the origin and existence of evil. The legends connected with it are peculiar in the extreme. Divodasa was a king of the solar race, and took possession of unoccupied Kashi. There he introduced the religion of Vishnu, and his people enjoyed the benefits of his mild and merciful sway. So prosperous and contented and good did they become, that the gods were mean enough, as if they were mortals, to be jealous, and applied to Vishnu and Siva to help them, and do something at Divodasa for his extreme goodness. These at first refused, and the solar king stole a march upon them by obtaining from Brahma, the supreme god, that neither of the other two should have anything at all to do with his

happy kingdom. This made Siva very angry indeed, and induced him to take the side of the gods. The question now was, how was Divo-dasa to be seduced from the path of virtue. Various devices were tried, but without satisfactory results. The "twelve suns," and Ganesha proved fruitless. In the end Vishnu appeared as Buddha, and succeeded in accomplishing the ruin of the virtuous king. The Brahmins supplicated Buddha after this to put an end to the dissemination of heresy, a prayer to which he acceded. Having done this, he vanished in a deep well at Gaya, and left no followers and no writings behind him.

Other accounts maintain that there were no Buddhists in India, until the system was preached and established by Gautama, or Godama. Whether this be so or not, the principles of Buddhism and those of Godama are now identical in the East. Five commandments are to be observed, and ten sins are to be abstained from. "The five commandments contain prohibitions against killing any animal whatsoever, from the meanest insect up to man; against the commission of theft; against the violation of another man's wife or concubine; against falsehood; and against the use of wine, or any intoxicating

liquor or drug, as opium ; and an exemption from poverty, misfortune, and calamity is promised to those who keep these commandments during all successive transmigrations. The ten sins consist in the killing of animals, theft, adultery, falsehood, discord, contumelious language, idle and superfluous talk, covetousness, envy or malice, and the following of false gods ; and he who abstains from all these sins is said to obtain Sila, while every one who observes Sila in all successive transmigrations becomes at last worthy of beholding a god, and of hearing his great voice, and is exempted from the four known miseries, namely, weight, old age, disease, and death." These are the leading features in the religious system of the millions of Hindustan.

Such is the aspect of the country which we have acquired in the East, and whose history has been sketched in these pages. Interesting as the subject is at any time, it is still more so now when the Prince of Wales—the hope of England—is returning from a visit to those romantic spots that are to be found within its borders. It is greatly to be hoped and wished that this royal visit to India will be productive of great and lasting good, that it will remove obstacles and prejudices from the native mind,

and establish friendly and harmonious relations—cement more firmly than ever our alliances with native princes, and implant in the heart of our illustrious Prince principles that the magnitude and gravity of the whole matter requires. No one begrudges him the pleasure and sport incidental to such an expedition as his has been, but we do trust that he has made the utmost use of his golden opportunities and valued in some way the awful responsibility that will attend upon that position to which, in the ordinary course of human things, he must succeed.

He will ere long be the ruler and emperor of those swarthy millions that are now crowding the mosques, and temples, and bazaars of a hundred cities—will be called upon to give laws, in some measure, to upwards of two hundred millions of the race of men who are dear to Him who is the common Father of Hindu and Bengalee, Mahratta, Mussulman, and Christian alike. We feel certain that the Prince will, at least, try to realize the stupendous moment of his trust, and are very sanguine that he will succeed.

We hear much of the Eastern question and the Eastern difficulty. England just now is congratulating herself on the purchase of the

Suez Canal shares, as it keeps clear our way to India. But we would point out this great fact, which is overlooked on all sides by those discussing the question, by quoting from Dr. Döllinger's Munich lecture. "There is England, whose empire on the Ganges has been established for a century, and now embraces all Hindustan, which on the whole *rules with a wisdom, justice, and clemency of which history records few examples*. There is Russia, whose giant arm embraces the whole of Northern, Western, and Eastern Asia; and France, to which Northern Africa belongs. And what happened to England in the East Indies is happening to both of them—they will be driven on from conquest to conquest.

"Russia, especially, cannot stand still; she must become more and more the arbiter of the North and Middle Asia. Does she possess the capacities for doing justice to this mission, the greatest and most difficult which can be imposed on any nation? *England has proved her capacity*; Russia is still at the beginning of the great work assigned to her, and has to show that she is equal to the task, and understands not only how to conquer, *but how to rule and civilize*."

These are indeed wise and thoughtful

words, and deserve to be carefully weighed. England has shown her power to bless as well as subdue, to humanize as well as to conquer. Russia has not, and is at the present moment only emerging from a state of semi-barbarism. We have bestowed all the privileges of our culture and civil order upon the myriads of the East—schools have been established, universities chartered, and the mischievous effects of “caste” must speedily vanish before the impartial and merciful administration of justice.

Deep into the hearts and affections of the native population English rule has stricken itself: every Hindu and Bengalee can see that his property is more secure, and his life more, far more protected, under British power than they ever were even under the most honourable and merciful rajah or nabob. The yea and the nay of an Englishman are respected from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas. Christianity is slowly, but surely, making ground against the faith of Buddhism and Moslemism. The sacred symbol of the Cross of Calvary shall be lifted up in every corner of that empire, and English rule shall yet extend wider and wider, unrestrained and unchecked in its beneficent influence. Russia

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